



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

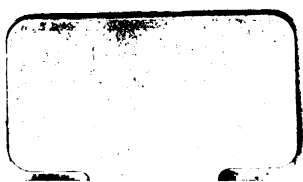
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

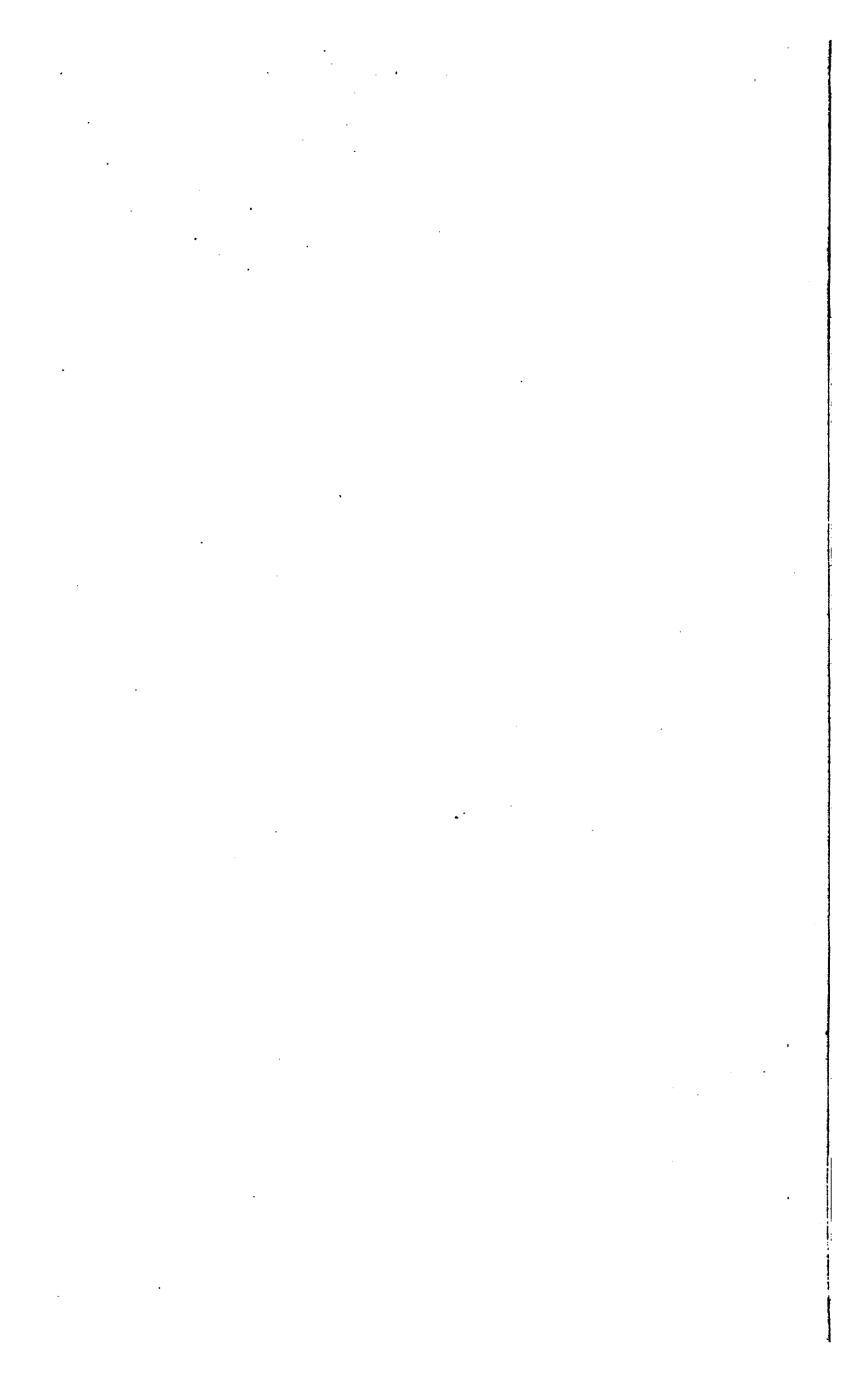
About Google Book Search

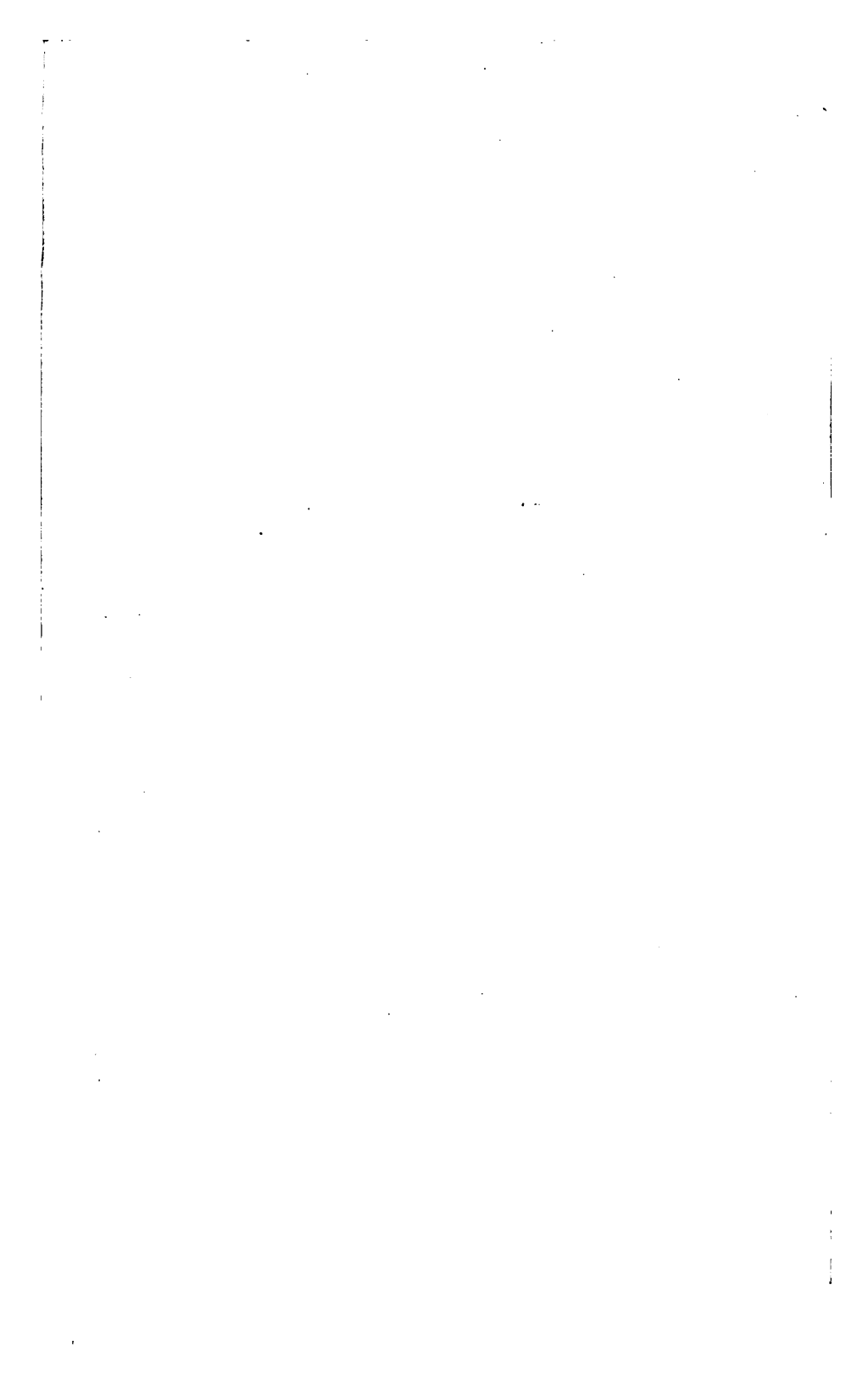
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

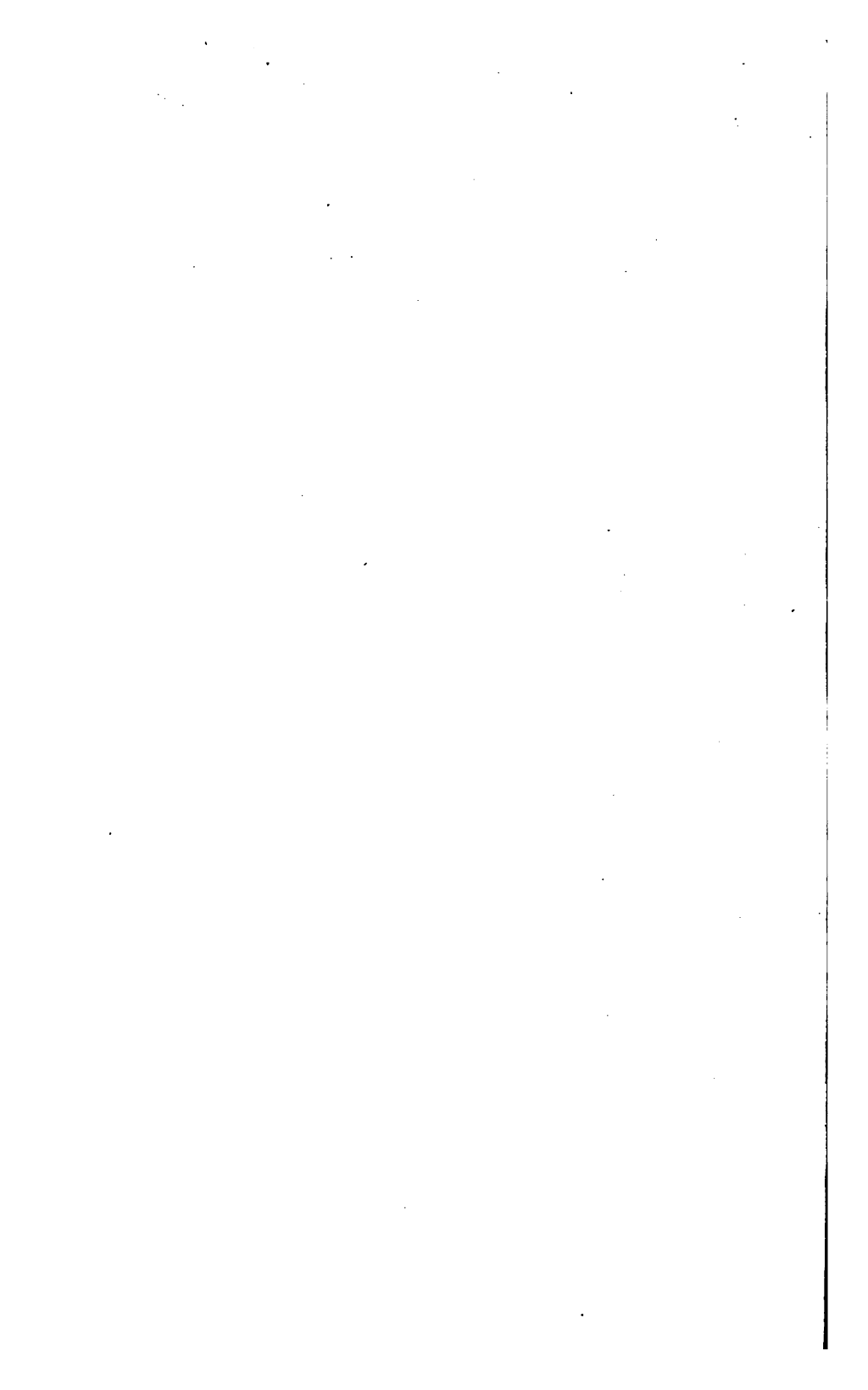


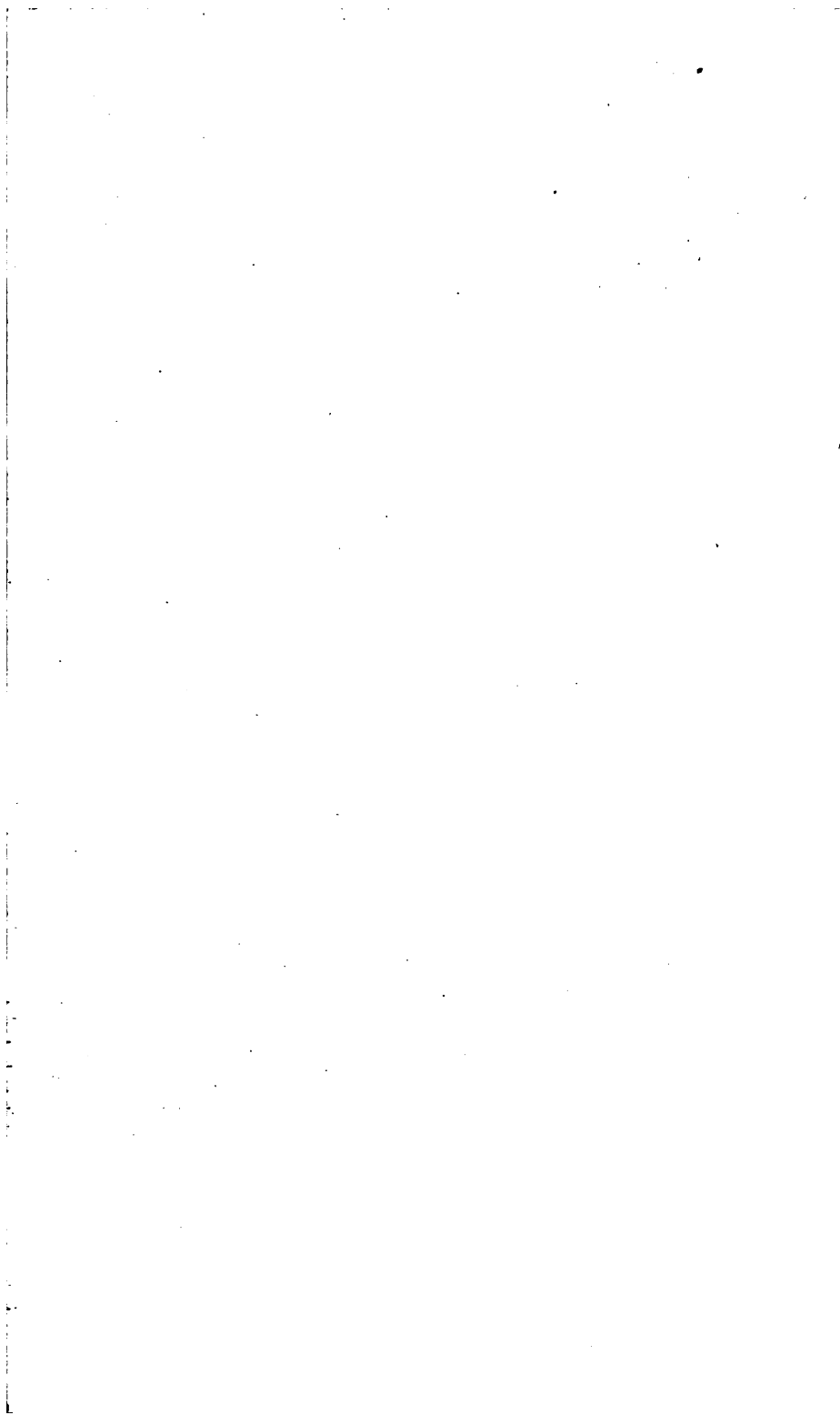
MVV

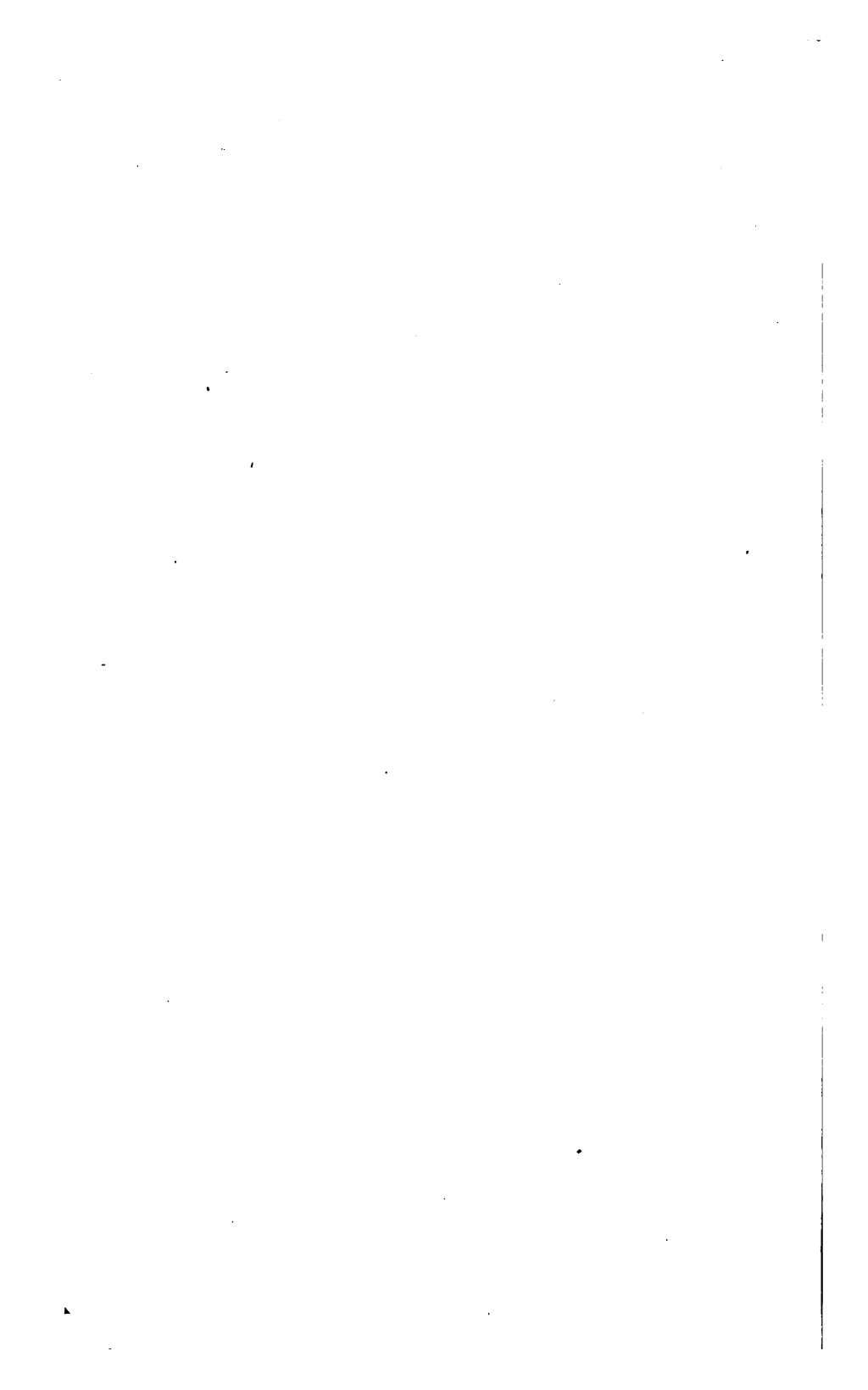
Bunde







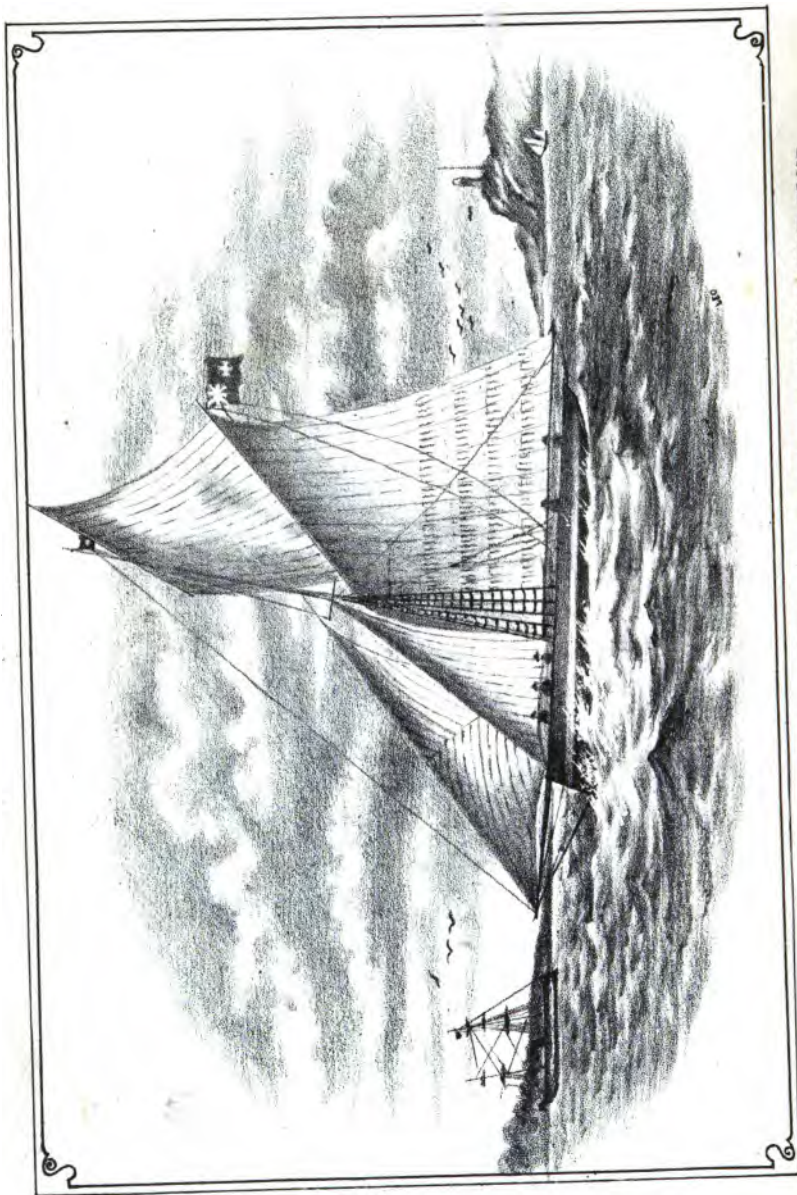




120

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Bundev
M V V



"THE WANDERER," 49 TONS (R.T.Y.C.M.), SOUTH AUSTRALIAN YACHT CLUB.
From a Water-Color Painting by Mr. W. Tibbits, St. Kilda, Victoria.

REMINISCENCES OF

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS'

Yachting in Australia.



AN

ESSAY ON MANLY SPORTS,

A CRUISE ON SHORE, &c., &c.



Notes of a Voyage to China and Japan.



BY W. H. BUNDEY,

FOR FOUR YEARS VICE-COMMODORE AND TEN YEARS COMMODORE
OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN YACHT CLUB.



ADELAIDE :

PUBLISHED BY E. S. WIGG & SON, 12, RUNDLE STREET.

1888.

E. S. WIGG

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
38167A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION
R 1922 L



VARDON & PRITCHARD, PRINTERS, GRESHAM STREET, ADELAIDE.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION
R 1922 L

DEDICATED

TO THE

PAST AND PRESENT OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

OF THE

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN YACHT CLUB,

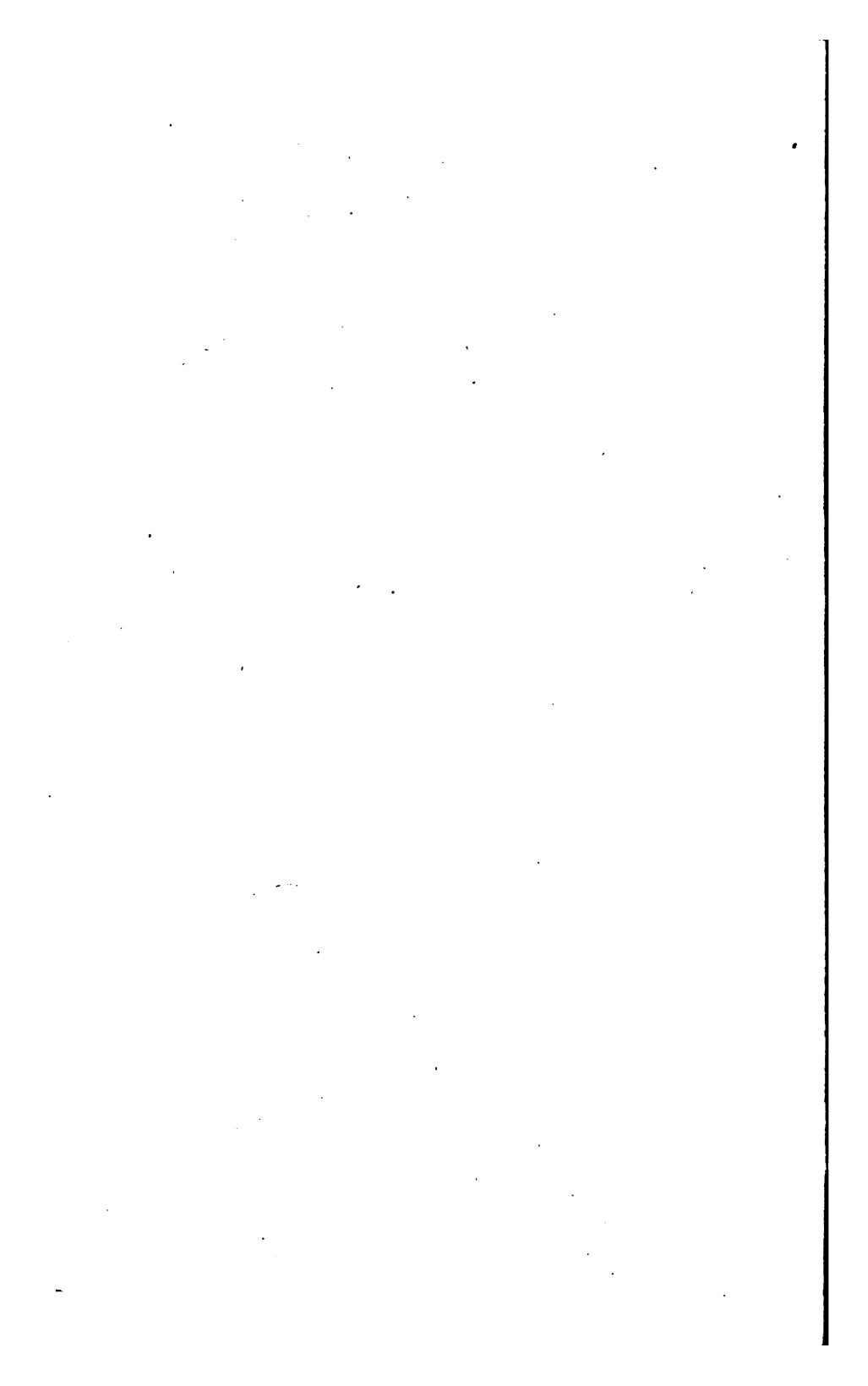
IN RECOGNITION OF

TWENTY YEARS' INVARIABLE COURTESY AND
KINDNESS

RECEIVED AT THEIR HANDS BY THEIR OLD COMRADE,

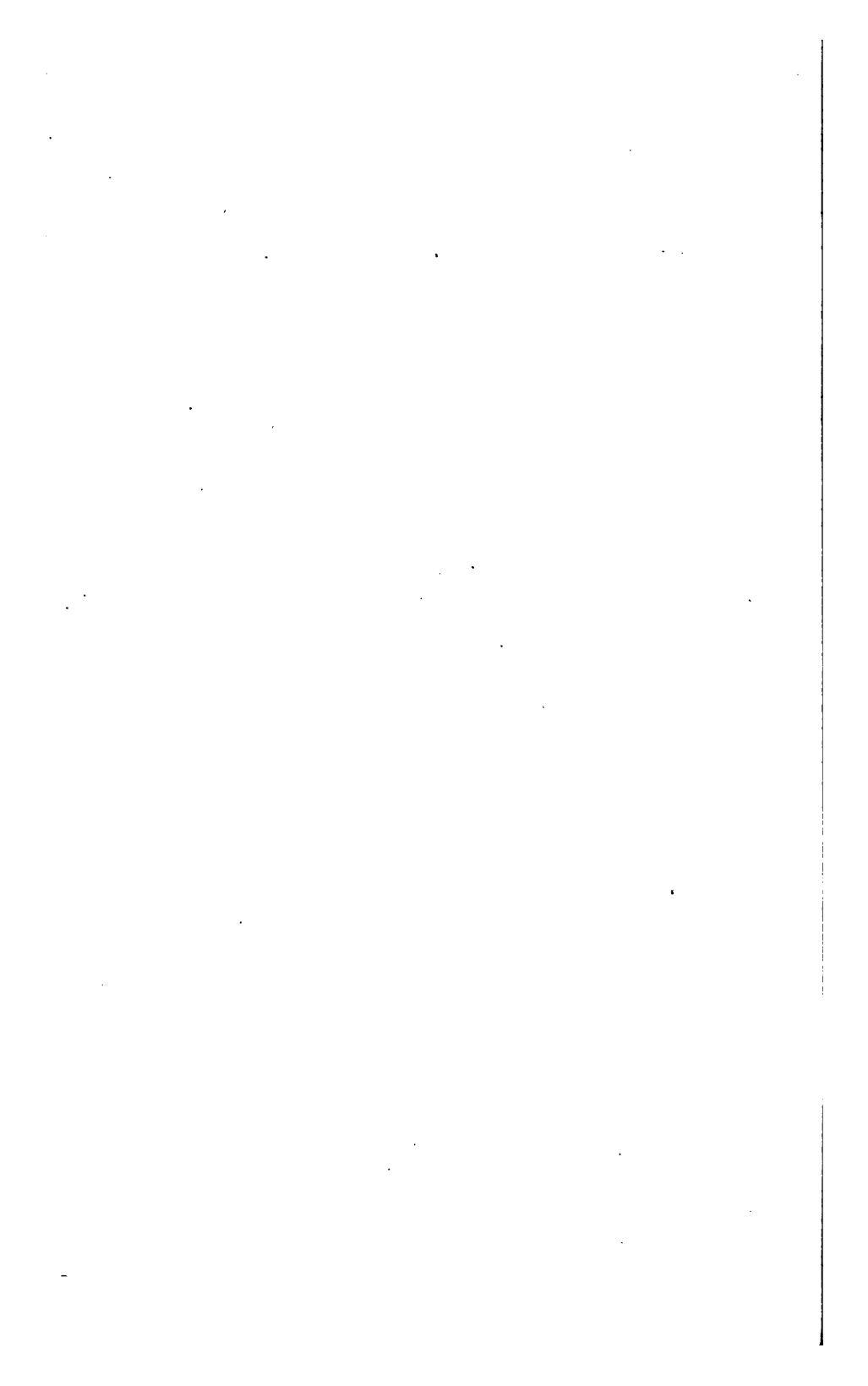
THE AUTHOR.

Jellicoe 17 Nov. 1921 (copy)



*The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours.
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon.
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now, like sleeping flowers.
For this, for' everything, we are out of tune—
It moves us not.*

WORDSWORTH.



PREFACE.



At a recent meeting of the South Australian Yacht Club the worthy Secretary is reported to have said "There is urgent need of arousing greater interest in local yachting and the proceedings of the Club;" and he also complained of lack of sympathy with the pastime at its head quarters, Port Adelaide. So far as the larger yachts are concerned there has undoubtedly been a falling off of late years. The loss from our yachting fleet of the "Hygeia" (87 tons), "Edith" (43 tons), "Wanderer" (49 tons), "Canowie" (20 tons), "Haidee" (11 tons), &c., and the laying up of the "Zephyr" (22 tons) has quite altered the character of recent contests. The only cutters of any size that competed for prizes last season were the "Enchantress" (28) and the "Alfreda" (20), and whilst there is probably quite as much excitement to the parties concerned in races with smaller craft, still, the general public do not take the same interest in them.

But it comes rather as a surprise to me to hear that a lack of interest is shown by the owners or by yachtsmen generally so far as the latter class is concerned. For some time past I have been under the impression that although the Club has suffered several severe losses of sea-going yachts, they were steadily increasing their river craft.

Owing to the depression, from which all classes are apparently now happily emerging, but few have had the heart, or means to spare, to engage in any recreation requiring monetary outlay. With the dawning of better times we may hope to see some of our wealthier colonists again joining the Club's ranks, and constructing yachts as large as those that have gone. If the following pages should contribute to such a

desirable result, or assist in any degree to remedy the state of things complained of by the Secretary, I shall be well repaid.

For years past many of my guests who have perused the logs from which the following incidents are taken have pressed me to publish them. This may prove an opportune time to do so, if it contribute to the result just mentioned.

It seems difficult to imagine a lack of sympathy with yachting in a place like Port Adelaide, where thousands of pounds have been spent in constructing and maintaining so many fine vessels. I believe the "Hygeia" is the largest schooner, and the "Wanderer" and "Edith" the largest cutter yachts that have been built in Australia; and the "Wanderer" is by no means the slowest either. In years gone by the building of these and several other capital vessels was a source of pride to the Portonians. I venture to say, so it ought to be, to them and to the colonists generally. The brains to design successfully, the ability to construct properly, and the pluck and enterprise to find the necessary means and take the risk were all South Australian, and are surely fair subjects of pride. Even upon the prosaic, but often potent, grounds of self-interest one cannot believe that the residents at Port Adelaide are out of sympathy with a recreation which is so conducive to their prosperity, or that they would lend themselves to anything that might discourage it. Almost every artisan and tradesman in the place, as well as some sailors, benefit by it more or less. It possesses the peculiarity of circulating money and asking no favour, except to be left alone, free and untrammelled.

At any rate, whether there is any such lack of sympathy or not, having sailed out of the Port for so many years, and having met with such genuine kindness from all classes, I am desirous by the publication of these reminiscences, to assist in renewing the feeling of hearty goodwill to those who still wish to carry the South Australian Yacht Club colours to the fore. The reader has now the main reasons for the publication of this work. It aims to show, in an unaffected and un-studied manner, many incidents that have occurred in a quarter of a century's yachting experience in the waters of this colony. As every yachtsman knows, a log is never kept with much detail

or at great length. In preparing to publish it, amplification is, of course, necessary. Only such portions as appeared sufficiently interesting have been selected. Being aware of the great difficulty of overcoming sameness in such narratives, I thought it better to publish two or three cruises in detail, and to confine the remainder to extracts of events occurring in others that, it is hoped, may prove worth perusal.

In order to avoid the bulkiness that a proper chart would entail, a miniature one has been prepared showing in rough outline the two gulfs, Investigators Straits, Backstairs Passage, &c., with only such spots marked on it as are mentioned in our cruising. It is not pretended that this is strictly accurate, nor is it necessary for many South Australians to look at it to understand the courses sailed, but it is very irritating to a stranger when reading about unknown spots to be unable to trace, or form some idea of where the places referred to are situated. Small as the gulfs, &c., look on this little chart it may be as well to mention that the shortest (Gulf St. Vincent) is nearly 100 miles long, and at its narrowest part far wider than the English Channel between Dover and Calais, whilst Investigators Straits are thirty miles across and over fifty miles long, and to get to the head of Spencer's Gulf from Port Adelaide upwards of 275 miles has to be sailed—or a cruise of 550 miles there and back. Spencer's Gulf is 80 miles wide in some parts.

Of course the logs of the yachts from which the following incidents are extracted refer only to the individual experiences of those on board, or to events in which the respective craft took part. For a short account of the progress of yachting generally in South Australia and the other colonies the reader is referred to the chapter upon the subject in the latter part of this work.

The address on manly sports is portion of one delivered some years ago. It treats of cricket, football, rowing, hunting, &c., and as the first portion of it shows the views I venture to advocate in favour of such sports as conducive to the well-being of any community I do not think it necessary to add anything here.

The notes of the long cruise *vid* China and Japan may prove of some interest just now. We were in Hongkong and

Shanghai when the Chinese Influx Prevention Bill was being passed in America. It will be seen that the difficulty that has since arisen in Australia is foreshadowed. These notes were originally published for private circulation only, but it is hoped they may not be out of place in this volume. As comparatively few South Australians have had the opportunity of visiting these distant places, they will tell them how we fared and what we saw, and how easily such a voyage can now be accomplished.

The illustrations showing the Althorpes, Thistle Island, and views in Port Lincoln are by three members of my household. They were sketches taken from the deck of the "Wanderer," in January, 1886, without the slightest thought of their being made public, but were put aside as souvenirs of an enjoyable week's cruise in a beautiful spot. Those of the Inland Sea in Japan are by two of the same amateurs. However crude these efforts may be deemed from an artistic point of view, they will undoubtedly assist the reader to form some idea of the places to which they refer. The well-known artist, Mr. Leonard, executed the more finished frontispiece.

It is hoped that the bearings, &c., of the various fishing grounds here given may prove of service to yachtsmen. For some of these I am indebted to Mr. Jagoe, Vice-Commodore Randall, Mr. Pennington, and Mr. Larson.

I tender my thanks to the Secretaries of the S.A. Yacht Club and the Holdfast Bay Yachting and Boating Club for the list of yachts, &c., belonging to the respective Clubs; to J. H. Want, Esq., Q.C., of Sydney, F. J. Drew, Esq., of Melbourne, and to Messrs. W. Russell and E. W. Webb, for furnishing me with useful information; and my especial thanks are due to John Turnbull, Esq., of Port Adelaide, for his valuable contribution towards the history of early yachting in Victoria. I am also much indebted to the Secretary of the Marine Board, for supplying me with the original of the excellent little chart of Port Adelaide, and for the correct distances, and the latitude and longitude of the various places mentioned in the cruises.

INTRODUCTORY.



YACHTING is an amusement upon which an immense amount of enthusiasm has been expended. Its advantages, its excitement, its health-giving capabilities, and the manly qualities a true yachtsman should possess have been so frequently and so eloquently dwelt upon that it seems little short of presumption to imagine that any thing further of sufficient interest to warrant publication can be written.

Nevertheless, the venture is being made. The main local reasons for doing so have already been dealt with in the preface. Moreover, so far as I am aware, no book on the subject of Australian yachting has yet been published, either on this Continent or in England. Possibly, therefore, this may be of some interest to English yachting men in showing them that their Australian cousins have no more forgotten the fine old pastime than they have cricket and rowing; that yachting under the Southern Cross is as ardently pursued as amongst themselves, and that in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria it is making great strides. Many of us live in hope to see it ere long revived amongst our wealthier men in South Australia also.

Yachting is essentially suited to our climate, with its wonderfully clear and balmy evenings and nights. After the sun has disappeared, freedom from mosquitoes, deliciously cool, refreshing, and pure air can be obtained nowhere better than on the clean, well-kept decks of a yacht, anchored some distance from the shore.

Surely, also, it is a noble pastime, and an unselfish one, or ought to be so. No yachtsman—properly so called—cares to cruise without companions to share his pleasure. To those

who have mental work to perform in a climate so trying and exciting to the brain as this is in the height of summer, there can be no more fitting resource. To my thinking there is no panacea for worry, no rest for body and mind, equal to a comfortable handy little yacht. I have known more than one man, who, like Sir Walter Scott, had to bear "secret woes the world has never known," find in yachting what Sir Walter found in poetry, viz., a healthy means of diverting their thoughts, giving them the courage to fight their battle manfully, instead of possibly losing their mental balance, or seeking relief in reckless excesses. It charms young and old alike. If a man has once been a real lover of the recreation, he will retain his affection for it so long as he is able to hold a tiller with nerve enough left to direct a vessel's course.

The very form of a shapely well-kept yacht is a never-ending source of pleasure to her owner. To him she is indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever;" and where is there a more beautiful sight than a cutter under full sail, gently heeling to the breeze, and leaving a scarcely definable wake, the sun's rays shining on her beautifully cut canvas—white as snow, and fitting like a lady's glove. Where is there an old salt that will not gaze after her till she disappears below the horizon, and to whom her appearance does not recall a thousand pleasant memories, as he turns away with a sigh of regret that he is not one of her crew.

As these pretty creations of the designer's skill begin to dot the face of our Gulf we know that a long period of bright, sunny skies are ahead, for, like the swallows, they are the precursors of summer.

The construction of a yacht affords a most interesting study to many, and increases the pleasure of subsequently handling her; one has the opportunity of seeing how strongly she is put together, which of itself adds to the sense of security when encountering bad weather; then there are always the problems to be solved of her sea-worthiness and speed, and next comes the excitement of the launch. The first trial trip and the subsequent efforts to obtain her true ballast trim also afford an ample field for the exercise of nautical skill and judgment.

Each of the yachts whose logs have afforded the material for this work were designed and built at Port Adelaide. It would

have given me much less pleasure to have purchased successful English or American ones. I do not see why Australians should not be able to build and handle yachts as well as any other people. They have shown a capacity to hold their own as oarsmen and cricketers; why not as yachtsmen also? At any rate we may hope ere long to see it put to the test. Besides, one may, without being a protectionist, thoroughly believe in supporting and encouraging colonial talent and industry as far as possible.

It is as well to bear in mind also that yachting is advisable on a broader platform than mere amusement. There are young strong adventurous spirits who must have an outlet for their superfluous energy. Yachting supplies this medium. Give them a taste for this admittedly manly way of gaining and preserving health at the period of life when it is most advisable to help them in the struggle they have to go through, very frequently the finer the character and the stronger the nature, the harder the combat with deteriorating influences, or to use a nautical simile—the shallow craft will skim lightly over dangerous rocks—the deeper and nobler vessel may strand and break upon them. At any rate, in yachting pure and simple there is nothing but what tends to give a man strength of mind and body, two necessary qualifications for the battle of life.

In the essay on “Manly Sports” in the latter part of this work I have shown the erroneous impressions that exist with respect to the cost of this recreation. Youngsters willing to give up billiards in exchange for yachting will find the change both profitable and healthy.

The following pages faithfully represent what yachting actually is in Gulf St. Vincent, at Kangaroo Island, in Investigator Straits, in Spencer's Gulf and its islands, and in the beautiful and wonderfully deep and spacious harbour of Port Lincoln, destined I believe at no remote date to be the home of many a yachtsman. Some have already selected residences there, and others are sure to follow. When Lord Brassey was here last year in the beautiful “Sunbeam” he was solicited to take her there, for it was known his opinion of such a harbour would carry great weight in England. Unfortunately time did not permit of his doing so. How little did we think

when we saw the late Lady Brassey, courteous and kind to all, bright, full of energy, eagerly seeking for information, that she would so soon be called to join the great majority. Anyone who has had the privilege of reading the exceedingly touching record of her life, written by Lord Brassey, cannot fail to see that she was one "that loved her fellow creatures."

The members of the South Australian Yacht Club have good reason to remember, and they do remember with pleasure, the "Sunbeam's" visit to Port Adelaide. They were treated with much courtesy and kindness by both Lord and Lady Brassey, and they have to thank Lord Brassey for his liberal generosity in presenting the Club with a handsome prize for competition by their yachts.





YACHTING IN AUSTRALIA.

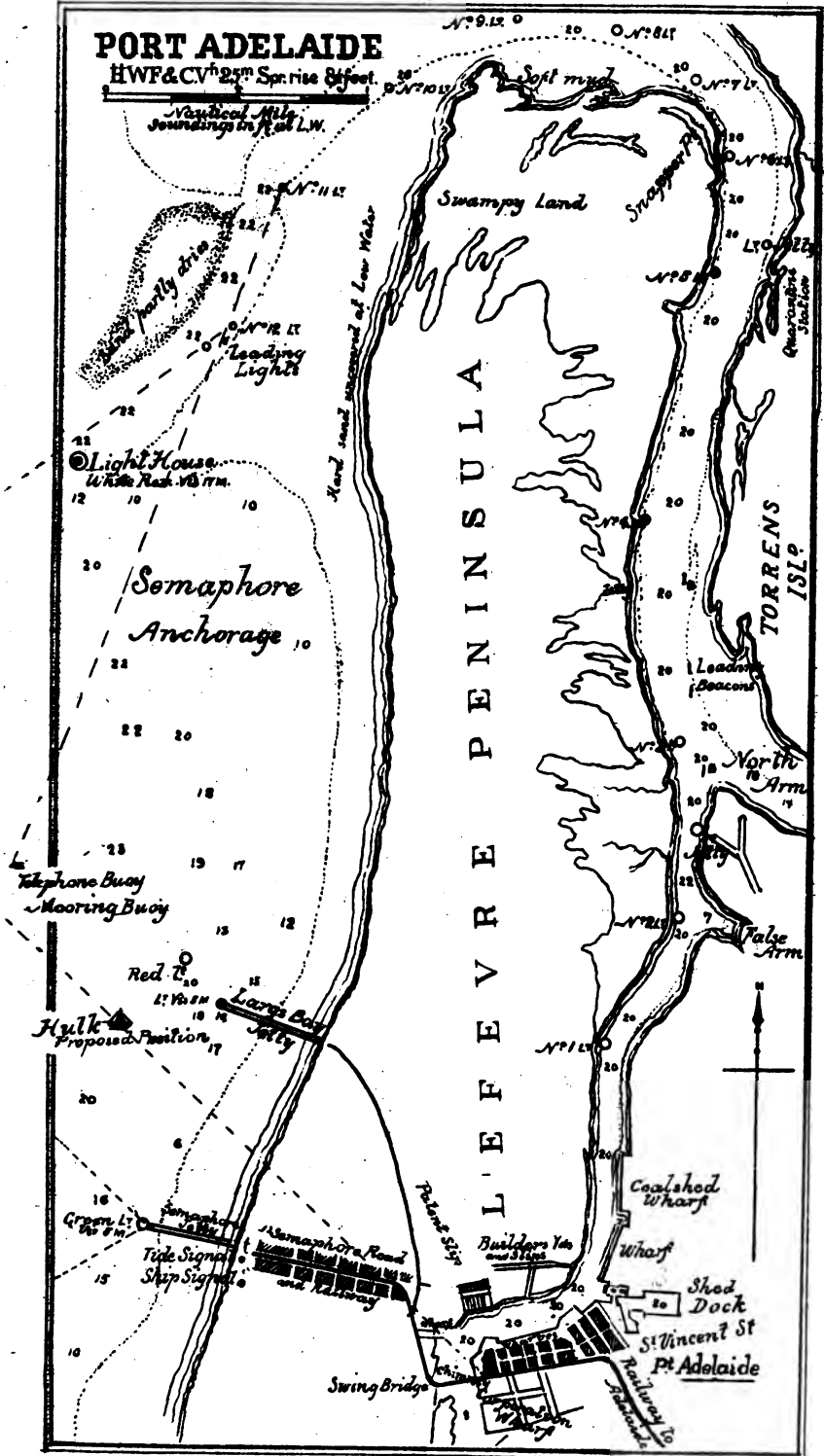




PORT ADELAIDE

HWF & CV 2 1/2 m Springs 8 feet

Nautical Mile Soundings in ft of L.W.



TOIA 111A 111A

ASTON LEXX
TILL N E S O N

CONTENTS.

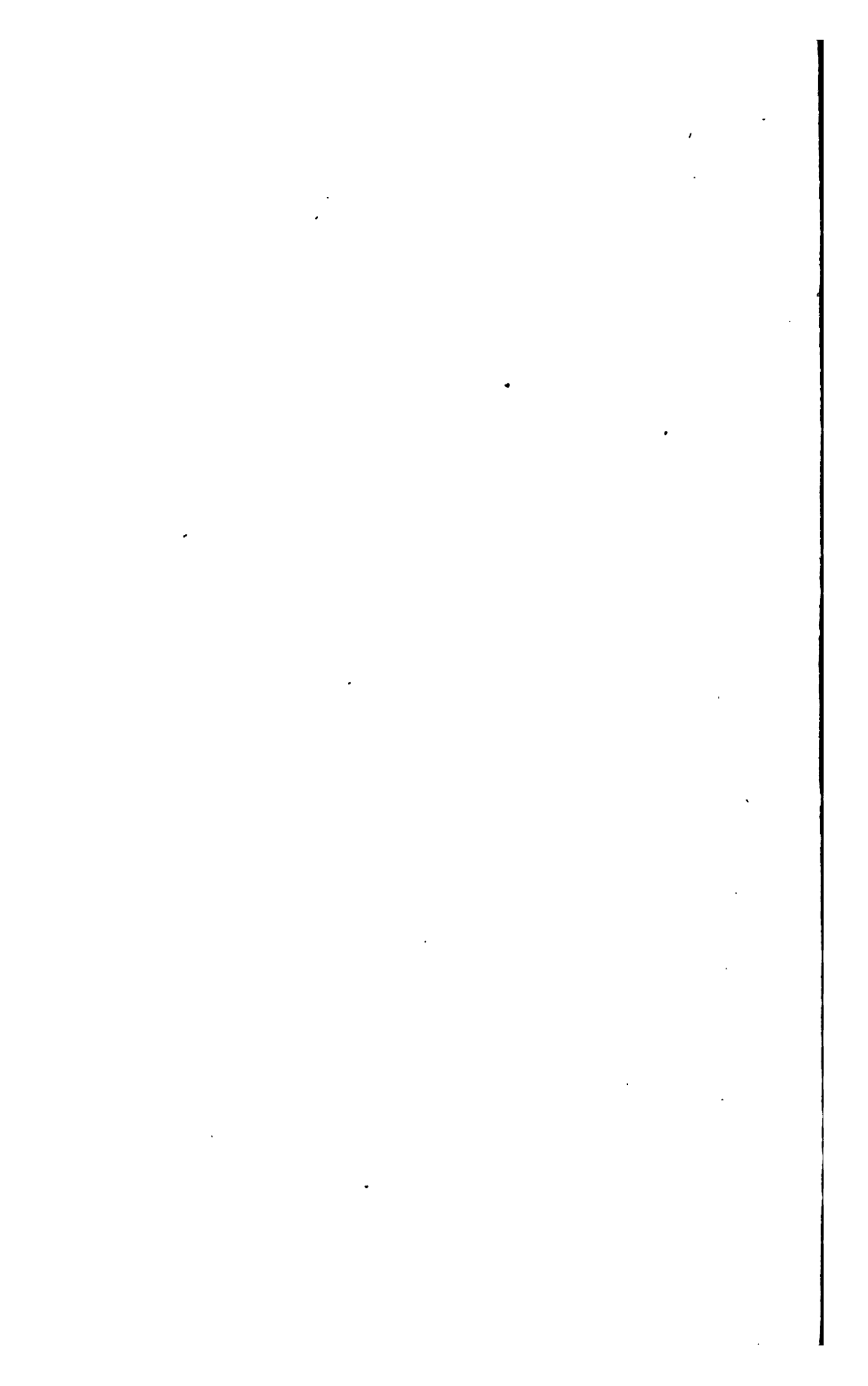
	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
Early Experiences—Launch of and Adventures on Board the “White Cloud”	1
CHAPTER II.	
The Yacht Race — Contest Between the “Xanthe” and “White Cloud”—Sinking of the latter	10
CHAPTER III.	
The “Zephyr”—First Trip Round The Althorpes—Wreck of the “Iron King”—A Grand Harbour	15
CHAPTER IV.	
Poetry (a long way after Longfellow, by “a Longfellow”), “Hurrah ! for Kangaroo Island”—A Stranding and an Enquiry	29
CHAPTER V.	
The Race for the Cup—A Lost Comrade—Death of a Faithful Tar—A Dirty Night in the Gulf—Pull ! man, pull ! !—An Ugly Customer—Sale of the “Zephyr”	41
CHAPTER VI.	
Launch of the “Wanderer”—Notes on English Yachts	63
CHAPTER VII.	
“Homeward Bound”—An Aërial Struggle for Life—Nearly Overboard—Struck by a Squall	71
CHAPTER VIII.	
Eleven Knots an Hour—Broaching To—A Sea Serpent—“Farewell, Wanderer”—A Fine Passage—“Wanderer’s” First Race in Hobson’s Bay	79
CHAPTER IX.	
The “Pastime”—Regatta at Port Lincoln—Interesting Work—Attacks by Sharks—An Acknowledgment	85

PROGRESS OF YACHTING IN AUSTRALIA.

New South Wales the Nursery of the Pastime in the Colonies—She retains Premier Position	92-97
Rise and Progress in Victoria—Mr. Turnbull's Reminiscences—Yachting in Hobson's Bay in 1856—The "Petrel," Winner of the First Race	97-104
Rise and Progress of Yachting in South Australia—Pioneers—The Premier Club—The Glenelg Club—The Holdfast Bay Yacht and Boating Club—Yachting at the Outports and on the Lakes						104-112

SOME FISHING GROUNDS in Gulf St. Vincent, Spencer's Gulf, &c., &c.	113-117
GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF PORTS	118
TABLE OF DISTANCES	119
THE RULE OF THE ROAD AT SEA (in Rhyme)	120
WEATHER TOKENS (in Rhyme)	121
A CRUISE ON SHORE	122
MANLY SPORTS, EXERCISES, and RECREATIONS						134-148
NOTES OF A RETURN VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA, VIA CHINA AND JAPAN						151-223





CHAPTER I.

Oh, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way.—BYRON.

THE "WHITE CLOUD."

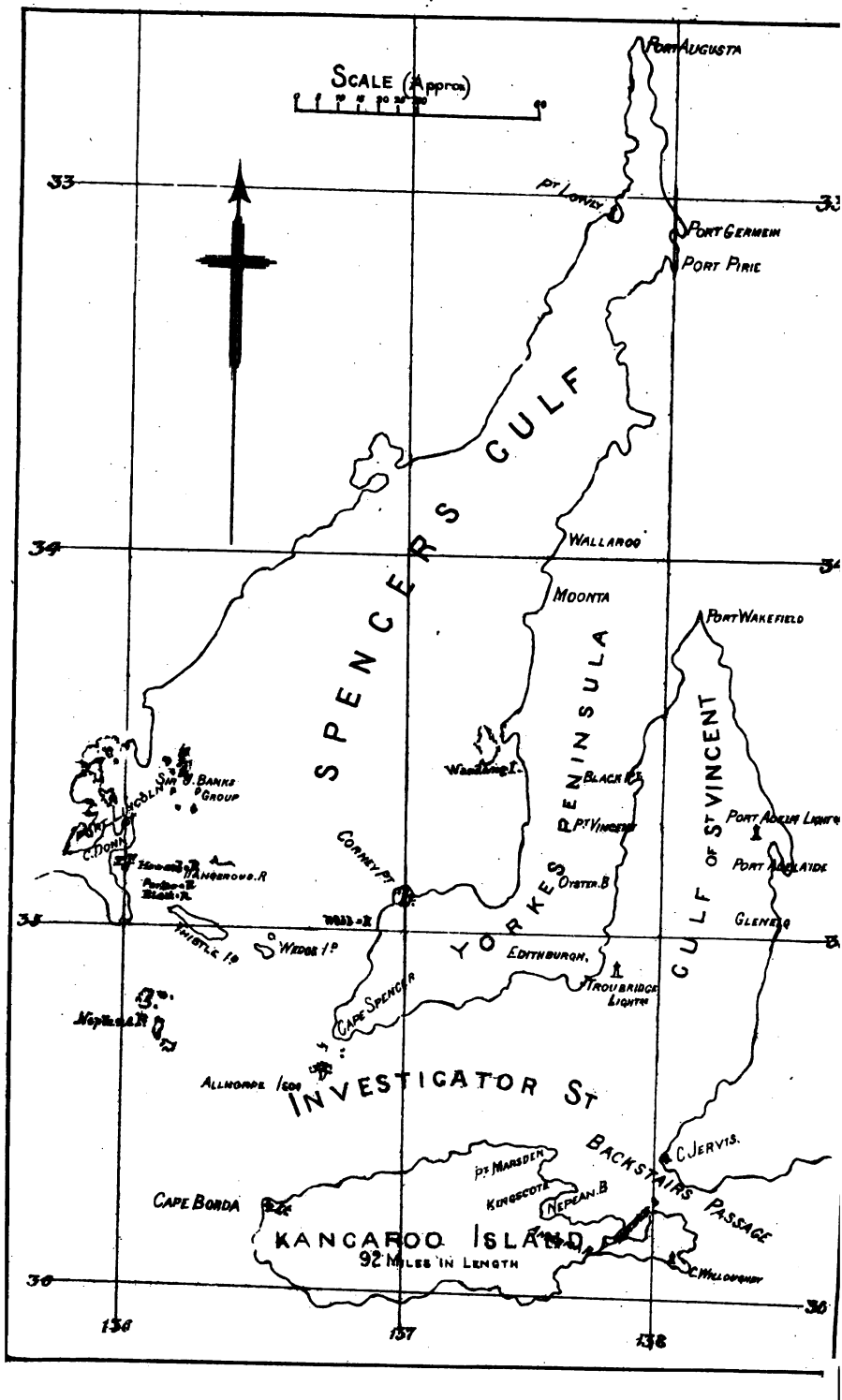
It is now upwards of twenty-five years since I first commenced yatching in South Australian waters. My most frequent companion at that time was the late James Brook, whose death in early manhood in 1872 was a distinct loss to the legal profession, as he was undoubtedly one of the most gifted lawyers we have had in the colony—and yet a very boy when away upon a cruise—and when not prostrated with sea-sickness the life and soul of the vessel. We used to take our trips before the "White Cloud" was built in coasting vessels chartered for the occasion. Mr. Geo. Simmonds, a great friend of Brook's (now the owner and master of the ketch "Stormbird"), was shipmate of his from England, and many a boisterous practical joke I have witnessed between them when sailing in the little "Nancy" schooner, built by Simmonds and his late father-in-law at Port Adelaide. This handy craft often conveyed Brook and myself on health-giving cruises. We used occasionally to hire the cutter "Swallow," then in charge of poor James Lewis—a handsome little Welshman, and a smart mariner. Alas! poor Lewis; he perished with all hands in the ill-fated "Prima Donna" some eight or nine years ago. He, like James Brook, was in the prime of life.

For some years this system of hiring was continued, but in 1868, in conjunction with my brother-in-law (Mr. W. J. Magarey), I built a little cutter of about eight tons. We

named her the "White Cloud." She was designed by the late Wm. Taylor (foreman of the Government workshops at Port Adelaide), and built by Mr. John Mitchelmore. Her sails were made by Messrs. Thompson, Russell, & Co., and as she is still in good order, and gaining a livelihood for her owners at Port Lincoln in the oyster trade, it is pretty evident that the builder did his work well. She ran in a race at Port Lincoln last New Year's Day, but did not win, as the breeze favoured the larger vessels; she was, however, second boat. We soon found that the little craft was a good sea boat, and it was not long ere she was seen frequently riding at anchor in some of the smooth bays on the eastern shore of Yorke's Peninsula.

And here it becomes necessary for me to call attention to the small skeleton chart on the opposite page. Of course all coasters, South Australian yachtsmen, and many other colonists know the places mentioned herein well enough. Not so, however, with others who may peruse these pages. I will ask them to glance at the chart. They will perceive that Port Adelaide is built on a short arm of the sea called the Port River, about eight nautical miles from Gulf St. Vincent, from which Gulf the river receives its ebb and flow. At its entrance stands a lighthouse with a light of the first order, and at night the whole distance from the lighthouse to Port Adelaide is lit with kerosene lamps on beacons.

At the time I am writing about there was no lighthouse nor lighted beacons. An old dismantled brig did duty as a light-ship a long way out from the entrance to the river. The reader scanning the chart will see that Gulf St. Vincent is bounded by a long peninsula on its western shores running from the northern head of the Gulf at Port Wakefield down to its south-eastern extremity, nearly abreast of Troubridge Shoals, upon which there is a lighthouse. This peninsula forms the eastern side of Spencer's Gulf, of which more by and by. When once in the bays on the western side of Gulf St. Vincent, the probabilities are that a yachtsman will obtain smooth water, but to get to these bays, at least to one of the best of them for sport, viz., Port Alfred (better known to us as Black Point), some 31 knots, across a sometimes vicious sea, have to be traversed. (The Admiralty sailing directions give the distance as 29 knots from the Port Adelaide light—this is, I presume, magnetic. I have measured it twice with the patent log at about 31 knots.) The course from the lighthouse is West by N. $3\frac{1}{2}$ N., or at night with an ebb tide I always steer W.N.W. full to make sure of fetching well to the north of the spit. The Admiralty chart shows the correct soundings. By careful steering and the free use of the lead it is always possible to work up close under the land from the northward in the darkest night in summer. Of



ASTORIA, OREGON
PUBLIC LIBRARY
FILE NO. 1000

course the danger is of striking the land either opposite or to the southward of the sandspit.

I hope the reader on looking at the chart and casting his eye across from the Port lighthouse to where Port Alfred is shown will now be able to form a good idea of the place to which we usually sailed, and still often make for.

The bay is well sheltered from N.W. round to S.E., that is, from the points where bad weather may be usually looked for. It is open to the N.E. and N., and on a high tide with a strong easterly wind a nasty chop comes over the sandspit. This spit runs out about three miles towards the N. East. There is a beacon on its N. Eastern point in about eight feet of water. When it comes on to blow from the N.E. or north it is time to clear out. I have had a lively time there, diving bows under occasionally in a 22-tonner, but in the summer time such an experience is very rare, except when we get one of our bad hot winds, which usually commence in the N.E. and veer to the north. It is a pretty horseshoe-shaped bay, with a gently sloping beach of sand and shell; in some places very rocky close in shore. The anchorage is in from three and a half to two fathoms and the holding ground good, but a wide berth as an anchorage should be given to the south-eastern corner, as the bottom is rocky, and there is an unpleasant swell comes round the point with a S. Easter causing a small craft to cut all kinds of capers. The best anchorage is about three-quarters of a mile to the westward of this point, in two and a quarter fathoms or less, according to draught, on a sandy bottom almost free from weeds. The swell is scarcely perceptible here.

I have already mentioned that to get to this fine little harbour necessitates sometimes crossing the gulf in a vicious sea. This will be readily understood when I mention that Gulf St. Vincent at its narrowest point (until near its head) is 28 knots across, and that there is a stretch southward to Kangaroo Island of nearly 70 knots. This grand island, 92 miles long, forms a huge breakwater and protects Gulf St. Vincent against the immense rollers of the Southern Ocean. With a two-knot ebb tide and a strong southerly, S.W. or S.E. wind, I have seen as ugly topplers as a yachtsman cares voluntarily to encounter. I mention this because we are less fortunate in the smoothness of the water than either of the other colonies. On the eastern shore of this gulf—that is, on the mainland—there is not a single harbour to which a yachtsman can run for safety, except the eight miles in the Port River, of which most, after a time, get heartily tired. It is essentially a lee shore, for the bad weather, the worst, comes from N.W., W., to S.W., and up to the present time no artificial harbour or protection has been formed. The jetty at Largs Bay is the best breakwater

yet afforded against the S. and S.W. winds. It will thus be seen that yachting in Gulf St. Vincent often means a wet jacket, and is no child's play or drawing-room sailing. The helmsman must keep his weather-eye lifting, and watch his helm, or he may easily ship a sea that will make things uncomfortable below, if nothing more serious occurs.

Port Alfred is still a favourite fishing ground, the one to which the attention of yachtsmen who have not too much time to spare is recommended, because, as a rule, in the afternoon of the summer days the sea breeze from the south is a "soldier's wind," and enables a yacht to go to and fro in comfortable time. I shall not be so precise in the description of other places in the gulf, but take them by and by in their order as I deal with cruising incidents. I know of no fish procurable in the gulf that are not to be met with occasionally at Black Point. I have often sailed many weary miles and not obtained half the sport usually met with there. Therefore, and because of its comparative easiness of access and its safety when once inside, I still award it the premier position in Gulf St. Vincent for yachtsmen. It has lost one of its charms of late years. It is becoming civilised. When we first went there, there was but one settler's house within ten miles of it, and the aborigines and this one settler and his family were the only human beings we saw. Now we see homesteads all over the place. Of course we are glad to see these proofs of advancement. Nevertheless there was a kind of release to feel oneself away from the haunts of men for a time, and to have the freedom of "the ocean bird set free." We must go a long way further to obtain this now. Even the wild islands of Spencer's Gulf are in the hands of settlers, some of whom are doing remarkably well. There is scarcely a spot on Yorke's Peninsula, from Black Point to its southern extremity, where an anchorage is obtainable except in view of some homestead. At that time you might coast the whole distance and scarcely see a sign of a human habitation, smoke from occasional shepherds' huts and blackfellows' wurlies alone indicating the presence of our kind. There are now numerous townships, and steamers regularly plying to them. It is rare indeed to see a black man at the present day. With their usual fate, they are fast disappearing before the "pale face," and the squatter and his retainers have retired before the agriculturist, who is now master of the situation. The kangaroo, emu, and wild turkey were plentiful enough then; they are not all gone yet, but the two latter are rarely met with. It is necessary to bear in mind those facts when reading the account of our early cruises.

I tender a humble apology for this long digression. I turned

aside for the purpose of calling the attention of those of my readers who are unacquainted with our gulf to the chart, and the various bearings of the places referred to, and have suddenly awoke to the fact that I have gone a long way to leeward of my proper course. Well, we will luff up, haul in our sheets, and see if we can steer a steadier one for a time, by keeping to events in their chronological order, to some extent at any rate.

The little "White Cloud" was cutter rigged, as before mentioned. She proved a good sea boat; further, she was fast, easily handled, dry, and safe. We soon felt the limited waters of the Port River were too "cribbed, cabined, and confined" for our adventurous notions. Personally I knew little of how to handle a cutter when she was launched, except what I had learnt from Simmonds, Lewis, and others on our previous outings; for although born opposite the Isle of Wight, and inheriting from ancestors, all fond of the pastime, a passionate love of yachting, my youthfulness prevented me from practically acquiring the art before leaving England. We were fortunate in securing the services of a thoroughly smart youngster of some 19 or 20 summers, who had been cradled and brought up on the river and gulf in fore and aft sailing craft, a handsome, curly-headed, blue-eyed youth, Lewis Thomas by name, and to his intelligence and capability much of my subsequent success as a helmsman is due. Shortly after the "Cloud" was launched, my partner in her—who at that time knew much more of seamanship than I did—broke down in health, and was compelled to take a prolonged voyage, and I was thus left in sole charge of the little craft. Poor Lewis Thomas; he has also gone to join the great majority. When he liked there was no better hand on board a small fore and aft vessel. He remained with me for several years, and left to marry, and commence business on his own account. He has been dead many years. During his time yachting was intensely fresh and interesting to me. With him as crew, and with my old and valued friends, Webb and James Brook, I made one of the first trips to Black Point in the little boat; and to this day I remember the pleasure it gave us. I did not at that time keep a log, as I have done in subsequent yachts, and cannot therefore, even if disposed to do so, recount our experiences. But I do remember one amusing incident. One of the party in the Bay took ashore with him a bottle of mixed pickles; out of this he was helping himself freely with a fork. A black-fellow had been watching the operation for a long time with longing eyes. The pickle eater observing this said—"Have some, Jimmy?" Jimmy said "Yaas!" In went the fork, and out came a full-sized, thoroughly hot capsicum. "Open your

mouth." Jimmy obeyed, and in went the capsicum, and Jimmy munched away; presently the water came out of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "Like him, Jimmy?" queried his tormentor. "Yaas; him belly goot," says Jimmy. "Have some more?" "N—o—." But for the tears, no observer could see the slightest trace of the suffering he bore with such perfect stoicism. There were a considerable number of his tribe encamped in the bay on this occasion, and we were always well supplied with fish. They were catching large numbers of mullet; they called them overland mullet, because, as they averred, these fish go all along the western shores at certain seasons in enormous numbers close in, and then disappear. They were so numerous that we feasted on their roes alone—and most delicious they were. I have often caught these mullet in large quantities since in the net. I do not think that it was on this but on a subsequent occasion we were over in the little craft to the same spot, when we witnessed a sight from our decks I had never seen before, nor have I seen a similar one since. We had left the Bay for some time when the wind fell away to a dead calm. We were probably about six miles from the land. Looking to the southward, where we expected the sea breeze, I thought I saw it coming feather white. "Stand by the halliards," was the caution, with a view of reducing sail. The man I had with me took a good long look, and said:—"Its not wind, sir, its porpoises;" and sure enough so it seemed. Along they came, covering an enormous expanse of water, and springing into the air to a great height, causing a turmoil almost beyond belief—heading directly for where we were lying, almost motionless. As they approached nearer the man said, "By Jove, sir, they are not porpoises, they are black fish" (a species of small whale); and so it turned out. I do not think I have ever seen anything of its kind so grand. Unless one has witnessed such a sight they would not credit the distance these huge unwieldy fish will spring out of the water. I confess that their size and numbers made me a little anxious, for I thought if one should spring up a short distance away from us, and fall on the cutter we should all probably go to Davy Jones' locker, and I was not at all sorry when the enormous school passed us. I should think the smallest fish amongst them would weigh at least half a ton, and they were travelling to the north at great speed. This incident occurred nearly twenty years ago, but its unusual nature has caused me to remember it with great distinctness.

I recollect an excellent proof of the little boat's seaworthiness, and at the same time a piece of great folly on the part of her occupants. There had been a ketch race off the Semaphore and one of the marks they had to round was a large cargo boat

that was moored out to the S.W. from the river's mouth. There were no steam launches at that time, and the vessels had left this boat right in the track of craft bound to or from the Port. My brother-in-law and myself were down in the "Cloud" at the inner bar fishing off the dredger—a capital place at that time for trevalli. Simmonds, accompanied by Lewis (of the Swallow already referred to), came down and asked us to lend them the little craft to go and tow this large boat in. It had been blowing hard all day, but by this time it was simply roaring and there was a high sea, even in Light's Passage. We demurred to their running the risk, but on their evidently fearing something might happen unless the boat were removed I determined to take the little yacht out myself, although greatly doubting whether we should succeed. It was nearly dark ere we cleared from our anchorage after reefing her well down. We soon found that it would take a good boat to beat out at all. The yacht shaped splendidly, but crossing the bar at the entrance to the river the sea was tremendous and breaking all around us. Some of the squalls were a caution, but there were good and reliable men at the sheets and halliards and we let her go through it. Eventually we got to the moored boat. Simmonds and my brother in law stood by the main rigging ready to jump as we ranged alongside, and in the second attempt we managed to do this, and both boats rising on the top of a high wave they sprang into her without mishap. Keeping good way on the yacht I kept well clear and hove her to a little distance away until they got the anchor and a line ready for towing. Again ranging alongside this was thrown on board and away we went; and now came the most anxious time. We were nearly before the wind, with a heavy S.W. sea, and found the weight of this huge boat, sheering about as it did continually, sometimes brought the little yacht almost broadside to the sea. Moreover we had not sufficient sail on to run away fast enough from the high waves. This we soon remedied, but I found that it was a great strain on the little craft and was glad enough when we got safely through the broken water at the bar into the smoother water of the passage. It was a wild night—rain, hail, thunder, and lightning, and a fierce wind. Through it all we brought the boat in as described and towed her up the river against a S. Wester, and handed her to the master of the vessel to which she belonged. This event was sufficient to show us that the yacht would live in the gulf in any weather, and subsequent numerous experiences proved this; but it was a foolhardy venture and strained the vessel considerably.

Shortly after she was launched we were nearly coming to

grief, with all hands. On a Saturday afternoon we had run out to Largs Bay, and had reached about a mile to the southward of the lighthouse, which was then in course of erection. The wind was light, and we had all sail set, including a large gaff-topsail, as we purposed trying the speed of some of the beach boats. I was looking at a boat about a quarter of a mile from us that was taking the men from their work at the lighthouse to the Semaphore jetty. It was the "Corsair," owned and sailed by William Thomas Hook, an experienced and competent boatman, better known at the beach as "Bill Thomas." In an instant I saw the craft referred to heel to a dangerous angle, although there were, I believe, upwards of 20 men sitting on the weather side. The sheets were smartly let go, the helm put down, and the boat righted. I sang out, warning our helmsman, and the staysail and gaff-topsail were handled as quickly as possible; the latter fouled. As the squall struck us I thought we were bound to turn turtle. We had to put her before the wind, and this brought us into the shallow water to the east of the lighthouse. The helmsman asked if there was water enough for us, and was answered in the affirmative. To our dismay, however, we soon commenced striking heavily. The sea by this time had risen, and the vessel was tearing through the water. There was nothing for it but to hold on, if possible, and we did so, but every moment we expected to see the mast go out of her. Luckily we reached the deeper water without this, and when once in the river were free from anxiety. But for the warning given us by the "Corsair," who shall say what would have been our fate? This incident illustrates the treacherousness of the weather in Gulf St. Vincent at times, and shows how important it is to have halliards and sheets clear and running well even in the finest weather.

At this period the crack yacht at Port Adelaide was the famous "Xanthe," a cutter of some twelve tons (yacht measurement), designed and built by the same Mr. W. Taylor who designed the "White Cloud." She used to win nearly all the regattas, and in a match for £100 with the "Coquette" (a much larger craft, of the centre-board type), in a strong breeze, she won easily. The fine old craft is still to the fore, and only on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1888, she won in a race at Glenelg, in a strong breeze and rough sea, beating a yacht more than twice her size. Against this formidable and hitherto unconquered antagonist there seemed little chance for the "White Cloud." Nevertheless I felt some confidence in her speed, and a friendly contest was arranged. I publish the account that appeared in the *S.A. Register* on the Monday following the Saturday on which the race took place, because of its marvellous closeness and also because I hear it has of late years been doubted if the

"White Cloud" ever beat the "Xanthe." On another occasion she gave the old yacht a much more decisive beating in a dead thrash to windward, in a strong breeze from Schnapper Point to the Port. But in most of the set matches the "Xanthe" beat her. This and the extract from the newspaper is of course of only local interest to old South Australian yachtsmen, but it serves also to prove that the little "Cloud," with racing spars and sails and in good trim, was a fast as well as a safe and good sea boat.



CHAPTER II.

THE YACHT RACE.

“Ho ! prepare to start !” and behold how smart
Every yacht bears away to her place.
With the wind abeam and the tide down stream
We may hope for a brilliant race.
Our Commodore’s eye no fault can espy
As each man at his station stands ;
And “Ready, boys, ready ! steady, boys, steady !”
Are the cautions amongst all hands.

And “Ready, boys, ready ! steady, boys, steady !”
Are the cautions amongst all hands.

For with eager ear each listened to hear
The starting gun’s welcome roar ;
Nor wait they long, for both loud and strong
It re-echoes along the shore.
That sound’s scarce heard ere each craft like a bird
Moves away with a matchless grace,
And hearts beat fast, and jokes are passed,
As we look on each anxious face.

And hearts beat fast, &c.

In perfect trim, off, off, they skim,
Like greyhounds freed for the chase.
To yachtsmen true no finer view
Than such a splendid race.

Each sail is set, each sheet is checked ;
The wind blows strong and fair.

At every puff the helmsmen luff
The weather guage to share.

At every puff, &c.

Each strove to gain—of course, some in vain—

But the contest was glorious fun ;
And that hard-fought race, so fast in pace,
By the “No Name” was skilfully won.
And then every mate had his tale to relate,
And the battle was fought o’er again ;
And had that or this not turned out amiss
That each would have won was made plain.

And had that or this, &c.

The preceding lines were written by the author, and sung to the tune of “The British Lion” on the occasion of a lecture

he delivered at Port Adelaide in aid of the funds of the South Australian Yacht Club on the 1st September, 1871. With the assistance of several gentlemen who generously contributed to the entertainment success attended the effort and the funds of the Club were proportionately replenished.

The following is the graphic description of the race, from the *Register*, before referred to:—

YACHTING.

“The match between the ‘Xanthe’ and ‘White Cloud’ came off on Saturday, with splendid weather, light breeze, and every concomitant for a day’s pleasant aquatics. The competing cutters were long ago recognised as the only yachts of the place, and for many years the ‘Xanthe’ bore away the palm in all regattas, and has only once been defeated. Indeed, she proved such an antagonist that it was in every case a foregone conclusion that she must win, and in former races the ‘White Cloud’ never obtained first place, though her spirited owner frequently expressed his confidence in her being quite up to the mark. For a long period this match has been talked of and looked forward to with interest, especially as preliminaries were often concluded, and unforeseen circumstances broke up the arrangement. It was appointed that Saturday should set at rest the contest, and early dawn found the crews of both cutters in eager anticipation of the day’s sport, for a most excellent course was chosen from Prince’s Wharf down the river round the Wonga Bank buoy, and back to Prince’s—a distance of 22 miles, varied most beautifully by the narrows and shallows of the creek. It was a subject of regret that there was not just a very little more wind, but the distance was accomplished in five hours and a few seconds.

“At 10 o’clock both yachts took up the assigned positions with mainsails and gafftopsails set, and from the confident glances it was apparent both meant winning. The start was to a second, the ‘Cloud’ being a little in advance as the booms were guyed out and the jib goose winged before the light S.W. wind, which carried the craft down the stream on a falling tide. The distance between them was gradually lessened by the ‘Xanthe’ overhauling and finally passing the ‘Cloud,’ and at the time she appeared to be favoured by a puff, and got 100 yards ahead, but this distance was very much lessened as they both hauled on a wind to beat through the narrows. Tack for tack was made in close company, at times it being difficult to say which had the weather gauge. The ‘Xanthe’ lost a little by her jib outhaul carrying away, but the damage was smartly repaired with little delay. Half an hour of splendid racing brought both past the lighthouse, where the first separation of

the event took place, the 'Xanthe' standing inshore on the starboard tack, while the 'Cloud' chose the port and headed to the westward.

"Thus they went for 20 minutes, when it was evident the 'Cloud' was holding a better wind than her competitor, and at the second tack she passed to windward, and would certainly have first rounded the buoy, but stood too far, and the 'Xanthe' took the advantage, stayed at the correct time, and at 12.45 squared away, followed by the 'Cloud' at two seconds' distance. Instantly both boats were around, the working topsails and jibs were struck, and like magic balloons were replaced, both meanwhile running so close together that it was truly neck-and-neck. The wind had increased, so that the sails set were just nicely balanced to its force. Sometimes the 'Cloud' would reach half a length, but the 'Xanthe' did the same across the deep water, and in 25 minutes from the buoy the lighthouse was passed.

"On the early down running the 'Xanthe' had led, but here the order was slightly reversed, seeing that the 'Cloud' made a start, and led by ten seconds, which at the boat-channel beacon was increased to 15, and on passing the last starboard hand beacon it was 23, and confidence in the 'Cloud' was wonderfully increased, as in the running over she took the weather gauge for the beat up the narrows. It was a marvel to observe the closeness of the contest, and really at times it was out of the question attempting to determine which was in advance; but when the 'Cloud' shortened sail she was at one time 25 seconds ahead. On passing the site of the coalshed she reset the gaff-topsail before reaching the short boards amongst the shipping. The 'White Cloud' lay across on the starboard tack, and stayed immediately in the waist of the 'White Eagle,' followed by the 'Xanthe,' who performed the same manoeuvre at the same place; and then on the port tack it looked as if 'Xanthe' would win; but though sailed with care, the very slight distance was not to be overcome, and the second tack after the 'Cloud' rounded the buoy about four seconds ahead, completing the whole distance in five hours three minutes, during which time the closeness of the match was something remarkable. Both crews did their work well, and the hearty cheers of the assembled spectators on the wharves and shipping testified to the interest felt in their exertions. The 'White Cloud' certainly won her laurels by the clever way she was sailed, and it was pretty certain that not a point of vantage ground was yielded from want of judgment in the 'Xanthe.' To commemorate the occasion right festively the crews were invited to sup at the Glanville Hotel at 8, when about as jovial a party as could be desired met to discuss the good things pro-

vided. Toasts pertinent to the occasion were given and responded to, and song and joke went round until a near approach to 12 sent the gallant tars to their rest with pleasant remembrances of the day's proceedings, and especially the subsequent evening's enjoyment."

About a year or eighteen months after the "White Cloud" was launched the present flourishing South Australian Yacht Club was formed, and gave a decided impetus to, and placed the sport on a better footing. The account of the rise and progress of the pastime in this colony in the early days, is accurate so far as my researches and inquiries from old Portonians and others enables me to ascertain.

Owing to the great depression of late, but few new yachts have been added to the S.A. Yacht Club, and the former flourishing Glenelg Club is extinct; but in its place the new Holdfast Bay Yachting and Boating Club has sprung into existence, and gives promise of good success. They had one of the best races on their course, at Glenelg, on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1888, that has been seen in the colony for many a day.

In the early part of 1872 the "White Cloud" met with a misfortune of a grave nature. Having just landed, I left the crew to beat her up to her moorings. There was a strong breeze blowing. Opposite the Government dockyard a heavy silt pontoon had sunk in some depth of water at low tide. With almost criminal negligence, no buoy or other mark or warning was placed at the spot. In consequence, the yacht, going at full speed under a press of canvas, ran into the pontoon, stove a huge hole in her starboard side, filled, and immediately sank. The three men had to swim for their lives, and, fortunately, all were able to do so. Everything below was spoilt before she could be raised, including the fittings and furniture of a new cabin, my clothes, gun, spy-glasses, &c. The yacht was so tied up or otherwise affected by the repairs subsequently done that in my opinion she never sailed so well afterwards. It had taken a long time to get her ballast trim, and this had all to come out, which of itself often seriously affects a boat's sailing. I would not have had it happen for the value of the craft, and never felt the same pleasure in her afterwards.

His Excellency Sir Jas. Fergusson, the then Governor of S.A., was patron of our Club. He built the Edith, a cutter of 43 tons, Mr. Taylor being also the designer and builder. Sir James did our infant Club the honor of becoming a member, and he took great pleasure in being at the helm of his yacht, and by precept and example endeavoured to instil a taste for the pastime in others. So far as I am aware he is the only Governor we have yet had who kept a yacht here. He is,

naturally enough, well remembered by us. As I have the liveliest recollection of pleasant cruises with him and of great courtesy and kindness received at his hands, I feel real pleasure in being able to record an incident proving to past and present yachtsmen in S.A. the real interest he felt in our young Club's success. When it was first started an ensign upon a white ground was unwisely adopted. Some of us subsequently endeavoured to get this altered but without success—a then leading spirit in the Club insisted on our right to fly it. Sir James Fergusson never would do so, and the following letter will show why. This kindly warning undoubtedly saved the Club from a public snubbing. On its receipt the Commodore convened a meeting, and the red ensign was adopted. The letter is as follows:—

“ Government House, 13th April, 1872.

My dear Mr. Bunday,

As the Commodore of the Australian Squadron is shortly expected here I should like to know if the Yacht Club has any authority for flying the white ensign, because I am under the impression that the Admiralty regulations prohibit any British vessel from hoisting it except the yachts of the Royal Squadron. It is for this reason that I have never done so; and I rather think the Commodore is a man who will call attention to any infringement of the rights of the navy.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES FERGUSSON.

I hope the “Cloud” is all right again.” (This refers to the accident already mentioned.)

In subsequent years, as the Club gained strength and status, the Admiralty was applied to, and the privilege obtained of flying the blue ensign.

After five years' cruising in the little eight-tonner I began to long for something in which greater comfort could be obtained and longer cruises taken. I sold the “Cloud,” and obtaining a design from Mr. Taylor for a 20-tonner, employed the late Mr. Playfair, sen., to build her, and Mr. W. Russell to make her sails. She was launched at Port Adelaide in 1873, and made her first cruise in September of that year. There was a great muster at the launch, which was a complete success, and the yachtsmen and Portonians made a gala day of it, and many hearty wishes for the new craft's career were expressed. She was rigged as a cutter, and measured 22 tons, R.T.Y.C. measurement. She now belongs to the present spirited Commodore of the Club, Mr. R. Honey. She remained my property for upwards of seven years, during a considerable portion of which period a log of our experiences was kept, and the subsequent pages will largely consist of events recorded therein.

CHAPTER III.

“ Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,”
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high.
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

THE “ZEPHYR.”

BEING now in possession of a sea-going craft, in which three or four companions could be comfortably entertained, I resolved to get away round to Spencer’s Gulf, and especially to Port Lincoln, so, after a few preliminary cruises to Black Point, and Edithburg, to test the yacht’s ballast, trim, gear, &c., towards the end of 1874 a start was made.

At this time the schooner yacht “Hygea” was building in Port Adelaide for my father-in-law, Sir W. Milne, and the Mr. George Simmonds, already referred to, was waiting her completion to take command of her. Whilst so waiting he agreed to come with me in the “Zephyr.” There is no better hand in a fore and aft vessel on the coast than he was, and is, and he brought with him as crew a fine old sea dog, named George Fooks, *alias* “Trotters,” a *soubriquet* obtained by his never ceasing a swinging motion from one foot to the other when at the helm. Both knew the coast thoroughly, and I considered myself fortunate in securing their services. Master George Simmonds was never happier than when driving the “Zephyr” in a seaway with all she could stagger under, and had she not been an exceptionally strongly-built vessel, I should not have felt comfortable sometimes. One night, in particular, he nearly drowned me in the cabin with a heavy lee lurch, the water getting through the sky-light ; but, however, we were racing Sir Thomas Elder’s 43-tonner, the “Edith,” that night, from Glenelg to American River, Kangaroo Island, and we beat her some three hours, so I forgave him.

Lewis Thomas taught me how to handle an eight-tonner.

Simmonds perfected my education in the larger craft, and it gives me as much pleasure to make this acknowledgement as I feel sure it will afford him to see it recorded.

With the vessel in such hands I felt every confidence in venturing upon the often rough passage round the Althorpes to Spencer's Gulf and Port Lincoln.

I must again ask the reader, who is unacquainted with the South Australian Gulfs, to cast his eye over the chart. He will see that on leaving Port Adelaide Light a course has to be shaped to avoid the shoals off the end of Troubridge Island on which the Lighthouse stands, allowing a good offing, and when well clear of the light the course is altered to pass either to the south of the larger Althorpes or between it and Cape Spencer, thence to the Wedge Island, which is passed either to starboard or port, according as the wind suits; if this is favourable, most yachtsmen steer to pass between the Wedge and Gambier Islands, from thence to Thistle Island, running close along its northern shore until well past Black Rock, which is always awash, and thus avoiding two other very dangerous ones, viz., The Howard and Porter Rocks; thence to Cape Donnington and through the southern entrance of Boston Bay to Port Lincoln. If the reader has been enabled to trace this course on the chart he will have noticed that Investigator's Straits are very wide, and there is a long stretch from Kangaroo Island to the southern shore of Yorke's Peninsula, and that from the Althorpes to inside the Thistle a vessel is exposed to the full swell of the Southern Ocean. The distance from Port Adelaide is about 170 knots, I think. The following course and distances have been carefully ascertained for me by Mr. W. Russell, and as South Australian yachtsmen know how thoroughly reliable he is in all nautical matters, their insertion here may often save the use of the compass and parallel ruler when a rough sea may make it difficult to do so effectually.

The course from the Port Adelaide Lighthouse to clear Troubridge Shoals at a distance of two miles is S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., distance 39 miles; hence to one mile outside Althrope Island, W.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., 50 miles; hence to one mile S.W. of the Wedge Island, N.W. b. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., 25 miles; hence to Horny Point on Thistle Island, N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., 16 miles; hence to clear Cape Donnington Reef, N.N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; hence to clear the south end of Boston Island, W.S.W., four miles, then W.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. three and a quarter miles to Port Lincoln anchorage.

A good course can be taken inside Althrope Island, hence close to the north-east of the Wedge, passing between it and North Island then on to Cape Donnington.

Dangerous Reef bears S.E. b. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E., distance, 12 miles, and

Howard Rock, S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., distance 10 miles, from Cape Donnington. There are one and a half fathoms on the rock.

The reef and the rock should be carefully avoided.

Soon after Parliament rose preparations for our start were made, and on the 13th December, 1873, we left Port Adelaide for a Christmas holiday, bound to the westward. Three friends accompanied me—one a learned lawyer, who has since obtained a distinguished position at the South Australian Bar; another a well-known yachtsman and Secretary of the Club at Port Adelaide for years; and the other a half-brother of my own; and in addition to the master and crew I had a young powder monkey to act as "steward." A poor little puny fellow he was, a nephew of mine; yachting made a man of him subsequently. Seven all told. My two first-named friends were then festive young bachelors. Alas! they are now both grey-haired benedicts. We are fast becoming three ancient fossils.

As this was undoubtedly *the* yachting trip of my life, and as I have it very fully recorded in the "Zephyr's" log, I shall make no apology for transcribing it as then written, because at that period I felt greater enthusiasm, more consonant with my age, than I pretend to feel as a "grave senior," and although I have often been over the same water, the fresh, almost youthful feeling of enjoyment has been wanting. Of course it must be distinctly understood that my object in doing this is to show what pleasure is within reach of young yachtsmen if they have the pluck to try. I know of nothing that is altered since the log was written. Crayfish are still obtainable at the Thistle, seals at Dangerous Reef, splendid snapper fishing at the rock off Cape Donnington, rabbits at the Bickers Islands, bronzing pigeons, plover, and curlews on Boston Island; good flounder and other fish with the net almost anywhere in Spalding Cove, the proper and the western side of Boston Island, and oysters galore if desired. There is scarcely a rocky promontory where good rod and line fishing cannot be secured, and from a dingey or the yacht's deck whiting, flathead, and small snapper, &c., are easily obtainable in many places. It will not therefore be wasted time for any yachtsman intending to visit Port Lincoln to peruse the account of this cruise with a view of ascertaining the best spots to select for fishing, shooting, netting, and anchoring in a breeze, that is so far as my experience has gone. For all practical purposes, therefore, the record of the cruise might have been a last month's one.

And now for our cruise. The "Zephyr" having had all her gear aloft and aloft properly overhauled, her water-tank and breakers filled, and her wood-lockers also replenished, and with an ample supply of canned and tinned meat laid in and the grog-locker attended to (an important item), was lying at anchor off

the Semaphore Jetty with her after-sails set, awaiting our arrival, on the evening of the 14th December, 1873. She looked a pretty picture as she headed to the N.E.—the quarter from which a light breeze was blowing—with her mainsail and and square-headed gaff-topsail giving her an occasional list as she veered about, as if impatient at the delay. We were soon on her deck, the dingey secured, the anchor weighed, and I could not help quietly humming to myself the words of the old song—

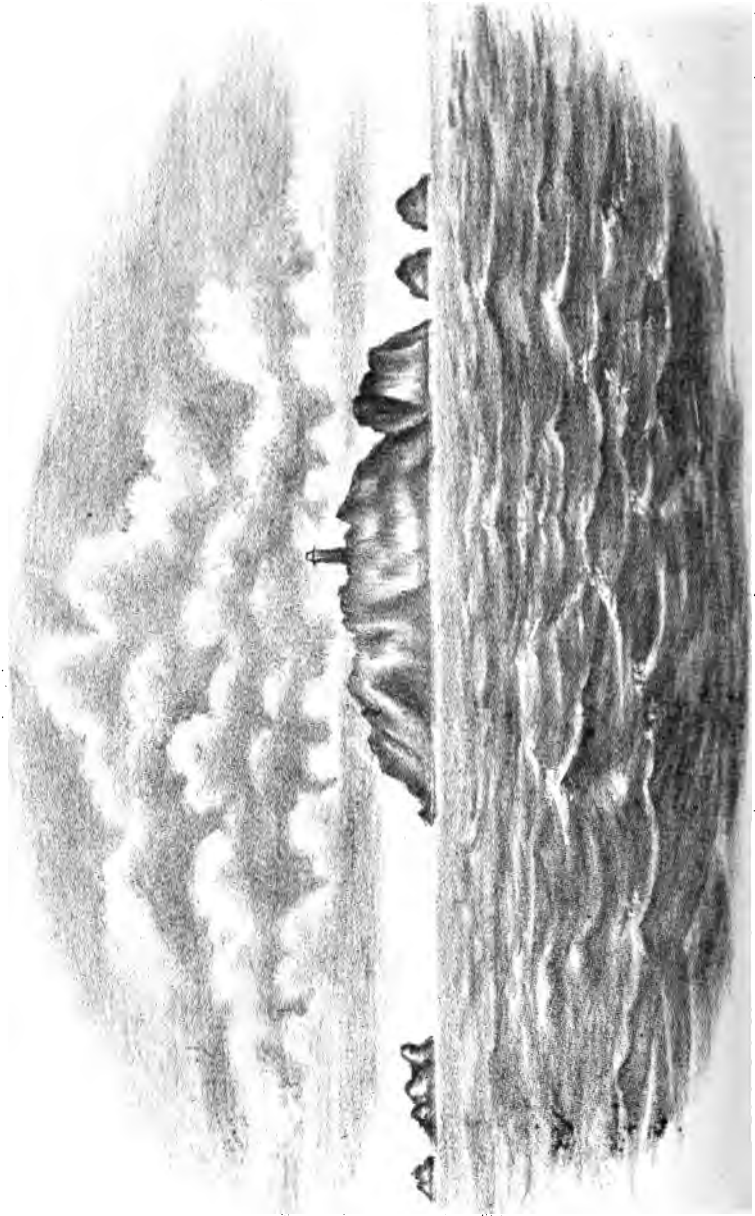
“Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own sweet gliding craft.”

But I could not complete the verse truthfully, as there was no gale following or abaft—only a very light, say, three-knot breeze—but it was a fair wind, and the water was smooth. At that time there were few residences along the beach, and the low sandy shore could not by any stretch of imagination be called beautiful. But as we shaped a course for Troubridge light, and got into the Gulf, the sun's declining rays lit up the fine bold Mount Lofty range, so regular in its irregularity; and although it was dry and parched with the summer heat, it was striking and picturesque. Mount Lofty peak, standing 2,240 feet above sea-level, is a splendid mark for the navigation of Gulf St. Vincent, and in the winter the whole range, when covered with grass, is (to use the ladies favourite phrase) “perfectly lovely.” Gradually the scene disappeared from our view, and we turned from it to a substantial repast of beefsteak and onions. I heard few regrets expressed before dinner at being deprived of this view—none after, as lazily lolling on deck, pipes in mouth, we enjoyed the beautiful fresh air. There was scarcely a ripple on the water as the yacht glided noiselessly along, and the exquisite sense of absolute rest and freedom, and the escape for a time from the exhausting, brain-worrying care of professional work seemed almost like another existence. My legal guest had been even more overworked than myself. He had never been yachting before, and this evening he went into raptures over its charms. Next evening he didn't—but this is forestalling events. All proper precautions were taken; the side-lights placed in position, and the watches told off for the night, and after duly “splicing the main-brace,” certain sounds from the cabin couches indicated the total obliviousness to all surrounding objects of their occupants. The wind remained light and in the same quarter all night. At daybreak the Troubridge light was abreast on our starboard beam.

As the sun rose we made out the tall spars of the “Iron King,” Captain White, which had stranded in the wretched shoal water off Troubridge. We hauled the yacht up, and

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

T



THE ALTHORPE ISLANDS, LOOKING EAST.

passing within hailing distance informed the Captain that several ketches were starting when we left to assist in discharging his cargo. Poor fellow, he looked the picture of misery, and no wonder. His vessel was a beauty; an iron barque of upwards of 1,000 tons, I should think. She was on a level keel, and the only damage we could see was that her rudder was carried away. He was in an ugly place, and we felt he had little chance of escaping from it in case of a breeze from S. W., S., or S. E. This, and the despairing look of the captain, affected the spirits of us all, I think. She subsequently broke up; probably worked through the sand on to the rock beneath. There is frequently a heavy sea on this spot.

The wind continued very light, and the yacht made slow progress for a time. The coastline along the Peninsula is certainly not beautiful. When abreast of Troubridge Hill it freshened a little. By this time the swell of the Southern Ocean coming right up the straits made one of my friends very quiet. Between five and six p. m. we were off the Althorpes, and between them and Cape Spencer, the roar of the surf breaking on the rugged coastline when heard for the first time from the deck of a small craft has something grand and almost awe-inspiring. This is a wild corner. On one side of us the Cape, on the other the huge rocks rising perpendicularly from the ocean and standing like sentinels watching the entrance to the straits, was a sight to be remembered. Not only are there these formidable obstacles to be avoided, but there are sunken rocks and ugly reefs also in the vicinity, to which it is necessary to give a wide berth. On a dark night and in a gale of wind it is about as ugly a spot as a yachtsman would care to be in.

Of late years there has been a capital lighthouse erected upon the larger Althorpes; this has rendered the navigation much safer. By keeping well to the southward of the last named light Cape Borda light can also be picked up, and however dirty the night, the mariner can be assured of his position, and can stand on for shelter under either the Peninsula or the Island, according to circumstances.

Soon after passing Cape Spencer we sighted the Wedge Island, distant some 21 or 22 knots. It is so named from its strong resemblance to a wedge. The glass had been falling all day, and as the sun dipped below the horizon the wind freshened to a double-reefed breeze, and the yacht went ploughing through the water with her full mainsail on, driving the lee rail under, and sending the water flying about us in refreshing showers.

My legal friend was now in a sorry plight—sea sick, and lying on the lee side he got wet and miserable. We got him below, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would

allow—but he did not think so much of yachting this evening as he did the previous one.

The night began to look anything but promising, so we housed topmast, took in a reef in the bowsprit, and two in the mainsail, and set our third jib. The bonny little vessel now went over everything as light as a seabird, and proved herself as reliable in the long deep ocean swell and cross sea, as she had often done before in the Gulf water. We were delighted with her and felt that it must be something altogether out of the common before we need feel any anxiety now. We kept her at it until we thought we had approached Dangerous Reef, and then we laid to until dawn. As the day broke we made out the reef, and shaping our course to clear everything, bore away for Cape Donnington, and before long, with a strong north-easter, we were abreast of the Cape, and getting under the lee of beautiful Boston Island were approaching the splendid harbour of Port Lincoln by its southern entrance.

It is impossible for any one who has not seen this harbour to form an adequate idea of its beauty, its extent, or its capabilities. It consists of three spacious bays, named Spalding Cove, The Proper, and Boston Bay. As one enters the southern channel out of the gulf—and a fine, spacious, and deep channel it is—Spalding Cove first bursts into view. It approaches in shape an elongated horseshoe; is I think some three miles long and from one and a half to two broad, varying from twelve to four fathoms in depth throughout; thickly wooded to the water's edge; pretty white patches of sandy beach on each side, and at its head as perfect a beach as could be desired. It is land-locked, except to the north, and from this quarter no heavy sea could rise, as it is only the passage that is open and there is no great stretch of water, and a lee is easily obtainable for a breeze from this quarter under Boston, Bickers, or Grantham Islands, and also in Porter Bay. As we sail a little further in the Bickers Islands appear, being abreast of the end of the peninsula which divides Spalding Cove from The Proper. At the rear of these islands is a grand hill upon which the memorial monument to the gallant Flinders is erected. The view from this hill is worth seeing. As soon as the Southern point of Boston Island is cleared the course is altered for the township, which lies in a bay to the W.N.W., distant about three and a quarter miles, both bay and township being completely hidden from this point by Boston Island, but now The Proper is before us (so called I believe because originally it was selected for the township, but the present site was found preferable, The Proper being an abbreviation of Port Lincoln proper), a grand sheet of water, extending for miles inland, of great width and

30

35

40

45

50

55



Louth I^l

LOUTH BAY

○ Rabbit I^l

Boston P^t

Wooded Hills

Boston Bay

Kangaroo Reef

PORT LINCOLN

P^t Lincoln Township

Boston I^l

Milton Point
Porter Bay

Donnington R.
Donnington

North Sea Hills
638

Bickers I^l

Spalding C

Grantham I.

The Proper of
Old P^t Lincoln

Horse R^o

Stonyford Hills
Finney

PORT LINCOLN.

RECEIVED
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTORIA
FIELD

depth, with Grantham Island in the distance. About two miles' more sailing to the westward and one suddenly opens another magnificent sheet of water. This is Boston Bay, and in its S. Western corner the township of Port Lincoln is situated. This bay is about twelve miles long and some four miles broad, deep water throughout. It is also completely land-locked except at the northern end of Boston Island, where there is a fine passage for ships to enter, but there is a reef on this point which it is necessary to keep at a respectful distance. We had heard much of this harbour, but we had no conception of its magnificence. It is really three distinct and separate harbours, all about as perfect as it is possible to imagine, where ships of any size could box haul about under their own canvas without fear of shoals and rocks, and where they could anchor anywhere and as soon as the anchor was let go they would be as safe as in any port of the world. The climate is beautiful and healthy—on an average 12 degrees less heat than in Adelaide. The nights are simply perfect. [I have always spoken of it as an earthly paradise for a yachtsman since, for, although not so beautiful as Sydney Harbour, I know of no place in the world where a thorough yachtsman can get better sailing, better sport in fishing, and fair sport in shooting, with perfect safety and rest, than in dear old Port Lincoln.] But alas, it has two serious drawbacks, otherwise Port Lincoln would have been Adelaide. It has no running stream of water and poor back country, so that this, one of the very best harbours in the world, is comparatively useless to us at present. If it were in St. Vincent instead of Spencer's Gulf its reputation would equal the far-famed harbours of Rio de Janeiro and Sydney, much to South Australia's advantage. I cannot divest myself of the idea that this unsurpassed accommodation will not always be wasted as it now is.

We anchored off the jetty in about five fathoms. The water was as smooth as a mill-pond. The township is picturesquely situated, having a background of hills of medium height covered with mallee scrub and light timber. We were all tired with the previous night's want of rest, through the rough water we had come through, and did not land that evening. We sent for and obtained a bag of oysters. These oysters, a short time before, had been in their bed in Coffin's Bay, whence they are brought overland in bullock-drays, a distance of 20 miles, and deposited opposite the township, and raised as required for shipment by the steamer to the metropolis. They were exceedingly good, and our seasick friend, after enjoying some of them, was inclined to return to his first opinion about yachting.

Turning out early the next morning we put the yacht in

harbour trim, and going on shore after breakfast invited the Port Lincolmites to inspect her. Her advent in their waters was a pleasant surprise, as they knew nothing of my intention to bring her down to their port. Several ladies and gentlemen came on board, and during our stay they were most kind and hospitable. Some of the gentlemen having reported to us that there was good shooting obtainable on the Bickers Islands, I invited a few of them to accompany us. We had a pleasant run down, and we anchored on the northern side of the outermost island. Capital sport was obtained with the breechloaders, and a sufficient supply of rabbits procured to give the yachtsmen soup, curries, &c., for some days. Whilst one portion of the party were shooting on the island, others on board were snapper fishing. One of them caught a shark and triced it up to the main rigging. The dissecting knife was used, and a large portion of liver fell into the water. It had scarcely floated clear of the vessel before it was seized by an enormous shark. A large hook was baited with the remaining portion of the liver, and the main sheet was passed through the ring at the end of the chain attached to the hook, and overboard it went. Scarcely had it touched the water before the monster seized it. With three other heavy, strong men I pulled on the rope and strove to turn the fish, but he brought us to the deck as if we were babies, and we had to let go. The main sheet was fast to a kevel, and there was not many fathoms of it loose. This was straightened in an instant, and the force of the shock was so great that it started the yacht's anchor a little and straightened the hook as if it were a pin, and the shark escaped. I had seen some large sharks at Kangaroo Island and in Gulf St. Vincent, but this huge brute beat anything I imagined could be seen of his species. I feel sure he was not far short of 20 feet in length, and broad and deep in proportion. The commotion he made in the water was what one could imagine of a whale when first transfixed by a harpoon. No one who witnessed it will, I think, ever forget it. We were told that at times this place is noted for large sharks.

We returned to the township before sundown, and made all snug for the night, our guests expressing themselves pleased with their outing. Next day the "Lubra" steamer, from Port Adelaide, made her appearance, and it was really surprising to witness the number of people who came to the jetty and the township as soon as the steamer hove in sight. The arrival of the steamer is the great event in the lives of the people of Port Lincoln; and as it occurs every fortnight, it causes a pleasing break in what would otherwise be a somewhat monotonous existence. [There are now two steamers regularly trading

to the Port, and each calling there twice a week.] Having obtained some and despatched other letters, and taken in a fresh supply of provisions, we got under way for Grantham Island, about six miles up towards the Proper. We anchored for the night under its lee in three fathoms of water, and found capital fishing at its south-western point, close in shore.

At daybreak next morning it was a pretty sight to see the banks thickly sprinkled with rabbits. A landing was speedily effected, but the thick scrub afforded such excellent cover that very few were shot. [I recently landed at this island to obtain a few but could not see one].

I was following some rabbits into the scrub and came upon an open space, long and narrow. Right in front of me, some 90 yards distant stood what I had longed for years to see, and what up to that time I had never seen, viz., one of our native pheasants. This beautiful and now rare bird (which builds its nest in great mounds of sand, sticks, &c., lays its eggs and leaves the heat of the sun to hatch them, and the young birds to fight their own way in the world from the moment of their entrance into it) is about the size of a full-grown peacock, in colour somewhat like the English hen pheasant, and has a majestic carriage. I endeavoured to move forward towards it. The instant I did so it rose and sailed away. I fired both barrels, but the distance was too great and the shot too small for any hope of bagging it. So we did not have roast pheasant for a change, as I had hoped. The suddenness of the whole occurrence was exciting enough for a sportsman, and it was provoking to lose such a prize.

When I returned to the beach I found some of the party who had been too lazy to follow the rabbits amusing themselves by catching penguins (of which there were a great number on the rocks), tying fishing lines to their legs and setting them racing on the water. One gentleman had a piece bitten out of his hand when capturing these peculiar creatures. Not thinking this sport either intellectual or altogether free from cruelty it was vetoed, and we returned on board and got under weigh for Spalding Cove. [I spent a month at Port Lincoln in the beginning of 1888. The penguins are still as numerous as ever at the Grantham. They make a hideous noise at night.]

The view from the head of Spalding Cove is very beautiful. We ran into three fathoms and anchored. Some of our party landed on the fine white sandy beach in the hope of procuring Nautilus shells, but no perfect one was obtained. All hands set to work and obtained enough fuel for the homeward trip. Mallee is plentiful, and excellent burning wood it is. We captured a fair-sized shark here, and preserved its head as a trophy.

We were now preparing for an early start on our return trip, and we ran down to the township to procure water, bread, meat, &c. There is a fine spring of fresh water at Happy Valley, down the bay to the north of the township. This spring rises up through the sand within a few feet of high-water mark, and is occasionally completely covered by the tide. We were all delighted to get a fresh-water bath again—a luxury not often obtainable in a twenty-ton yacht when on an extended cruise. It seemed to us a great pity that the Port Lincolniters have placed their cemetery on the side of the hill just above this spring. It may not be in its course, but it is not pleasant to contemplate certain possibilities through its close proximity.

We returned to our anchorage off the jetty, and sent the boat ashore for supplies. It should have been mentioned before that when we first anchored here two of our party incautiously bathed from the yacht's deck. Within a very short period afterwards we harpooned a shark twelve feet long. Efforts were made to secure the fish by means of a bowline, but it struggled so fiercely and determinedly that the stock of the harpoon was bent, and the hook tore out, and thus escape was effected. Within a quarter of an hour afterwards a still larger shark was swimming round the yacht. These experiences show how foolhardy it is to bathe in the deep water of these bays, which are full of such monsters.

We spent Sunday as a day of rest, having run up to a convenient anchorage in Spalding Cove, preparatory to an early start on Monday morning.

At daylight we got the yacht under way and steered for Donnington Reef, or Schnapper Rock as it is locally named. Many a lingering look was cast astern at the glorions harbor and pleasant resting place we had been in for the past week. As the sun rose its full beauty appeared. Boston Island in particular looked lovely, with its gradually sloping banks, the gaceful foliage of its light thick timber, and the lights and shades on its grassy knolls. From whatever point of view this island is looked at it is one of the most charming landscapes in the colony.

After clearing Cape Donnington we ran close under the lee of Schnapper Rock, intending if possible to procure some fish for the homeward cruise. We were doubtful if we should be successful as a very strong tide was running and there was a short unpleasant sea (there is a nasty tide race here at times, when the wind is adverse to the way it is running), but doubts were soon removed by the appearance of snapper at the surface attacking the skull and jaw-bone of the shark we had caught in Spalding Cove, which were hanging over the taffrail to cleanse. Baited lines were soon over the vessel's side and

in a very short time a splendid lot of fish were obtained—enough to provision double the number of people on board for twice the length of the homeward voyage. Some of the snapper were as purely golden as any of the gold fish to be seen in aquariums. Not only are these beautiful colored fish obtainable at this rock, but it is also surrounded by exquisite specimens of marine flora, and would not be inaptly described in Percival's pretty lines, slightly altered :—

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;
Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew ;
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

[We have been fishing at this reef many times since, and in almost every instance have procured a good supply. There are many descriptions of the finny tribe always about it, and on two occasions I caught the largest salmon I have seen in the colony. There is some uncertainty about the healthiness of these large fish. On a recent visit we had one of them cooked, and two or three hands attributed an attack of illness to having eaten some of it. There are very large rock cod there also. I am aware that this fish is rather despised by many yachtsmen, and this is not surprising if they are eaten as soon as caught. To my taste they are excellent if cleaned, well sprinkled with salt, and allowed to remain in it for say 24 hours. The salt hardens them, and if served up with a little butter sauce, or butter and egg sauce, I feel sure they would be sought after instead of being discarded, as they now are. A submerged portion of the reef runs out about west or north-west, I think, and a small point extends off the southern extremity. These we have found the best spots for fishing in the dingey, but care should be exercised in a small boat, as sharks abound.]

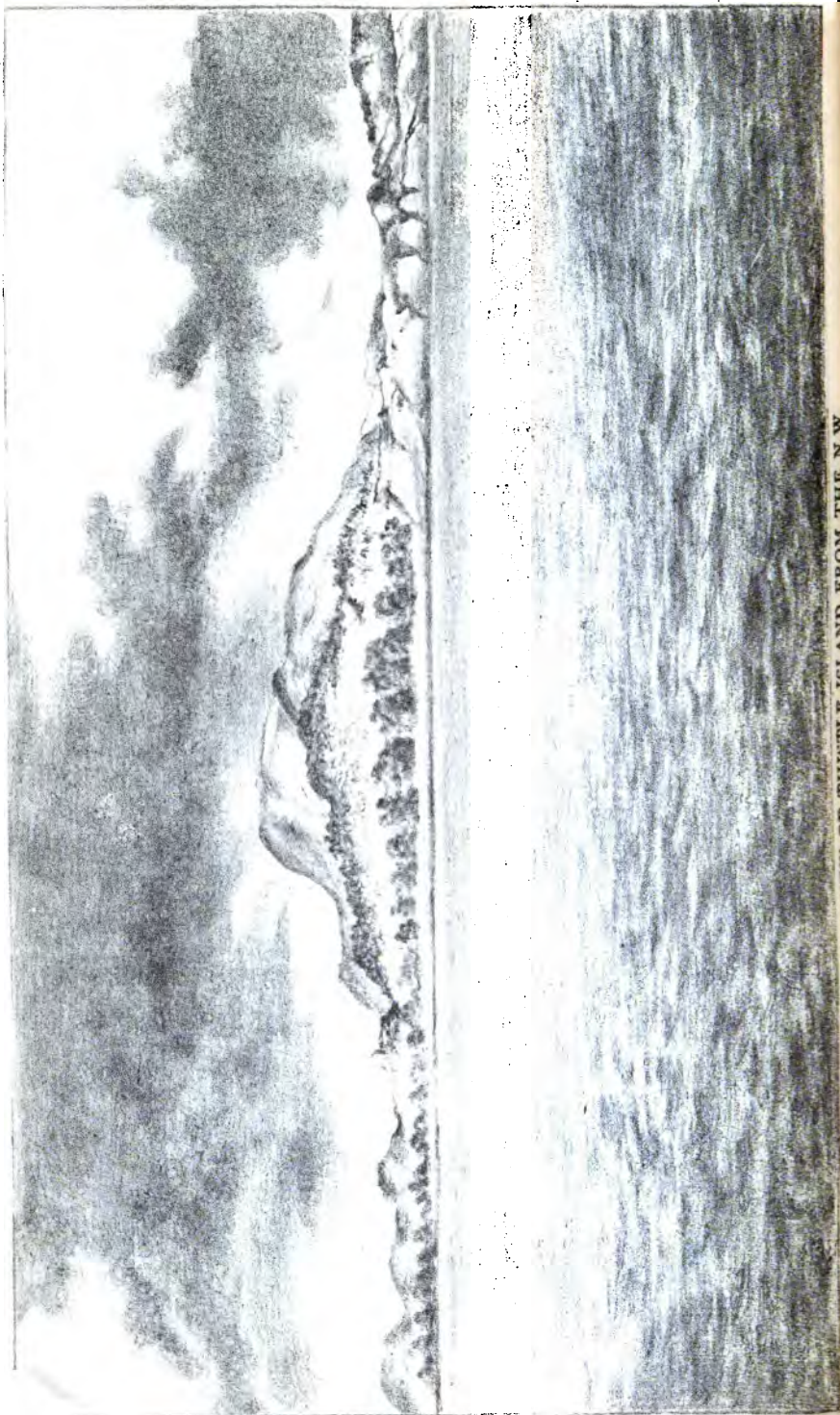
Having obtained this ample supply of healthy and pleasant food, we shaped a course for Dangerous Reef, distant about twelve knots S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. from Cape Donnington, where we were given to understand there were any amount of seals to be obtained. Excitement on the subject ran high, as, with one exception, none of the party had seen seals in their native element, and his experience was of the character to strengthen rather than diminish this state of feeling. The animals made for the water as soon as he landed, and in their descent sent him head over heels. Moreover, we were told—with how much truth I am unable to say—that the bite of a seal is almost as poisonous as that of a snake. These tales, coupled with the known difficulty of getting to and from the rocks in the surf, had raised our expectations to the highest

pitch. Great preparations had been made for the battle. Mallee staffs were procured, and carefully prepared. I was furnished with one fit for a Goliath to handle. Thus armed we approached the seals abode, and heaving the yacht to at a safe distance we lowered the dingey, and pulled away for a convenient spot to land. The reef was covered with the animals, many hundreds of them, some of great size. On account of the surf breaking on the rocks—it is all rock, no sand or earth—and from the dingey being overloaded with our weight, it was dangerous and difficult to get on shore. One old sea lion, of enormous size, seemed determined to dispute our right to do so, but a shot from a rifle settled this point. No sooner was this shot fired than there was a general stampede for the water by the seals, and their peculiar heads could be seen just above it in all directions. The roar of the surf, the barking and splashing of the seals all around, the screaming of innumerable sea birds, who share this wild spot with the seals, the care necessary to keep the boat from swamping (had she done so all hands would probably have gone to Davy Jones' locker, for the yacht could not venture near, and there was no other boat on board, even if anyone could have reached the reef by swimming the chances would have been much against them, as by the time the yacht had gone to Port Lincoln for another boat the sea might have been breaking clean over the reef, as it often does in a breeze). These circumstances combined made the moment sufficiently exciting.

Taking advantage of a favourable spell in the break, the boat was backed to a ledge, and three hands jumped ashore, and the work of destruction commenced; the slaughter was not great, and owing to the want of appliances, but few skins could be taken off during the short time at our disposal, for the weather was not promising looking, and this is no place to be caught unawares. Personally, I had one or two incidents of anything but a dignified or pleasant nature. I had put on a pair of sea boots, to use my feet, if necessary, in case of a tussle. The rocks were so slippery and slimy, from the seals' constant use of them, that I could with difficulty keep my footing. Jumping on a rock, with my mallee staff in the right and my breechloader in the left hand, I made a blow at a seal in a pool just underneath me. He dodged the blow, and the impetus of it caused me to lose my footing, and down I went into the water, close to the animal's head. I thoroughly scratched my shins and my gun. Just at that moment one of my companions, who was close by me, gave the seal his quietus. I got drenched, and the wind on the wet clothes made things a little uncomfortable.

We soon discontinued destroying, and tried to procure the

THE
SUB
ASTOR
TILDEN



DISTANT VIEW OF THISTLE ISLAND FROM THE N.W.

skins for tanning, but only succeeded in getting six, and even with these it was well on in the afternoon before we got away. The hand we had left in the boat to keep her off and on until we were ready, was glad enough to see us. It had been a weary wait for him. All hands got safely to the yacht, and the main brace was at once spliced.

I have never killed a seal since this; and am not ashamed to say that I regret having done so on this occasion. There is no sport in it. It is mere butchery. As it was none of the skins were saved, as they were spoilt in the tanning. We have passed this reef many times subsequently, and have seen the seals as thick as ever; they were so in January, 1888, but I have invariably refused to send the boat for their destruction. It is from no feeling of maudlin sentimentality I do this, but because they are beautiful and harmless animals, and can neither be eaten, or their skins—the hair seals I mean—made serviceable to mankind. A new experience may lead any one to do as I did in the excitement of the moment, but I believe every true sportsman will agree in the view propounded.

The bow of the yacht was turned towards Thistle Island, about 12 or 13 knots to windward, which we reached before nightfall. This island has a very imposing appearance on its northern side, the cliffs in some places running to 700 or 800 feet in height. There is excellent shelter in Whaler's Bay for all winds from the west round to the east. It is open to the north-east and north, and a north-wester brings up a nasty short sea all along the island. [I have anchored many times in this fine little bay. On one occasion I caught 42 crayfish off the reef at its north-eastern point, and was driven away by sharks; there were 13 of them round the dingey at one time. As last one of the voracious brutes went for the crayfish in the net, got it over his head, and took it, line and all, clean out of the hands of one of the party. After this it was thought time to clear out. There is also fine snapper fishing at the same spot.

At Thistle Island Simmonds succeeded in obtaining several perfect specimens of the nautilus shell. It is exceedingly difficult to find these shells unbroken or unchipped from the action of the surf. They are very beautiful. The "Zephyr" cleared out of the bay after dark and in getting round the eastern extremity of the island a strong swell from the Southern Ocean was experienced, accelerated by a good stiff breeze. Under the circumstances it was decided not to keep direct for the Althorpes, but after a certain distance was run we laid the yacht to until daylight, when we found ourselves well to the southward. The wind had fallen lighter, but the weather was looking dirty. We passed the ill-fated Iron King about

7 p.m. (she had the appearance of a complete wreck), and shortly after rounding Troubridge crossed the bows of the beautiful full rigged ship, "South Australian," beating to the southward. She stayed a short distance from us—a fine sight for anyone fond of nautical matters. By 5 p.m. the following day we were at anchor at our moorings in Port Adelaide. We had to wait off the entrance to the river for light to sail up it.

Thus ended a most enjoyable cruise of several hundreds of miles. The excursion was one that all on board remember with pleasure, and the little yacht proved herself a healthy sea boat, and comfortable to boot.



CHAPTER IV.

Hurrah ! my boys, for to-day, my boys,
We'll cleave through the foaming brine,
And our burgee bright as the summer light
We'll toast in the ruby wine.—VANDERDECKEN.

THE following year (1874) was a busy one for me, as I accepted the newly-created position of Minister of Justice and Education in the Blyth Ministry. This left me but little time for yachting. Nevertheless, when over tired, I used to take a run away at the end of the week for a few days, and invariably felt better able for work afterwards.

At this time I was occasionally accompanied by a friend who used also to be my companion in the "White Cloud" with the late James Brook, and who is still sometimes a shipmate in my present little 10-tonner. He is well-known to South Australian yachtsmen; of tall stature, auburn hair and whiskers, a kindly blue eye (usually covered with a pair of gig-lamps), and with a heart as true and warm as any I know. E. W. W. is welcome on board every yacht in the Club. Unfortunately he is very near-sighted, and possesses one great delusion. He appears to think it is imperatively necessary to fall overboard on every possible opportunity. To such an extent has he carried this hallucination, and so well has it become known, that on a recent cruise one of the flag officers of the Club deemed it his duty to write me a letter warning me of the propensity, and suggesting that a line should be securely fastened round his waist, and the other end to the mast, in the manner we see some of the descendants of our alleged ancestors (according to Darwin) secured. He thought this might possibly have the desired effect.

It would be ungenerous to expose a friend's weakness at any time, but the reader must not for an instant imagine that E. W. W. looks upon these athletic exhibitions in the light of a "weakness." Oh dear, no. He has tried them so often and so successfully that he is prepared at any moment to show how it is managed. Not only does he rejoice to recount them in prose, but he was at one time so enamoured of

his success that he burst into poetry respecting it. The imitation of another "Long fellow" will be at once apparent.

Accompanied by him, the late Capt John McLean, of the Aldinga, and the late secretary of the S.A.Y. Club (Mr. A. P. H.) in the latter part of 1874 we took a run across to Black Point (called by the natives Kooley Wurta). The following *jeu de esprit* is from E. W. W.'s pen and will be seen to justify the remarks I have just penned. It is headed in the Zephyr's log

A TRIP TO KOOLEY WURTA.

(BY A LONGFELLOW.

If you ask me why this story,
I should answer, I should tell you
'Tis the custom of the owner,
Of the owner of the "Zephyr,"
Of the yacht, designed by Taylor,
Of the "Zephyr," built by Playfair,
To insist upon a record
Of her trips, and of her doings,
Being kept by one on board her
When she makes a trip to seaward.

In accordance with that custom
Therefore I will tell my story;
Tell how we went out a sailing,
Sailing on the treacherous briny.

To commence then, on a Friday,
On a Friday very lately,
With a very jolly party;
A party full of life and *spirits*.
We started on a cruise in search of
Freedom from the heat of town life,
Freedom from the heat of city ;
And in search of cooling breezes
Started gaily down the River,
Down the River from the mudhole,*
Gently, gently dropped the "Zephyr,"
With her spreading wings of canvas,
Canvas spread to woo the breezes,
Slowly dropped she down the River,
Off the reef, known as Marine Board,
Sent ashore to get some cow juice,
Which had been before forgotten ;
Cow juice good, with tea or coffee;
Aye ! with rum, with sugar added.
Having this on board we started
In the yacht now well provisioned
On our trip bound to the westward.
But before we fairly started
At the Semaphore we landed
Two had been of the party

* An old nick-name for Port Adelaide when its streets, &c., were being formed out of silt.

Who with us could go no farther;
 Obeying they the call of duty,
 Although much against their wishes.
 Soon we took on board the dingey,
 The dingey which our friends had left in,
 And with lessened spread of canvas
 Fairly started on our journey,
 On our journey to the westward,
 On our way to Kooley Wurta.
 Kooley Wurta, where the snapper
 Always may be found in plenty,
 Found in thousands, aye, and caught, too.
 Then we ploughed the trackless waters,
 Ploughed the dark and trackless waters,
 Sped along, and cleaved the billows.
 In our splendid yacht, the "Zephyr;"
 Dashing from the bows the sea spray,
 Leaving in her wake the sea stars,
 As she sped for Kooley Wurta,
 Kooley Wurta, faméd for schnapper;
 But about the hour of midnight
 Upon the writer fell a damper,
 Fell a damper most alarming;
 Sitting on the deck a-yarning
 With a sailor of experience,
 Yarning with him of his sea life
 Happened to me this great damper.

If you ask me how it happened,
 I shall answer, I shall tell you,
 Along at eight knots we were bowling,
 And the yacht was muchly rolling,
 When without the slightest warning
 We were both slid down to leeward;
 Down to leeward slid we quickly,
 Then when I had gained a footing
 And the yacht still madly rolling,
 I fell backward o'er the lee rail,
 Backward fell into the water;
 But in falling caught the life-line,
 The life-line passing round her quarter.
 Thus I hung with head in water,
 Thus I hung with feet uplifted,
 Thus the sailor held me tightly,
 Held me till he grasped my collar,
 Collared me and dragged me inboard,
 Dragged me inboard cold and dripping:
 Thus was saved to future cruisers,
 Future cruisers in the "Zephyr,"
 This most interesting story.

After this unlooked for ducking
 I resolved to seek my cabin,
 There to woo the sweet restorer;
 But my troubles were not ended,
 For I slid from off my sofa
 And was thrown across the cabin,
 Across the cabin, and fell lumpus,
 Just like bricks fall, when in thousands,

Which no doubt you oft have heard of,
 Oft have heard of but not witnessed.
 Having gathered up the pieces,
 Once more shook myself together,
 And resolved as 'twas so pleasant
 I would be a gallant sailor
 And live always on the briny.
 Shortly after this the day-dawn
 Showed us land a few miles distant,
 Not the land we were in search of,
 Having over-run our distance,
 Not the place called Kooley Wurta,
 Kooley Wurta famed for snapper,
 Which lay some ten miles to windward;
 But this was not thought a grievance,
 As it showed a worthy skipper,
 A skipper who was of the party,
 How the yacht could go to windward,
 Go to windward like a steamboat,
 Like the steamboat called "Aldinga."
 Therefore soon we were at anchor
 In the Bay of Kooley Wurta,
 Kooley Wurta, famed for snapper.
 Here we quickly launched the dingey
 And prepared to go a fishing,
 To go a fishing, like young Waltons.
 With the snapper we played havoc,
 Havoc played too with the salmon,
 Salmon, tommy ruff, and snapper,
 Till we feared the boat would founder,
 Then went hungry back to dinner.
 Thus we spent our time when anchored
 In the Bay of Kooley Wurta,
 Kooley Wurta, famed for snapper;
 Eating, drinking, fishing, sleeping,
 Sleeping, fishing, drinking, eating—
 Blissful life at Kooley Wurta.

But all earthly bliss is transient,
 Transient and must have an ending,
 And this trip was no exception
 To the rule above referred to ;
 Thus it was we tripped our anchor,
 Tripped our anchor on the Monday
 (Having first laid down some moorings
 To be used on future jourueys);
 Put our yacht's head to the eastward,
 Eastward pointing to the mudhole
 Quickly sped we on our journey,
 On our journey to the mudhole;
 Till about the hour of daybreak
 When a calm fell on the waters,
 Quickly then the waves subsided,
 And we drifted, slowly drifted,
 Drifted slowly to the eastward,
 Till this drifting long continued
 Most severely taxed our patience,
 Taxed our patience most severely.

See ! a breeze comes o'er the waters,
 See, the waters gently rippling;
 Now it comes and fills our canvas,
 Fills the canvas of the "Zephyr,"
 And our hearts with joy and gladness.
 The writer's heart o'erflows with gladness,
 For his feet are swollen and sunburnt,
 Swollen and sunburnt too his face is,
 And he cannot get his boots on;
 His eyes almost refuse their office,
 Being puffy, nearly bunged up,
 On his hands a crop of blisters,
 Blisters raised by Sol the blazer.
 Joy ! oh, joy ! we near the jetty,
 Now we reach it, now we're landed,
 Hobble down it, reach the mudhole,
 Swallow food, rush to the railway,
 Soon are off, soon reach the city:
 Thank my stars my troubles ended.

Poor fellow ! his description of the state his face and feet were in is not a bit overdrawn. Like myself, he has a skin that the sun and salt air invariably lays hold of, and on this cruise he incautiously went knocking about on the sandy beach without shoes or stockings—a dangerous practice to those not habitually so exposed. His avocation prevented him from being much in the open air, and of course rendered him the more sensitive. He has a prominent proboscis, and this and both sides of his face were terribly scorched and swollen, whilst he could scarcely suffer anything on his feet, and walking was miserable work. This, to my mind, is one great drawback to yachting in Australia, but its danger and the suffering entailed can be minimised with a little care. I have tried all sorts of experiments, and have found the following an almost sure preventive of the skin breaking :—Take some vaseline in the palm of the hand and rub it over face and ears, and keep a light covering (such as a handkerchief) round the neck. As the sun dips, get a little hot water and wash it off, if it annoys to keep it on at night, and re-apply next morning after breakfast. It undoubtedly gives you a rather oleaginous appearance, but what of that when you are not seen by any ladies ; and for the time you must be content to sacrifice beauty to utility. It should be done so soon as you get on board. If you are unfortunate enough to get badly burnt either on face, hands, or feet a similar application with flour sprinkled over the affected parts does wonders. Get an old pair of gloves for the hands, grease them inside well and your hands also, and put plenty of flour on. I once cured a friend in two days by adopting this course, when I much feared he was in for erysipelas. It does not prevent the skin browning, but it almost invariably prevents it burning or subsequently coming off in scaly patches. The

anointing with oil so frequently spoken of in Holy Writ would doubtless have a similar effect. The aborigines are fond of using fat all over their persons. I do not remember ever seeing or hearing of their skins being burnt by the sun, or of any of them dying from sunstroke.

The "Hygeia" having been launched, Mr. Geo. Simmonds left me to rig, fit her out, and take charge of her. We parted with mutual regret. He had enjoyed his life on board the little yacht very much, and his willingness to oblige, and the cheerful way in which he entered into their sports and assisted them in fishing, netting, dredging, &c., made him a favourite with my guests. I have previously borne testimony to the valuable information I acquired from him in handling the cutter, and in visiting Spencer's Gulf, &c., thus obtaining a knowledge of places I had not previously cruised to. Having George Fooks, and obtaining another good seaman, I afterwards always sailed the yacht myself. Indeed, the handling of a yacht is to me the greatest charm of the pastime; but no one has a right to risk others' lives in doing this until he has properly learnt the art. Yachting is one of the safest amusements if you know what to do in an emergency, and how to do it. It is one of the most dangerous if you do not.

Shortly before Simmonds resigned his command we started for a trip to Kangaroo Island. One of my guests was the E. W. W. before referred to. He was again doomed to suffer disappointment, for the weather being adverse, we were obliged to content ourselves with visiting and fishing in some of the snug little bays under the eastern shore of Yorke's Peninsula. The log contains the following account of our discomfiture from his pen:—

A TRIP TO KANGAROO ISLAND.

If you have never left the shore,
And vote the briny is a bore,
Then come with me and the Commodore
On our trip to Kangaroo Island.

'Twas Friday, that unlucky day,
The "Zephyr" started on her way
For American River, Nepean Bay,
Or somewhere on Kangaroo Island.

That night, by jingo, it did blow,
So we made all snug and went below;
Resolved the next day we would go
Like "Birds" to Kangaroo Island.

Next morn the sun rose bright and clear;
We had a sharp, crisp atmosphere,
And a jolly crew, so cheer, boys, cheer,
We're off for Kangaroo Island.

Off the Semaphore we made a stay
 For one who did not deserve it, I say,
 Then once more started on our way
 For the shores of Kangaroo Island.

The course we steered was not the best
 (West by south, north-east and by west) ;
 I thought so, but kept it locked up in my breast,
 As we went for that Kangaroo Island.

That afternoon we saw land ahead,
 And then Simmonds said, "George, heave the lead."
 He "hove" it, and some individual said,
 "Why, this yer ain't Kangaroo Island."

"Who said it was? Take a reef in your clapper ;
 And out with your lines, there's plenty of snapper."
 "I should think so," said B., as he hauled in a strapper,
 Like a miniature Kangaroo Island.

He hauled them in so smart and so fast,
 That he had to give it up at last,
 For he had a pile on deck as vast,—
 Well, as vast as Kangaroo Island.

We then turned in and slept like tops ;
 Got up in the morning with heads like mops,
 And after a feed went to view the crops
 Which were growing on Kangaroo Island.

We bowled along at a rattling pace ;
 I only wish we had been in a race—
 We'd have put our stern in the other boat's face
 In the run to Kangaroo Island.

Nine knots an hour by the patent log.
 Where is that steward? Here, give us some grog ;
 And mind if you spill it, without any prog,
 We'll leave you on Kangaroo Island.

"This don't look like the Island, now do it?"
 I meekly observed to one of the crew. "It
 Couldn't be done the way the wind blew—it
 Were dead against Kangaroo Island."

"Oh, tell me," said I, "oh, answer my prayers,
 The name of the place?" "They call it Surveyors",
 And I may as well tell you it ain't anywheres
 Near the place they call Kangaroo Island."

We lay there at anchor the rest of the day.
 "Never mind," said I, "When we are 'gain under way,
 We shall go like the lightning, I venture to say,
 To the shores of that Kangaroo Island."

That night the anchor was once more weighed.
 Said I, "I'm sorry we've been so delayed,
 But our light little craft will soon be embayed
 On the coast line of Kangaroo Island."

We rattled along in slashing style,
 Rolling tremendously all the while,
 In a weak-stomached cove enough to spile
 All wish to see Kangaroo Island.

At length a faint little light peeped out.
 "Cape Willoughby light," said I, "no doubt,"
 And then in my joy I raised a shout,
 "Hurrah! for Kangaroo Island.

The skipper must really have thought me tight,
 As he said with contempt, "Cape Willoughby light!
 Why, that's the Port lighthouse we now have in sight,
 And that's not near Kangaroo Island."

I've no doubt the Commodore thinks himself clever,
 To take a friend out for a trip in the "Zephyr,"
 To shoot or to fish in American River,
 And then not go near Kangaroo Island.

As a Christian, however, my duty is plain—
 To forgive (which I do); but never again
 (Till next time) will he catch me a ploughing the main,
 A searching for Kangaroo Island.

I may say here that in subsequent years I fully made amends for his keen disappointment, as I have had the pleasure of his company on several occasions at the island referred to, and wonderful to relate, he only fell overboard once.

The reader will have gathered ere this that more than ordinary friendship exists between us; it has been steady and uninterrupted for some 26 years. It is to his partiality the "Zephyr" and her owner were made the subject of the musical composition presently mentioned. He is the W—— referred to by Mr. Harcus. On the fly-leaf of the composition appears the following explanation:—

"In the year 1874 the late W. Harcus, Esq., then Editor of the *Advertiser*, published in that paper a series of jocular articles purporting to emanate from the pens of the individuals treated upon. At the time these articles were appearing the deceased gentleman formed one of a very pleasant afternoon party in a trip on board the 'Zephyr,' and shortly after the following fanciful sketch appeared as one of the series. The song supposed to have been sung on the occasion was so generally liked that the W—— referred to in the sketch resolved to get it set to music, and at the suggestion of the gentleman whom he consulted for that purpose, added a dozen lines in order to meet his views with reference to the composition of the air. This explanation has been thought necessary, as some of the allusions in the song are now somewhat out of date:—

"THE BREEZE AND THE BRINY.

"By W. H. B., Minister of Justice and Education.

"Man has a body as well as a soul.

"It is as important to train his physical powers as to cultivate his intellectual faculties.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano* is what we ought to aim at.

"This is my motto.

"Though I am MINISTER of Education I am also COMMODORE of the Yacht Fleet.

"Food for the mind and exercise for the muscles :

"The two should go together.

"I am *proud* of my work : I *delight* in my recreation.

"Let me get my feet on the deck of the 'Zephyr,' with a flowing sail, a free breeze, and a congenial friend or two ; and I'm in my true element !

"I was born for 'a life on the ocean wave ;' my 'home' should be 'on the rolling deep.'

"A 'laconic leader ?' Then it must be in the concrete, and not in the abstract. Description is my *forte*.

"Here goes !

"Scene—the Port Creek. Time—Friday afternoon. All aboard ! Bear a hand there, my hearties. Put us on board. Now then, smartly, my men ; loose out the foresail ; let go the mainsail ; cast off your moorings. Up with the sails—Handsome now, handsomely ! Ben Brace, take a pull at the main-sheet, and don't be making sheep's eyes at that pretty girl on the wharf ! Your sister ? Somebody else's sister more likely ! By Jove ! there *are* ladies looking at us ! Make all taut. There she goes, gliding through the waters like a swan. O, she is *rara avis* ! Go it, my beauty !

'The sea, the sea, the open sea ;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free—
The wide, the open sea !'

Here, you sea monkey, take the helm and keep her free. Now, then, what *are* you after ? Luff ! luff all you can, you son of a gun !

"Away she goes, dashing the white spray from her bows, walking the waste of waters 'like a thing of life,' as Byron said. Give her more canvas ; up with your gaff-topsail ; shake out a reef in the mainsail ! Put your helm down, boy ; hard down ! So, steady now ; keep her at that. Ten knots, if a yard ! At this rate we shall be across the Gulf by 9 o'clock !

"Pipe all hands for grog ; splice the mainbrace ! Cook, look handy with the supper ! W——, light your pipe and blow us a cloud, while I give you a stave.

'O, the Zephyr, the Zephyr, the glorious craft,
So trim in the bows, so handsome abaft ;
Like a duck on the water she gracefully glides,
And throws off the spray from her well-shapen sides !

'There's *profit* in poring o'er books of the law,
To find "modern instance" or very "old saw."
There's *honor* in filling the Minister's chair,
And doing the best that courage can dare.

'But on board of the Zephyr my *pleasure* I find,
With the moon at the full and the whistling wind ;
Far better than law is the wide open sea,
Far better the "briny" than honor to me !

Chorus, W—— !

'The Zephyr, the Zephyr, hurrah for the yacht !
You're as safe on her deck as a child in its cot.
She's bounding, she's flying, away, still away !
We'll sing, we'll carouse, till the breaking of day.'

What do you say, W——, that's a good song? Of course it is. I made it myself. I say, what would the Chief say if he saw us now? and what a story those newspaper fellows could write about us!

"Supper ready? All right! Supper, smoke, toddy, turn in!

"There's a bit of description for you. Better than any of your 'laconic leaders!' not to mention the original song. W——, what are you sniggering at, you sneering Turk? You could not write such a song as that to save your life.

The lines added by my friend were the following:—

"The pleasures of shore life are those of the slave ;
Give me the blue sky and the bright bounding wave,
The storm-laden cloud and the health-giving breeze.
Oh, where on the shore have we pleasures like these ?
Oh, the whistling breeze and the wide open sea
Afford the most exquisite pleasure to me.
Let it blow if it likes, be it hot, cold, or wet,
It's all one to me when aboard of my pet.

Chorus.—The Zephyr, &c.

The late John Hall, a talented musician of this colony, composed the melody, and a very joyous and inspiriting ring it has. It is set in rather too high a key for ordinary voices.

The Port River is a place that any one may feel relieved in getting away from, especially if he has a long-heeled craft. Of course, if you have a fair wind, and can keep in the channel, it is all right; or if you are working a centre-boarder, it is easy enough to get off if you touch on the many shoal places where you are tempted to steal a few yards to windward. The place assumes such different aspects, according to the state of the tide, that it is almost impossible to avoid grounding occasionally. If you do so on a falling tide, it leaves you in a most unpleasant position with a sharp, deep vessel. I have had to undergo the experience a good many times, and up to the present moment feel a great sense of relief when in the open water. It is true that we all know where these "banks" are, but are no more successful occasionally in avoiding them than the celebrated amateur Hibernian pilot who volunteered to conduct a ship through a dangerous passage. Being asked by the skipper if he knew the place well—his demeanour at the

time not being very reassuring, although the vessel was carrying on full sail. "Is it whether I know the place well you are after asking me? Sure I know every rock in the river." Just at that moment an unmistakable thump and grating sound indicated what had occurred. "Be jabers, there's one of 'em!" he sang out. Ours is a very fair imitation of this experience sometimes. It is always a fair subject of banter amongst yachtsmen; but as each is sure to have his turn, it does not matter much.

One or two of the worst places are in full view of the beach-ranger's station at the Semaphore, and they never object to chaff a yachtsman if they can get a chance.

In turning over the leaves of the "Zephyr's" log about this period I find the subjoined account of one of her strandings taken from the comic paper then published in the city—*The Portonian*. I have little doubt the chief beach-ranger (yclept "the Sandhill Savage") could tell who was the author. It shows how necessary it was at that time for yachtsmen to be on the *qui vive* :—

"BOARD OF MARINERS.

"Present—All hands and the cook.

"This was a special meeting convened to make inquiry into the circumstances connected with the grounding of the Commodore's yacht on the North Bank. It was stated that members would secure double pay on the occasion, but stipulated the inquiry was to be concluded in one sitting. The Barbermaster was first called, and showed the craft in question was one of the smartest crafts in the Port. He had noted her sailing qualities, and nothing could beat her for boxhauling about in narrow waters. He was at a loss to know how she could possibly be stranded, seeing she was always well found in small stores, and it was a rule on board to take a cast of the lead on every proper opportunity.

"Mr. Trotters was called, and a finer sample of a British tar could scarcely be desired, as he took a pull at his big forelock and rolled over his quid preparatory to going in for a long yarn. 'Please, your worships, 'twornt no fault of mine the craft went ashore. I am quartermaster, 'tis true, but the Commodore started me below to see for a corkscrew, and meanwhile, leastwise, as I before said, the craft got hobbled.

"The Secretary was instructed to call the sailing lieutenant.

"Mr. Ball appeared in full Yacht Club uniform, and having made a most elaborate bow, remarked that on passing the boat channel buoy it was found a strong tide was setting out, and in consequence short tacks were made without borrowing on either bank; unfortunately, the corkscrew was mislaid, and there being no means at hand to take a cast of the lead with-

out the quartermaster, who was sent below ; and while looking for it the craft ran high up on the starboard bank. All hands were called, the topmast got into the cook's galley, the false keel put athwartships, and the rudder stowed under the cross-trees. The chronometer was carried out instead of a kedge, and the jib purchase coiled on the cabin table. All hands then proceeded to splice the main brace, and on the rising tide the yacht came off, made all sail, and proceeded on her voyage.

"The President having summed up the evidence adduced, laid an epitome of the same before the members of the Board, and the conclusion arrived at was—'The Commodore be fined champagne all round for not insisting that the corkscrew be kept in its place. Full report of proceedings to be forwarded to the Admiralty and Board of Trade.'"



CHAPTER V.

“A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sails,
And bends the gallant mast.”—CUNNINGHAM.

DURING the year 1874 the “Zephyr” ran two public races. She was beaten the first time by the Hon. Sir T. Elder’s “Edith,” of 43 tons, in a race off Glenelg. Some of the iron-work at her masthead carried away, and for a considerable time she was hove in the wind. On the 28th of December (the anniversary day) she turned the tables on her competitor, beating her and the “Xanthe” in a strong breeze.

In the early part of 1875, through indifferent health, I was compelled to relinquish Parliamentary and Ministerial life, finding the strain of political and professional work too much.

This was the year in which the ill-fated steamer “Gothenburg” was wrecked. It will be remembered that she was returning from the Northern Territory with Mr. Justice Wearing, the Hon. T. Reynolds, Mr. Pelham (Judge’s Associate), Mr. Whitby (Acting Crown Prosecutor for this Circuit), and numerous other South Australians on board. She ran upon the Barrier Reef. When she came off she immediately filled, and drowned all but a very few. This sad event sent a thrill of horror through the whole community, and was peculiarly distressing to myself, because, as Minister in charge of the Territory, it became my duty to send many of the friends thus lost on their ill-starred expedition, from which they were returning when the catastrophe occurred.

I find little recorded in the log during this and the following year that would interest any one. We made several cruises over the old courses, but it was not until the beginning of the year (1877) that with improved health my old interest in yachting began to be fully aroused again.

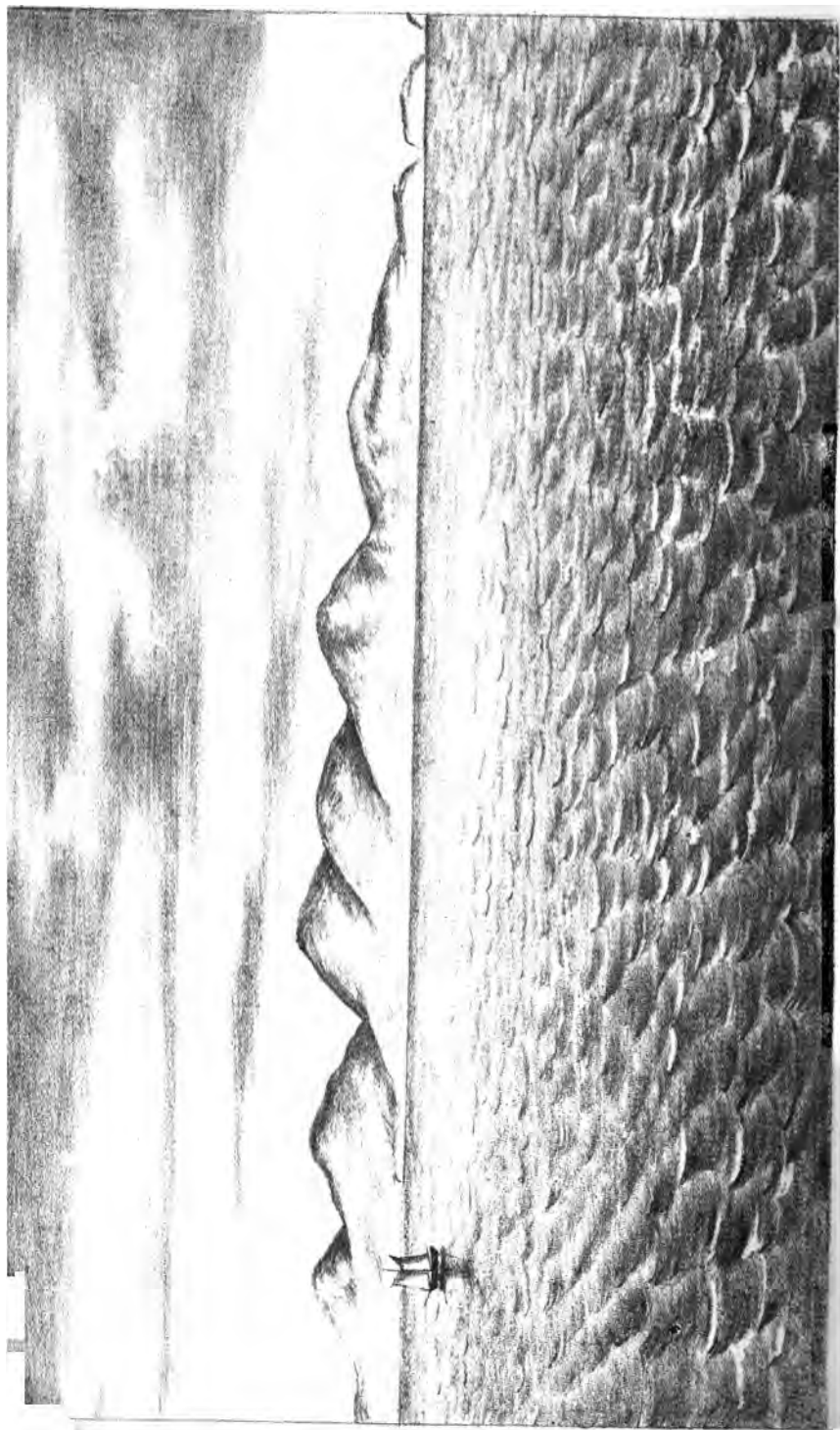
On the 6th of January of the latter year I entered and sailed the “Zephyr” for the Glenelg Yacht Club Cup, over a thirty-mile course from off the Glenelg Jetty, round

the hulk "Fitzjames" at the Semaphore, back past Glenelg to a mark buoy off Marino, winning at the Jetty, Glenelg. The sea was very heavy by the time we were close hauled, and when I gave up the helm I felt pretty well done up with the continued strain on the muscles of the arms and thighs. Those who have steered a cutter at racing speed for a lengthened period will understand these sensations. We are singularly unfortunate in our yacht racing course. For all moderate sized yachts it is in the open Gulf, and we are never certain of even fairly smooth water, so that when the breeze freshens it generally means wet as well as hard work. As this particular race was celebrated by a local poet, I reproduce his effort from the log. It was published in one of the papers, but I do not know which, I think it was the *Portonian*, and if I am not mistaken the author was Mr. George Matson, of the Semaphore.

THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

They come, and fair "Edith" is taking the lead,
 For the sails to the breath of a fair wind are freed,
 And the running is straight from the shores of the bay ;
 But soon on the wind they will scatter the spray,
 Then who as the victor to-day shall be crowned,
 As they flatten their sheets on the weatherly round ?
 Bunday's "Zephyr" comes second, like racer held in ;
 But we know when she's sailing she's sailing to win.
 Next "Weeteena," of Bicker's, runs freely and fair,
 Handled and steered by the yacht-loving Blair ;
 Over-matched as he is, his vessel comes third,
 Then "Albatross" (Tennant's) skims on like a bird,
 And Boucaut's "Winfreda," Victorian-built,
 Speeds swift as a lancer when rushing full tilt ;
 While Munton's brave little "Xanthe" once more
 Strives, struggles, and strains for the laurels of yore.
 Each craft with her canvas so gracefully spread
 From the deck to the truck that glitters o'erhead,
 Comes over the wave like a bird in its flight ;
 On pinions of snowy and dazzling white,
 A prettier scene the eye scarcely marks
 Than those gallantly speeding and beautiful barks.
 On, onward they fly, but the "Edith" still claims
 First place, and is rounding the giant Fitzjames—
 She hauls on the wind, and the jettymen cry,
 "By Jove, she's the winner ! mark how she does fly !"
 She's ahead by a mile in the very first tack
 And sails like a witch. Why is Bunday so slack ?
 But the "Zephyr," the brave little "Zephyr," holds on,
 And rounds ere five minutes have thrillingly gone—
 Outward and onward, then stays for the shore ;
 Lee again ! and an offing she's making once more.
 On the starboard tack now see the "Edith" comes in,
 While the Port is the "Zephyr's," who'll weather, who'll win,
 For doubts of the "Edith" already have place
 In minds that first gave her the best of the race ;

10
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION
NEW YORK



BOSTON ISLAND, FORT LINCOLN. LOOKING S. E.

For the "Zephyr" sails on like a life-speeding thing
 And eats up to windward with every spring—
 In spite of the offing her rival did make,
 In spite of the lead fair "Edith" did take,
 The bright little "Zephyr" is crossing her bows
 To windward. By Jove! each sailorman vows
 "That's pretty! that's neat! little dreamt of, I trow,
 To cross in two boards on the weathermost bow
 Of the rival who led from the wondering bay,
 And promised so fairly for laurels to-day."
 Now Bunday is off, and in Lochinvar's strain,
 Cries, "A fleet craft must follow to catch me again."
 Every move on the board does the rival craft try,
 But never again comes the swift "Zephyr" nigh.
 She is off like Mazeppa; they see her no more
 Till as victor she's crowned when the contest is o'er—
 And oft shall we tell as our liquor we sup
 How Bunday's bright "Zephyr" did win him the Cup.

The preceding lines show that there were six yachts competing. The Edith had to give the Zephyr ten minutes. (The Zephyr is 22 and the Edith 43 tons.) The newspaper report of the race makes the Zephyr the winner by 17 minutes (inclusive of time allowance). She was also victorious in two other contests with the same rival during 1879.

During the Easter holidays I took her round into Spencer's Gulf and up to Port Pirie. We had some excellent fishing at Wardang Island and good shooting at Point Lowly. Returning we were caught in a S. West gale and we had to take refuge under Corney Point. The snapper were so plentiful here and my guests and the crew caught so many that I had to put a stop to their sport—they were literally lumbering the vessel with enormous fish. A beautiful black swan was shot, and it ate well carried. When we cleared out again there was a mountainous S. West swell running, and we beat against this with three reefs down, and the little craft behaved splendidly. We managed to get round the Cape and between it and the little Althorpes before dark, and squared away through the straits with a fair wind and following sea, and made a fine run home.

Out of the many cruises we had at this period one stands out clear and distinct in my memory, because amongst my companions was Dr. Charles Gosse. Poor "Dr. Charles" (as his friends called him, and it served to distinguish him from his father, Dr. Gosse, sen.), little any of us thought at that time that his young and promising life would be so soon terminated (he was thrown from his carriage in 1885 and broke his leg, and sunk under its subsequent amputation). It was a positive pleasure to witness his thorough enjoyment on board. We were fortunate in having very fine weather. First coasting Yorke's Peninsula, and then running across the straits to Kan-

garoo Island, we anchored in American River opposite Mr. Buick's. At this place both fishing and shooting were obtained. Handsome, courteous, kind-hearted, and manly Dr. Charles endeared himself to all. By his death I lost a sincere friend and valued medical adviser.

By this time yachting had an added charm, as we often in our cruises met with other yachts, either underway or in some snug anchorage, and the usual nautical civilities were exchanged. Notably the "Hygeia," "Edith," "Winfreda," "Xanthe," "Canowie," &c., &c.

One night we were crossing to Black Point. We had made a late start from the Semaphore, and the wind was very light; the night was clear and starlight, and, so far as I remember, not a cloud to be seen. All my guests had turned in, and certain unmistakable sounds were emanating from the cabin, showing they were in the arms of Morpheus. It had been lightning in the south-west for some time, but not vividly. I was at the helm, and the yacht was slowly surging through the water with everything set, her square-headed gaff-topsail—a powerful sail—included. We did not often carry this at night, unless the weather were—as at starting it appeared on this occasion—to be exceptionally fine. All of a sudden some extremely large drops of rain fell on the yacht's deck. This, under the circumstances, seemed so extraordinary that I ordered George Fooks (who was standing beside me, and, as usual, spinning me long and sometimes intensely amusing yarns of his sea experiences) to go forward and take in the gaff-topsail and lower away the staysail. Scarcely had he done so before I heard a rushing sound on the weather beam. I sang out for George to lower away on the throat halliards. Before he could free them the squall was on us. It struck the craft just before the weather beam, and she heeled till the water was rushing along the deck level with the lee skylight. Putting the helm hard down, I soon relieved the pressure, and brought her head to wind. After a moment or two of fierce flapping of sails and roar through the cordage, it was over, and we had no further indication of it. This was an exceedingly dangerous squall, and we got well out of it.

I have already alluded to the fine sailor-like qualities of George Fooks. In addition to these I found him honest, industrious, and very proud of the little craft; and he became strongly attached to myself, as shown by numerous little acts of spontaneous kindness "not in the month's wages." He knew I both trusted and liked him well. Many a weary hour has he whiled away when becalmed or weatherbound by his immense stock of yarns. Not a guest came on board but took a liking to him, and he became quite a character with them. I

am no believer in the haughty Spaniard style of treating any body, and it would be intolerable in a small craft to have to do so. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to have a man with whom you can be kind and open, without fear of his presuming on it. Such a man was George Fooks—of medium height, dark-haired, and bushy, dark whiskers, and a laughing, merry, kindly, dark eye, with a lithsome, active figure, and in the prime of life; he was the beau-ideal of a yacht-sailor, with his tight-fitting blue guernsey, red cap, and deck shoes. "A pint of flowery-top"—otherwise light colonial ale—was his nectar; and as a stepdancer I have seldom seen him surpassed. This accomplishment was often called into requisition, and it was extremely amusing to watch the way he would sidle up to me to ask my permission before he commenced. He knew I was as proud of his ability as himself. To witness a good stepdance on a yacht's deck by lamplight is no mean pleasure.

My friend, E. W. W., writes about him as follows:—"A kinder-hearted fellow than George Fooks never lived, and obedience to orders was with him as natural as to eat when he was hungry. 'Obey orders if you break owners' is a common expression, used to emphasise the necessity for strict obedience at sea, and George, although one of the last to do any one an injury, would always obey orders, or see that they were obeyed. It is necessary to make this explanation in introducing the following yarn, which otherwise might lead the reader to suppose that the narrator was a man who rejoiced in the sufferings of others. Not so, however, it was the ludicrous aspect of the episode which tickled him, and caused him to narrate it to others. It lacks much in telling here—the quaintly humorous style of delivery, the merry eye, the apt nautical phrases thrown in here and there, and the inflections of the voice, so characteristic of the man, and so provocative of laughter, are of necessity absent. 'I shipped aboard a Indianaman once, and when we got there the cholera was very bad. We had a young cub aboard belonging to one of the owners, who had been sent on a voyage because he was a bit sickly. Well, fruit was plentiful when we got there, and was mortal cheap; people wouldn't eat it, as they was afraid of the cholera. When the boats come alongside full of fruit, young hopeful was one of the first to think of buying, you bet, but the Captain wouldn't let him. He was responsible to the owner for the kid, and was afraid of what might happen if the youngster once got a chance to gorge himself. Well, the day after we got there, the skipper went off to spend the afternoon and evening aboard another ship, and as he was going over the side he says to me, "Now, George, see that that young beggar don't get any fruit. Mind, he's in your charge." "Aye, aye, sir," says I. When he'd

gone away we was busy fixing up some of the rigging, and young hopeful went below for a snooze, as he said. About a couple of hours, it may be, after this we heard such a phillibo down below that I went to see what was the matter, and there was the young cub a rolling over and over on the cabin floor, and yelling like mad. I says, "What's the matter, now?" "Oh, I'm fearful bad," says he. "I never suffered such pain, as this before." "What have you been doing?" says I. "I bought some fruit from a boat as come alongside while you thought I was down here, and I do believe I've got the cholera." I run on deck, told one of the hands to give the youngster a drop of brandy, jumped into a boat, and pulled like mad for the ship where the skipper was, and where I knewed they had a doctor aboard, and told 'em what was up. The captain wanted to come away, but the doctor he says, "No; stop and finish your dinner, and I'll go off with you; he'll be all right. Now, my man," says he, "pull back as fast as you can, and give the young 'un this medicine (giving me a bottle), a warm bath, put him to bed, and put a mustard plaster on his stomach, by that time I'll be there." Off I goes, and after giving the young 'un the physic, made some water hot, just put my foot in it when I'd poured it into the bath, says "That'll do," and in we flops the boy. Lord! how he did yell, and try to scramble out. "No you don't," says I, and I and my mate was holding him down, when some of the water dropped on the back of my hand. 'Twas scalding. I never thought of my horny old hoof when I was trying the heat of the water, you see; it didn't feel more than jest warm to that, but when it got on the back of my hand—my word 'twas a caution. We whips him out, and puts him to bed, and then I says to my mate, "How do they make mustard plasters?" "How should I know?" says he. "Mix mustard and water together, I s'pose." So I tips a tin of mustard into a washhand basin, pours some water on it, mixes it up to a paste, and then spread it over the young 'un's stomach with a knife. 'Twasn't long before he gave tongue; he let the roars out of him like a lunatic, and begged us to take off the plaster, but we said he'd got to have it on for a certain time—doctor's orders—and we meant to keep it on; and we held him down till time was up. Then when we begun to scrape the stuff off, blow me, if the flesh didn't come off too. You see we'd never heard of putting anything between the plaster and the flesh, and the mustard put on atop of the par-boiling the young 'un had had before, had done the job. Just then the captain comes aboard with the doctor. "Well," says the doctor, "how's the patient?" "Don't know, sir," says I. "There he is; see what you think about him. He's been roaring like a young bull, but he's

queter now." The doctor asked if we'd done what he told us, and I said we had, but we didn't think the skin ought to have come off when we scraped off the plaster. "Scraped off the plaster?" he yelled. "What do you mean?" Then I told him all about it. He looked mortal serious for a time, but when he'd examined the youngster he smiled, and turning to the captain, says:—"It's awful rough treatment, but it's druv away the disease." And so it had. He got all right in a few days. George had either the faculty of remembering or inventing stories pertinent to the subject under discussion. On one occasion, whilst on a cruise in Spencer's Gulf in the "Zephyr" on a warm evening, when pipes were under way, the conversation turned upon reefs, and one of the hands mentioned a peculiar reef in the Gulf, which had been discovered by a man named Fisher—"A fellow who was always a potterin' about the Gulf looking for oysters." "Ah," said George, "I remember him well. I never see such a beggar for oysters. Why he had a couple of tame 'uns, as used to follow him about the Port like a couple of dogs would." "That'll do," interjected a Didemus; "tell that to the marines." "Well, you needn't believe it if you don't like; but, it's a fact. He used to keep 'em in a pan of salt water, and when he was going out he used to whistle, and out they'd come, and follow him wherever he went. Well, one day one on 'em got run over by a dray. The other missed him directly, looked about for him everywhere, but couldn't see him, so he toddled off home, and looked for him in the pan, but he wasn't there. He got awfully miserable-looking and downhearted as he kept going in and out of the pan and looking down the street to see if he could find his mate, and you could see him getting thinner and thinner every day. Well, this went on for some days, but anybody could see he wouldn't last long, and he didn't, for about a week after he lost his mate he died of a broken heart."

This year I lost faithful old George. His death has always been somewhat enigmatical to me. He had previously to all appearance been such a healthy man. Of course he may have had some internal weakness I knew nothing about. What made it still more distressing was that I was informed that just before the final hour he kept wishing to see, and calling for me. Most unfortunately I was absent in the country at the time on some engagement. (The death occurred during the time the yacht was laid up.) I have always regretted not having seen him before he died, but I scarcely heard of his being unwell before he was gone. No one dreamt of his being in danger. A verse from one of Dibdin's old songs slightly altered fitly describes my opinion of him:—

His form was of the manliest beauty ;
 His heart was kind and soft.
 Faithful below George did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

There was a competent and smart second hand in the yacht with Fooks, and on his decease I put this man in his place. I forget his surname, but his Christian name was "Louis." He was an Austrian by birth. He remained with me for a considerable period and proved himself not only trustworthy and competent, but remarkably clean and tidy. The yacht was never cleaner or better kept than during his charge.

The year 1878 was a remarkable one in the "Zephyr's" career. She had so often beaten the Edith that Sir Thomas Elder, the Commodore of the Glenelg Club, determined upon building another craft to uphold the prestige of his club and lower the saucy "Zephyr's" record if possible. He accordingly employed Mr. Chant, of Port Adelaide, to design and build a yacht for this purpose. The new cutter was named the "Enchantress," of great stability and sail-carrying power. She measured six tons more than the "Zephyr," and it was evident to all that if her speed and weatherly qualities equalled her power the little "Zephyr" would lose her laurels ; but confidence in the latter was still felt by many, although the first contest between them proved that the "Zephyr" had a more dangerous competitor than the "Edith." On February 2, 1878, off Glenelg, the "Enchantress" beat the "Zephyr" by 26 minutes in a 24 miles course. I made a huge mistake the previous night by having a lot of ballast taken out, thinking we were about to have light weather ; the exact contrary was the case, and the consequence was that the "Zephyr" would not carry her canvas. Moreover, she shipped a heavy sea which flooded her fore-castle, and having no means of escape the water put her still more out of trim. I mention these matters not with a view of detracting from the "Enchantress's" success, but to explain the reason why the "Zephyr" was so badly beaten. On the following 27th April I turned the tables by beating her off the Semaphore in a 26 miles course by 3 minutes 15 seconds, exclusive of time allowance, having in the meantime added three tons of lead to the "Zephyr's" keel, and made other improvements to help her speed. The two rivals met several times subsequently, the "Zephyr" winning in every instance. But this was after the latter ceased to be my property. So far as I was concerned, the race on the 27th of April, 1878, was the last she competed in, for, after waiting a considerable period for another challenge from the "Enchantress," and this not coming, I decided on turning the little cutter into a cruiser and give up racing.

The following summary of the result of her contests with Sir Thomas Elder's two yachts and others for the Glenelg Cup is taken from the *South Australian Register* of the 29th April, 1878. After describing the race of the 27th in detail, it proceeds:—

“This is the seventh time the Glenelg Yacht Club Cup has been raced for. The ‘Zephyr’ won, and held it for several years, and seemed likely to keep it in her grasp, until, with true English pluck, Mr. Elder had the ‘Enchantress’ built to recover the lost laurels of the Glenelg Yacht Club, and well she executed her task, snatching the coveted goblet from the tight grasp of the ‘Zephyr’ on February 2nd. The ‘Zephyr’ has had many a struggle for this same silver bauble, the first occasion being some five years ago, when the ‘Edith’ beat her at Glenelg after a gallant struggle, during which the ‘Zephyr’ was for a time disabled, her mainsail coming down on the deck through the throat halliards giving way, and to which accident her defeat may be attributed. She, however, gave ‘Edith’ an unmistakeable thrashing in a subsequent race from the Port to the Semaphore and back, and on a third occasion she won less easily. The fourth time ‘Zephyr’ and ‘Edith’ had a pretty race from Glenelg to the Semaphore and back, and the ‘Zephyr’ came in 17 minutes ahead (including her time allowance). On the fifth occasion she triumphed, and, singularly enough, the ‘Edith,’ which was winning, suffered a misfortune similar to that which lost the ‘Zephyr’ the first race, viz., the treachery of the throat halliards, which gave way and let the mainsail down on deck in a critical moment. ‘Edith’ would have had that race certain had it not been for that accident, and ‘Zephyr’ only won by her time allowance. Mr. Bunday, however, yachtsmanlike, refused to take a victory gained by a rival's mischance, and again the ‘Edith’ and ‘Zephyr’ tried conclusions, which resulted in the ‘Zephyr’ coming last and yet first, viz., winning by her time allowance. These events convinced Mr. Elder that if the Glenelg Yacht Club was to maintain its supremacy he must have a new yacht, and the ‘Enchantress’ was therefore built by Chant, who staked his credit and more beside on her winning. She did win, coming in three hours and 36 minutes from the start over a 24-mile course, beating the ‘Zephyr’ by 26 minutes. After this came the splendid race on Saturday last, which was one of the most closely-contested in the annals of the South Australian Yacht Club.”

With the exception of omitting the race won by the “Zephyr” on the 28th December, 1874—(I still have the very pretty cup she won then)—thus making eight instead of seven races, the foregoing summary is substantially correct, except that the “Zephyr” in every instance but the one in which the “Edith's”

mainsail came down, in which she won by time, was well within her allowance.

Having now closed the "Zephyr's" racing career whilst in my hands, I wish to say that I still remember with lively gratitude the services voluntarily rendered to me in gaining so brilliant a record for her, and I here tender to the gentlemen who so often formed part of her crew and afforded me so much assistance my grateful thanks. These are especially due to Mr. W. Russell, Mr. A. P. Hall, Mr. C. Hart, Mr. S. Goldsworthy, Mr. Otham, and many others; whilst I am indebted to that fine old mariner Capt. H. Quinn for kindly sailing her on two occasions when I was on the sick list and unable to do so. Nor do I forget the smart men who so often got wet jackets in her, but yet shared in her triumphs.

Soon after deciding to turn the "Zephyr" into a cruiser she was laid up for the winter.

In the year 1878 but scant time was at my disposal for sailing, owing to my having re-entered Parliament and joined the Morgan Government as Attorney-General. Nevertheless, we were enabled occasionally to get a cruise, and we experienced some exceedingly "rough" weather during the season, so much so that I was glad the extra three tons of lead had been put on the yacht's keel and her canvas reduced. On one occasion I narrowly escaped losing the number of my mess, and on another, through a heavy sea breaking on board, I was pitched across the tiller and thrown heavily into the lee wash, receiving some nasty contusions in the back, which gave me reminders for some time afterwards. The sea drenched every one on deck. Fortunately, having a good grip of the tiller, and taking it with me as I fell, the vessel's head was brought to the wind, and we reduced canvas and went easier. A beam sea is always difficult to negotiate for every size and description of craft.

The 1878-9 and 1879-80 seasons are better recorded in the log. I prepared and read the following paper to the South Australian Yacht Club on one of our trips in the early part of 1879, and which I entitled, "On Board the 'Zephyr' during a Dirty Night in the Gulf":—

"I promised some time ago to follow the laudable example set by Mr. Skipper and other members of the South Australian Yacht Club by writing a short paper to be read at one of the meetings of the Club, so soon as I could spare time and had anything to tell that I thought might prove interesting to the members. Unfortunately, so far as this season has gone, I have not been able to give so much attention to the pastime we all admire as I could wish, and the 'Zephyr's' trips across or down the Gulf have been few and far between; but as her last one to Koolywurtie, or rather in returning from that place,

was somewhat adventurous, I think a recital of our experience may be sufficiently attractive to justify me in bringing it under your notice. See us, then, on Saturday morning, the 1st instant, with all our now reduced canvas spread, gaily bowling down the stream from the Port, and making a capital beating match against the flood-tide to the lighthouse; and although at first close-hauled, when we got outside we were soon enabled to keep her away about two points, and the consequence was that we made a most comfortable run of three hours and fifty minutes from the mouth of the river to the Split Beacon. Our two preceding trips this season were done, one in three hours and forty minutes, and the other in four hours exactly; so you see that the little craft can still spin along when she gets a good breeze, although her wings have been clipped.

“The particular trip to which I am referring was very pleasant, as there was little sea, and we had no occasion to shift a single sail from the start to the finish. Although we tried every likely spot for fish, even going a good way down to the southward in the dingey, we only succeeded in catching one snapper. With the fine cockles always obtainable on the beach we landed an ample supply of whiting for the table, but on the whole Black Point is a failure this year so far as fishing is concerned. We have hitherto been very unsuccessful, even with the net. I did not like the look of the weather on Sunday night; the glass was steadily receding, and the Hummocks and the Mount Lofty Range loomed up enormously. I thought in all probability we should have a northerly burster in the morning, and as this would have been a fair wind I was looking to be in town by business hours, which, as some of you are aware, can be always done if the wind is sufficiently favorable. Towards midnight it began to gather in thick and murky all round, from north to south-west, the glass still going down. Soon after daylight we got sail on the vessel. There was scarcely a breath of wind blowing and a strong ebb tide; and as I found this was setting us bodily upon the sandspit that assists in forming the admirable little harbor we had been lying in, the anchor was again let go, but we kept everything standing ready for the first catspaw of wind. Whilst so anchored my companion got a sharkline over and soon hooked a shark about six feet long. As this was the first he had ever caught he was proportionately delighted. We saw numbers of them during the day. After wearily waiting for a long time, sufficient wind sprang up to enable us to clear the spit, and then we were in for a drifting match until the evening.

“I never felt the atmosphere so oppressive and close in the Gulf before, and fully expected a violent thunderstorm. As night set in we were not more than eight or nine miles from

the place we left in the morning, and considerably to the northward as well; the weather looked anything but pleasant as the sun dipped below the horizon, and I made up my mind to prepare for a rough night. We housed the topmast, took two reefs in the mainsail (equal to three reefs under her former rig), and a reef in the staysail, and then felt that it must be something very bad that would affect us much, supposing everything held. Shortly after taking these precautionary measures the wind came off in fitful gusts dead ahead, and a course had to be shaped a long way above Port Gawler. The constantly accumulating clouds and slight rain made it very dark, and it was well on in the night before we made out the light from the lighthouse, a long, long way off, probably 18 or 19 miles away, and dead to windward. By this time the sea was in commotion and the wind increasing, but our little bark was making capital weather of it, and head-reaching very fast. At midnight it was as unpleasant a looking night as I ever remember to have seen, the glass indicating that we might expect anything. By this time we had all our bad-weather togs on—sea boots, oilskins, and sou'-westers—and we wanted them before the night was out. I had sent my companion below some hours before to turn in. He said he did not sleep much. I cannot say I was surprised—I should have been if he had done so. I had been at the helm off and on for eighteen hours, and began to feel weary enough. You all know I do not knowingly seek a night out in a breeze if I can help it. I don't mind a knocking about in the daytime, when you can see where you are and what you are doing; but I am content now to leave to the youngsters amongst us the pleasure of encountering a gale of wind at night. I prefer a snug anchorage, where the whistling of the wind through the shrouds makes a pleasant lullaby. However, I am not sorry to have met with and successfully encountered this one, as it has given me increased confidence in the stability and power of the 'Zephyr' since she has been altered.

"But to return. Shortly after midnight the wind suddenly shifted from east to north-east by 'east and compelled us to keep still further away, and in a short time the gusts were something to remember. Some of my friends have since told me that they had trees blown down and branches twisted off and carried considerable distances away during this night's gale. This last shift of wind soon brought up a nasty cross sea, and my work and care at the helm was proportionately increased. Took soundings and found we were in six fathoms, and I was disappointed to find we were so far from the eastern shore; but as we appeared to be making too much leeway I determined upon putting the yacht upon the other or port

tack, and was pleased to find she was heading well up for the Port light. Just as we stayed a squall struck us that made the vessel tremble again. She went over to a certain point and then became steady as a rock, but squall now followed squall in such rapid succession, and with such increasing force that I was compelled to haul down the reefed staysail and run up the tack of the mainsail. We were now sailing under the jib and a double-reefed mainsail reduced. As just mentioned, the sea by this time was feather-white, and the wind was so fierce that as the waves struck the 'Zephyr's' side the spray came bodily over us. We shipped hardly any solid water on the weather side. Sometimes the force of the wind compelled her to heel to such an extent as to cause her, when falling into the trough of the sea, to ship some on the lee side. I tried several times to stand up and steer, but it blew too strong, and the vessel was heeling over too much for any one above the usual height of sailors to do so with safety, so I had to sit upon the grating and take it as it came sousing over the bulwarks—a splendid thing for the complexion.

"Before the night was over my face and beard were encrusted with salt. The crew (J. H. White and Geo. Drew, two smart and competent men) did their duty cheerfully and well, and the only anxiety I felt was in case of any of the gear giving way in the terrific puffs, by which we might have lost our mast; but everything held splendidly. We have encountered several strong breezes this season, as some of you who have been with us know. I dare say one of my friends present entertains a very vivid recollection of a dead beat all the way to Kangaroo Island, and how glad we were when we got in under Ballast Head, out of the spiteful wind and sea; but the wind on that occasion was as nothing compared to the force of the blast that occasionally struck us this night. I think if I had been out in the open ocean outside of Kangaroo Island I should have laid to, at any rate until daylight, for certainly it did seem a night when

The wrathful Spirit of Storms
Had made the top of the waves his own.

The water was full of phosphorous, and when the spray flew over us it seemed like showers of light. I wish you could have seen us plunging and tearing through the broken water. I am certain you would have been pleased with the behaviour of the little craft. We sometimes hear of these heavily-masted and deeply-ballasted pleasure craft being despised and reckoned dangerous in a seaway. I cannot say what the 'Zephyr' would have done outside in this gale, but she gave us no cause for anxiety in the short angry sea we were in, and which I have always found more trying and uncomfortable than the long steady heave and roll of the ocean. I could not help feeling

how unfortunately we were placed in not having a single harbour to get into on this side of the Gulf after daylight has ended. From the lowering clouds and wild look towards the west and north-west, I was expecting every few minutes to get it hot from one of those two points; but as the wind still hung to the north-east I abandoned my intention of tacking off and on and waiting for daylight, and steered for the north side of Largs Bay. The lead was kept going, and we picked up an anchorage in three and a half fathoms of water in the north-east corner of the Bay, as smooth as a millpond. It was after 3 o'clock in the morning when the anchor was let go. As we passed the lighthouse, with its grand flash and its reflection in the pitchy darkness, giving a sort of weird and unearthly appearance to all around, with the howling wind and wild tumultuous sea, I could not help feeling a touch of the old excitement that first induced me to take to salt water. It was grand in the extreme, but I think I admired its grandeur all the more because I knew there was anchorage close at hand. This night I fully realised the feelings given expression to by Mr. Folkard, in his excellent work, 'The Sailing Boat.' It is part of a short poem he calls 'The Beacon Light.' See page 177 of his work.

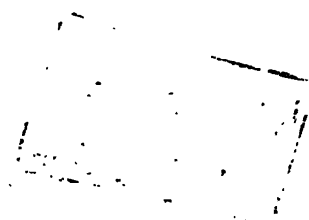
A true friend in distress, ever brilliant and gay,
Whether fixed or revolving, will ne'er lead astray,
Tho' many brave hearts, on a thick, foggy night,
Have quaked at the eclipse of the Beacon Light.

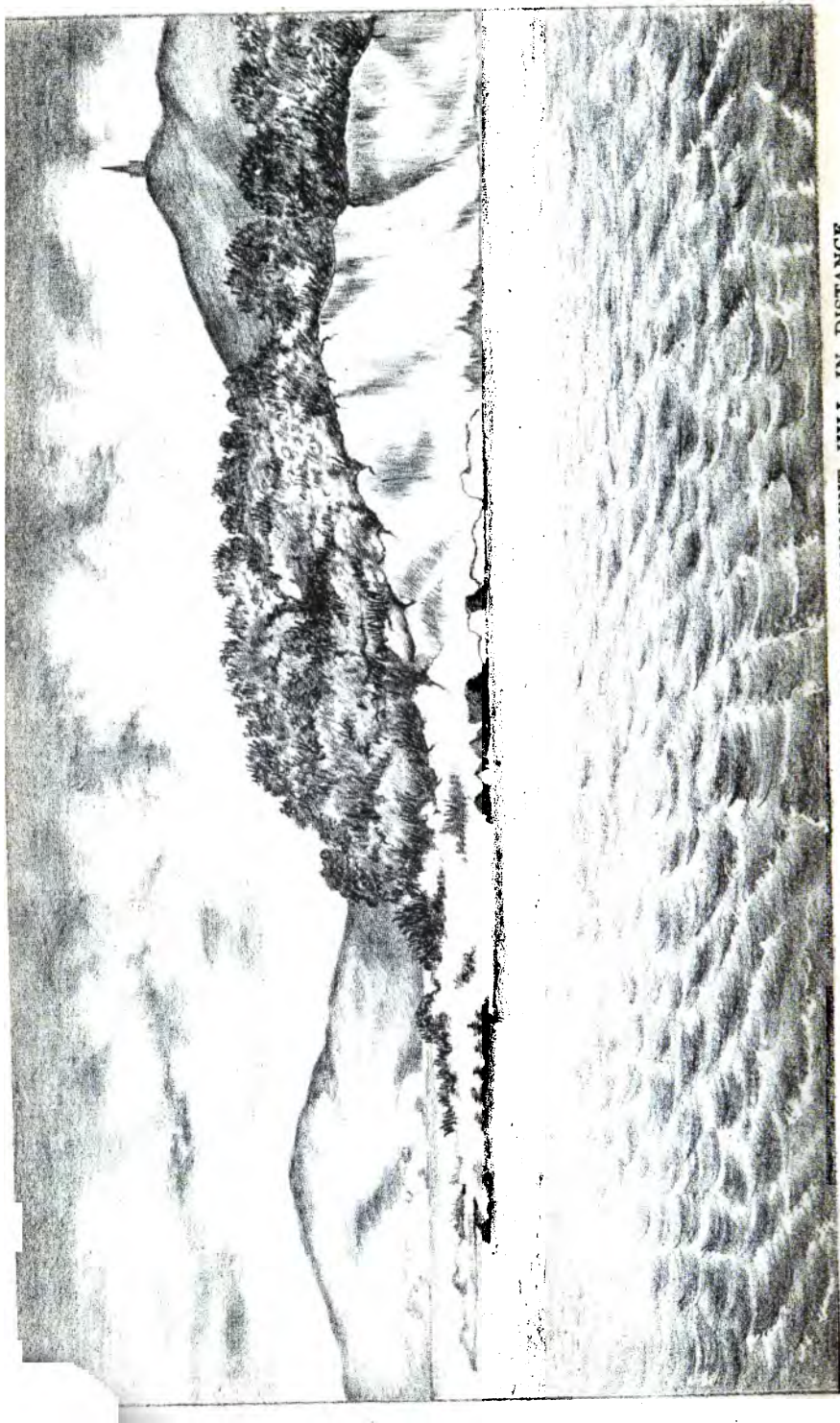
When distant at sea, and a beacon is seen,
A warning he takes of near danger I ween;
Then he warily steers, whilst he still keeps in sight
Of his monitor dumb—the Beacon Light.

When darkness fast creeps o'er the wide-ranging sea,
And the grim shark is lurking close under his lee,
Tho' gloomy the prospect, and dismal the night,
His fears are dispelled by the Beacon Light.

Should a gale overtake him, and danger appal,
The mariner skilful may weather the squall;
But how gladly he looks through the darkness of night
On his guide and director—the Beacon Light.

To the initiated I may say that we spliced the mainbrace before we turned in, and they will hardly be surprised to hear that it was found it required splicing more than once during the night. At daylight a glance to the westward made me feel anxious to clear out from where we were as soon as possible. We accordingly up anchor, got into the river, and reached the Port in good time for business, tired enough no doubt for want of sleep, not having snatched more than an hour and a half at the most, but none the worse for our involuntary ducking; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that the little yacht





PORT LINCOLN. S. E. POINT, PORTER BAY. MONUMENT HILL IN DISTANCE.

proved herself as good and safe a seaboard as any one need wish to possess in a craft of her size; so that when any of you are making a trip with me again you need not fear being in her, even in "A dirty night in the Gulf."

This experience serves to show the severity of the weather we sometimes have to contend against in our gulf, and the great necessity there is for caution in some of our little river craft venturing across to the Peninsula, as they often do, because, if caught, as we were, in a dead calm, and yet seeing a storm gradually but surely brewing, they would be powerless to escape.

Owing to the construction of the railway round the head of Gulf St. Vincent and across Yorke's Peninsula to Wallaroo and Moonta, a trip to Port Lincoln is much easier of attainment by busy men than it was some years ago. By sending the yacht round into Spencer's Gulf and joining her at Wallaroo or Moonta much time is saved—possibly three or four days, and sometimes longer. This is the course I took in the early part of 1879. Accompanied by a very old friend, we started by rail, and managed to hit the yacht's arrival at Wallaroo Bay to an hour, and after taking a fresh stock of provisions and water aboard, shaped a course for Wardang Island. We had good fishing here, and then stood across the gulf for Port Lincoln, first taking a cruise amongst some of the pretty islands, known as Sir Joseph Bank's group—twenty in number. There are many good anchorages at these islands, and excellent fishing is obtainable at some of them at all times, and occasionally good shooting also, particularly in the month of September, when Cape Barren geese are very plentiful, and the young birds capital eating. We had an exceedingly pleasant time of it, as usual, in the Port Lincoln bays, but as these grand bays and the kind of sport obtainable in them have already been fully dealt with, I do not think it would interest the reader to have them detailed again. Sameness is the difficulty to overcome in relating yachting experiences.

At Thistle Island we were once more fortunate in securing a good supply of fine crayfish with an ordinary crab net and bait, off the south-eastern point of Whaler's Bay, already described.

From here we had a tantalising head wind, and after beating up past the Wedge Island I determined to make for Corney Point (there is now a light here, as a safeguard against the treacherous Webb Rock) for the night. There was a heavy swell running, and as we got in under the land we had full opportunity of witnessing it breaking on this rock. A stranger would never dream of such a danger, and at night it must require a particularly good look out from the numerous coasters

that trade up and down this Gulf, especially when the wind is off the land, and the water comparatively smooth.

The next morning we had a light, fair wind, which enabled the yacht to climb over and make some way against the great swell of the Southern Ocean. But for the light variables, calms, and head winds at the finish the trip would have been most enjoyable. We sailed back to Port Adelaide in the little craft, but regretted not having returned *via* Wallaroo, owing to the delay.

Hitherto the reader's attention has been mainly directed to Port Lincoln and Spencer's Gulf, and to one favourite *rendezvous* for yachts in Gulf St. Vincent, but there are other snug anchorages on the eastern shore of Yorke's Peninsula, where we often went, and also to beautiful Kangaroo Island. Port Vincent, Oyster Bay, and Edithburg are on the Peninsula. Kingscote, Eastern Cove, and American River are at Kangaroo Island. Kingscote is the harbour where the first settlers landed in the colony.

Port Vincent and Oyster Bay afford good anchorages, and Edithburgh is by no means to be despised in any wind from south round to north; any wind with east in it, however, brings up a nasty sea. There is good fishing in its neighbourhood. One of the most beautiful harbours in the colony is Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, where a yacht may ride out any gale in perfect safety. I believe in the not very distant future Edithburgh, Kingscote, and American River will be very favourite places of resort. The climate of Kangaroo Island is beautiful, as well as the scenery. Come from whatever direction it may, the wind must of course cross the water, and the evenings are delightfully cool and balmy, with an almost oppressive stillness at night. It is now 26 years since I began to visit this island. It is too far away to do this when bound to time, but when three, or four days can be spared it is a delightful change. Up the gulf beyond Ardrossan, ten miles to the north of Black Point, is shallow and uninteresting; and unfortunately, as before pointed out, the whole of the eastern coast is a lee shore. The danger of the western side is the numerous sandspits running such a distance from the shore, but there are no rocks on that side from one end of the gulf to the other. The absence of islands makes it less interesting to yachtsmen than it would otherwise be, and in this respect it bears a striking contrast to Spencer's Gulf, but in the latter gulf there are a lot of sunken rocks, reefs, and dangers not to be courted on a wild night. On the whole, though somewhat treacherous in its weather sometimes, Gulf St. Vincent is a safe and pleasant place for yachting for vessels of fair tonnage.

The last trip of the "Zephyr" which appears sufficiently interesting to insert was made right down the Peninsula and across the Straits to Kangaroo Island, calling at most of the harbours mentioned. All the incidents referred to in it actually occurred, but for the sake of brevity I have added some few of those that happened previously to this particular cruise. I collated them for the address on "Manly Sports," which appears later on, in which the cruise is thus described:—

"The yacht is awaiting our arrival in the Port Adelaide River. Whilst the boat is being hoisted in we change our shore togs for others more suitable for the life we have entered upon. Soon on deck again, one or two rapid inquiries, such as 'All the eatables and drinkables on board?' 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Plenty of wood and water?' 'Ay, ay, sir.' And 'Ah, oh, plenty of onions?' 'Plenty of onions, sir.' Would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, that the consumption of onions—raw onions—when afloat is prodigious, and that amongst the greatest sinners in this respect are some of the young gentlemen who, when on shore, are most fastidious. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact. 'All right, then; take forward that starboard runner; we shall have to make a board to get well clear; run up the staysail; break the stoppers out of the jib; haul taut the starboard sheet, push the mainboom over to port.' There she pays off. 'Let go your bowline; haul in your lee jib sheet; ease your staysail over gently; haul in your main sheet.' We are now spinning across the River on the starboard tack. 'Ready about, lee oh! Keep your head sheets fast; overhaul your mainsheet. Handsomely, there, handsomely.' Round she goes before the wind, almost in her own length. 'Light over your head sails,' and there we are off down river with a fair wind, hoping to make Black Point, Yorke's Peninsula, about forty-two miles away, before dark. We clear the Lighthouse by 4 p.m. The wind has freshened, and we are bowling along under all sail at a spanking rate. We get the patent log up, and find we are making excellent work, no one suffering from Mark Twain's 'Oh, my!' Two of my friends having arranged a rather original wager, viz., as to which should succumb first, it was amusing to watch their faces. It proved a drawn battle, however, neither being affected. We are comfortably at anchor in two and a half fathoms by the lead at twenty-seven minutes past 7 p.m., having done the distance of thirty-two knots from the Lighthouse right in round the sandspit in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. There is an exceedingly useful alliterative caution yachtsmen should remember—'Lead, lights, and look-out.' It will probably be remembered that Mr. Clements in his cele-

brated 'Innocents Abroad,' when puzzled what to call himself, adopted the name of 'Mark Twain' as the author, from hearing a pilot on the Mississippi, taking soundings, and singing out these words when in two fathoms of water. The bracing southerly wind has sharpened our appetites, and we soon do full justice to a good dish of beefsteaks and onions and hot potatoes. On coming on deck we find the strong breeze of the afternoon has died away, but there is in its place a deliciously cool light zephyr from the land, distant from us about a quarter of a mile. The stars are shining brightly, and all is still, quiet, and peaceful, without any apparent motion in the yacht. We light our pipes and lazily lounge on the deck or skylight. The exquisite enjoyment of such a change from city life must be felt to be appreciated. Joke and song enliven the hours until it is turning-in time; and don't we enjoy our sleep? We turn out before sunrise, and have a cup of coffee as soon as made—and such coffee! Some of the party are off to the shore for a bathe—the sharks are too numerous and large to do this where the yacht lies—and also to obtain cockles for bait to catch whiting. The cockles at this place are almost as large as Sydney rock oysters, and, judging from what I have witnessed, are as well liked by some people. Those remaining on board proceeded to catch tommy roughs as bait for snapper. By-and-bye one of the party, seeing a large fish, threw over a snapper line, and soon a dozen of these voracious fish of considerable size and weight are floundering about the yacht's deck; and in half an hour from the time they were caught one was in the pot boiling for breakfast, not enjoyed any the less because it was captured by ourselves.

"One of the shoregoing party was a youngster full of fun and frolic. The spurt of snapper-fishing had subsided by the time of his return, but one gentleman was still patiently trying for more. Approaching the patient fisherman and enquiring as to his luck, the youngster referred to suggested probably another bait would be an improvement, and volunteered to put it on. This was agreed to. The wily young rascal then called the fisherman's attention to something on shore, and whilst he was looking in that direction dexterously put something on the hook and quietly dropped the line overboard, intimating to his friend that he had put another bait on. He did not know, and I did not let him know, that I had been watching him all the time and was a little curious to see what was his next move. After taking a turn round the deck he came back and enquired in the most insinuating manner if his friend had a bite yet, at the same time sitting down on the bulwarks close beside the line with his hand listlessly hanging down over

them. Watching his opportunity, while the fisherman's attention was otherwise occupied, he gave the line a considerable jerk, immediately dropping it; the fisherman gave a loud shout of joy, "I've got a bite! I've got a bite!" His young friend kept singing out, "Pull, man, pull, harder, quicker," and that fisherman did pull, and succeeded in landing—a snapper's head. His face was a caution when he saw what was on the line. He was persuaded by Young Mischief that he had actually severed the snapper's head from its body in his extreme efforts, and I have no doubt until this day relates the incident with great satisfaction, the fact being that this was the head of the fish which was then being cooked for our breakfast, which Young Hopeful had taken from the deck and placed on his hook. After breakfast we proceeded to fish in about four feet water, catching a fine lot of whiting, small snapper, garfish, salmon, &c., with a shark about six feet long, from which no less than twenty-eight perfectly formed young ones were taken. On boarding the yacht we saw there was something unusual astir, and we soon had the shark-hook and line overboard. A monster from 15 to 16 feet long was hooked, and one of the party fired two barrels of BB shot into its head. It managed to get off the hook, and we lost it. No doubt it must have died. Shortly after another nearly as large came sailing round but would not bite.

"This incident brought about several shark stories, notably two—one an incident that occurred in the 'Zephyr's' first cruise to Port Lincoln, when four men were pulled to the deck with ease, and the hook upon which the monster had fastened was straightened as readily as one might unbend a pin. The other took place also in Spencer's Gulf. Mr. John Leask, the master of the 'Osprey' ketch, had just turned in after his watch on deck, the vessel at the time scarcely gliding through the water. All of a sudden he was awoken by the man at the wheel calling out lustily. He ran up on deck immediately. The man said the vessel was ashore or had struck a rock, as her stern and the wheel were violently shaken. Mr. Leask knew there were no rocks or shoals in the vicinity, and to convince the helmsmen took soundings, showing the great depth of water they were in. The man seemed by no means satisfied, however. The master thought he had been dozing. A few weeks afterwards the vessel was taken out of water to be repaired. On the rudder were the marks of the teeth of a huge shark, which on the occasion referred to had either in sport or anger laid hold of and shaken it as described. We got under way for the purpose of going to Port Vincent—ten miles to the southward—for flounders. We anchored in the bay in good time, and some of the party went ashore with

flounder-spears and flambeaux, and succeeded in procuring about a dozen of these delicious fish. Thirty-two had been obtained a week before; they must be caught in this way on the young flood. The following day the snapper ground off the Orontes bank was tried without success. Oyster-dredging was then the order of the day. Very few oysters, but numbers of scollops were obtained, from which a delicious stew was made. A turtle was seen lazily sporting upon the surface, but was too quick for us to make soup of him. We anchored in Oyster Bay for the night, resolving to make Kangaroo Island by the following night. By this time the barometer began to fall quickly, and the wind to come in fitful gusts. Knowing, however, that our ground tackle was all that could be desired, this did not bother us much, so long as we were in good holding ground. It blew half a gale of wind during the night, but moderated towards morning, and we got under way with the wind ahead, with a nasty, short, chopping sea, the glass still falling, and wind increasing. Ere long we had to take in the gaff-topsail and house the topmast; we were then under mainsail, jib, and staysail. Both wind and sea continued to increase until we had to reef the mainsail, take in the jib, put a reef in the bowsprit, and set a smaller jib. By this time it was dark, and we were well down and about the middle of the Gulf. Oilskins, sou'-westers, and sea-boots were now in requisition, as we had every promise of a stormy, uncomfortable night; and before midnight it did blow with a vengeance, compelling us eventually to take in a third reef and put on the spitfire jib. Under this canvas we topped the angry waves like a sea-bird, the spray dashing over and around us, but little solid water coming on board. We made the island before dark the next day, but did not reach American River until nearly midnight. We could have anchored under Point Marsden, but preferred getting in under Ballast Head at once. We were glad enough to get out of the turmoil into smooth water again.

"Next morning we sailed up to the river's mouth, and in company with the hospitable resident went upon a fishing and shooting excursion up this singularly wild and beautiful indent into the island, named American River. By means of the harpoon and lance numbers of stringrays, sharks, &c., were destroyed. Some good edible birds were shot, the places on the island in which the pelicans and seagulls build were explored, and the yacht was reached about sundown, all thoroughly tired, brown as berries, and the less said about costumes the better. We were now nearly at the length of our holiday, so we resolved to clear out on the afternoon's ebb, and anchor for the night under Kangaroo Head, starting homeward at daylight in the morning. The weather by this

time was moderate and fine. Whilst waiting for the tide to turn two of our party went in the boat to catch snapper, and succeeded in doing so. When so engaged an enormous shark appeared close to the boat's gunwale. My two friends possess about as good nerves as most men, but this creature was too much for them. He did not content himself with merely swimming round the boat; he came quietly up with his ugly head and jaw as close as possible to its side, and then after leisurely surveying them, as much as to say 'I shall be ready for you directly,' took a dive under, coming up on the opposite side, giving them a thorough splashing with his huge tail. He repeated this manœuvre a second time to the imminent danger of the occupants, for if his tail had struck the dingey it would have stove in or capsized her. No doubt the smell of the fish caught attracted him. Just as his head disappeared a second time one of the yachtsmen drove a bayonet—always kept on board for emergencies of this kind—into the shark's back up to the hilt. This seemed to madden without frightening him, and the boat's anchor was hoisted on board and a course shaped for the yacht as soon as possible, one or two large snapper being thrown overboard to appease his sharkship. Our friends stated as their opinion this monster was from 18 to 20 feet long and broad in proportion. It was at Kangaroo Island that the shark was caught in the early days whose jaw bones are now to be seen in the British Museum. We succeeded in picking up a comfortable anchorage for the night, and the next morning at daylight saw us underway, homeward bound. We sailed along the beautiful eastern coast, with the wind from south-east. The scenery, as viewed from the deck on a fine morning, all along the coast is lovely in the extreme. That same evening we were each in our respective family circles, ready and willing, and much more fit, to resume the battle of life than when we took our departure."

In 1880 I sold the "Zephyr" to Mr. R. Honey, the present Commodore of the South Australian Yacht Club. I may here mention that she proved herself to be well built, and a safe and comfortable sea-boat. She carried many friends and myself thousands of miles, in all sorts of weather, without the loss of a spar. Speaking from memory, I believe the total number of public and private races in which she took part was thirteen, and that she won eleven of them.

Her new owner soon began a racing career for her again, almost invariably winning; but he put her in racing trim, added more lead to her keel, and increased her sail area. In 1881 she went to Melbourne to compete in the intercolonial race, but the weather and course were altogether in favour of

her more powerful competitors, and she had no show—her old antagonist, the “Edith,” beating her easily on this occasion, showing how the extra power told on a long reach. In returning to Adelaide she was caught in a very heavy southerly gale, and weathered it splendidly. To those unacquainted with the distance between Adelaide and Melbourne, I may say it is 500 miles across the full sweep of the Southern Ocean, in which probably as rough a sea and as heavy a swell can be experienced as in any part of the world, with few accessible harbours on the way. So that to have a race with our Victorian cousins an ocean course of 1,000 miles (there and back) has to be sailed—no light undertaking in a 20-tonner, with racing spars in her. Of late years the “Zephyr” has not been in commission.



CHAPTER VI.

Build me straight, O, worthy master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.—LONGFELLOW.

“THE WANDERER.”

THIS was the name chosen for my third venture in yacht building. As the keel, keelson, stem, and sternpost were placed in position their, to my eyes, enormous size and strength almost frightened me, and I began to speculate on the crew that would be required to sail her safely, for it was evident at a glance that her spars and sails would require handling by a stalwart crew. As soon as her sections were in position I had a very long and earnest contest with her designer and builder—the same Mr. Taylor who designed the “White Cloud” and “Zephyr”—the result being that he, at my request, modified her after-section, and added six feet to her length. (I have always regretted not having insisted on considerably more being added.) Beyond this and one or two other trifling exceptions, the whole credit of her model and the speed she subsequently developed is due to Mr. Taylor. Her construction was watched with the greatest interest, not only by my old friends of the South Australian Yacht Club, but also by sea captains and others trading to Port Adelaide. She was to be ready for the commencement of the 1880-81 season, and speculations were rife as to how she would shape—the diversity of opinions, as usual, being most amusing. My directions were—firstly, safety; secondly, comfort; thirdly, speed. I honestly believe these were tried for, but am not at all sure that her designer did not wish to place No. 3 in place of No. 2. Be that as it may, she was well and faithfully built, and all was promising fairly for the then ensuing season; but having unwisely attempted to do too much, I was compelled to give up trying to do anything, and, for the second time, to resign Parliamentary and Ministerial life; but on this occasion was forced to

take a lengthened rest and cruise to recruit, leaving for England in November, 1880.

During my absence the "Wanderer's" hull was leisurely built, her mast was stepped, and she was launched and partially ballasted, awaiting my return.

The enforced visit gave me the opportunity of seeing some of the famous clippers in the old country, and, not being unmindful of the loyal and kind comrades in Australia, and feeling they would like to participate in the results of such scrutiny, the following paper was prepared and sent to E. W. W., who kindly read it to the members of the S.A. Yacht Club:—

"NOTES ON ENGLISH YACHTS, &C.

"When starting from Australia in search of health I cherished the hope that I might be able to see some of the famous English clippers contesting for prizes. Unfortunately, however, during the yachting season I was too indisposed, and too far away from the sea-coast to witness a single regatta in which any of the celebrities competed. Nevertheless, at Oban, in the Highlands of Scotland; at Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, and at Cowes and Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, I had opportunities of seeing some beautiful craft, both racers and cruisers, and thinking a few notes respecting them might not be uninteresting to members of the S.A. Yacht Club, I send this to be read at one of their meetings. The first British yacht of note that I saw was the now world-renowned 'Sunbeam,' belonging to Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., and rendered famous by Lady Brassey's accounts of her voyages. As almost every one has read 'The Voyage of the Sunbeam' and 'Storm and Sunshine in the East,' by this gifted lady, it would be superfluous for me to attempt to give an elaborate description of this magnificent vessel. It will be sufficient to say that she is an auxiliary screw steamer, rigged as a three-masted schooner; 159 feet long, 27 feet beam, and of 565 tons. The owner is a skilled navigator, having passed all the necessary examinations, obtained a master's certificate, and conducted his floating palace safely through many a wild storm and other dangers of navigation in perilous seas. He was out in her in a very heavy gale of wind that occurred on the English coast a few weeks ago, and I admired the manly tone and sensible advice to yachtsmen given by him in a letter he wrote a day or two after to one of the English newspapers. Amongst other things he deprecated the use of such tremendous spars and heavy spread of canvas as most of the British yachts carry, thus sacrificing safety and comfort to speed. Sir T. Brassey is a type of a class of British yacht-owners that appears to be

increasing — studying and passing the necessary examinations to enable them to take their vessels anywhere. I did not seek to go on board the 'Sunbeam,' as our time was too limited. She was lying at Gibraltar at the time I saw her from the deck of the P. & O. steamer 'Mirzapore,' but I saw enough of her outline to convince me that she is a craft to be proud of. From stem to stern, and from deck to main-truck, she is a sight to gladden the eye of a yachtsman. Doubtless she was, when I saw her, bound to the Mediterranean, where so many of the larger yachts go for the English winter, their owners thus escaping from fogs, cold, wet, and dull leaden skies to the bright and pleasant climate to be found in numerous places on the shores of this well-ploughed sea.* It is astonishing to find what a complete change a thousand miles makes in this respect in northern latitudes.

"Malta, about half way up the Mediterranean, is only a little over 2,000 miles from London, and yet during the intensely severe weather of last winter in England we had scarcely a day there that could be called cold. Gibraltar is not 1,200 miles, and the contrast there is, I believe, almost, if not quite, as great. At Oban, in the Highlands of Scotland, I had a good opportunity of seeing a great number of very fine schooners, steamers, and yawls, the latter rig greatly predominating. Bonnie Scotland! I shall never forget her wild beauty. No wonder yachtsmen rendezvous in the Highland Lochs. The wonder would be if they did not. Of all places on the earth's surface, I can imagine nothing more suited for yachting. The only complaint I heard with reference to these lochs was the great depth of the water rendering anchoring sometimes a difficulty. I counted as many as 23 cruising yachts at one time in the small harbour at Oban, ranging from 300 to 30 tons. I sailed about amongst them taking notes, in a little cutter, with an old Scottish yachtsman for a crew. He was 69 years of age, and yet as active as many men of 40. After we had been out together a time or two it was amusing to see how surprised he was at receiving orders what to do as occasion arose, and when we encountered a fresh breeze and chopping sea, and had to beat to windward in it, taking a little more water aboard than was pleasant, and he saw I knew how to handle his craft as well in foul as in fair weather, we became great friends. To appreciate the pleasure of witnessing the continual arrival and departure of the splendid sea-going yachts that frequent Oban and its surrounding waters, one must see the locality.

* This was written six years before the advent of the "Sunbeam" in Australian waters. The reader who saw her here can judge of its correctness or otherwise.

Oban is called the Charing Cross of the Highlands, because from it you can sail to so many interesting points, and from its position being so central. To describe it would occupy more space than there is to spare in such a paper as this. Suffice it to say that it is far and away the most beautiful spot I have seen on this side of the line. Many English and Scotch yachtsmen send their yachts round here, and join them by rail from Glasgow.

"I do not propose to enter into any minute details respecting the observations I made, because these would be interesting to those only who make the study of a yacht's lines, bearings, and construction a specialty, whereas the bulk of yachtsmen are content to leave these to the builder's judgment. As before remarked, the favorite rig is the "yawls," and fine handy vessels they are; generally of great length, with very long top-masts. Upon these you seldom see a square headed gafftop-sail set; nearly all are jib-headers—as you all know, requiring much less power to send aloft. The yawl gets rid of the heavy main boom of the cutter, with the danger of jibing in a seaway, and of course takes fewer hands to manage her. These are two strong recommendations in her favor, viz., increased safety and lessened expense. I think yawls generally run from 20 to 150 tons; after this size the schooner and steamer seem to be preferred. They are of course all kept in apple-pie order, and some of their fittings are extremely rich, in fact the money spent on these must be enormous; but I cared little for the luxurious part, preferring to observe the sea-going qualities, and any new mode of rigging, &c. They seemed to possess very great stability with their lead keels and ballast, but I did not think as a rule they cared to face bad weather. Doubtless it does blow with a will here sometimes, but the weather usually in the summer is not so very boisterous. It was, however, exceptionally bad during the past season. The yawls generally sit very gracefully on the water, a little but not much by the stern, and not very much sheer. The owner's armorial bearings are placed under the taffrail, and a gilt cable is a not uncommon decoration around the hull. The larger ones often have steam dingees, with beautiful little engines in them. These boats travel at a great rate, and are used principally for landing when it is necessary or thought advisable to keep a good offing. The dingees are seldom painted, but kept bright with varnish. The yachts are almost invariably painted black. Wire rigging is of course universally used. The burgee is always flown, and where the club is a Royal one there is a crown in its centre. The men's usual dress is a tight-fitting blue guernsey, on the breast of which is the name of the yacht, and underneath are the initial letters

of the club to which she belongs; a red nightcap or bonnet-rouge and blue serge trousers complete the costume. Sometimes a neat straw hat is worn instead of the bonnet-rouge. The men belonging to any yacht of the R.Y. squadron are similarly dressed to men-of-war's men. The blue ensign is very general, and the yachting signals as shown in Hunt and Co.'s yacht-list are very perfect. I watched with interest the speed of these vessels. The yawls off the wind seemed very fast, and made no fuss or noise going through the water, but I was not particularly struck with their progress to windward. Their sails are simply perfection, and fit like a lady's glove, just as my friend, Mr. Russell, likes to see them fit. Although the yawls I saw at Oban (all cruisers, as before stated) did not appear particularly weatherly, some of the racing craft of this rig are, it seems, wonderfully so—in many instances even beating the cutters. But my love for, and faith in, the latter rig has not been in the slightest degree diminished by anything I have seen in the old country. The steam yachts are superb specimens of marine architecture, and of course fitted with every luxury wealth can command. They are generally of great length, built of iron, and either schooner or three-masted schooner rig. I saw none with square yards on the main and mizen masts. Ranging from about the size of the 'Aldinga' down to the tiny launch, their engines are marvels of power and beauty combined. But spite of all the advantages a steamer confers upon those who desire to take long cruises with limited time at their disposal, I do not like them. The intense satisfaction felt by those accustomed to overcome wind and waves by handling the sailing craft is unknown to the steam yachtsman. The latter, however, will tell you that sailing yachts, like sailing ships, are now simply 'relics of barbarism.' If so I hope, like other relics, they will last a long time yet. Whilst at Oban I had several fishing excursions in the little cutter I have spoken about, and in one or two instances succeeded in catching several whiting and cod. The whiting of Britain are far inferior to ours, but I do not think we have any fish to equal their salmon trout, salmon, turbot, and sole. The mackerel is also a much finer fish than ours, and a Loch-Fine herring is by no means to be despised.

“From Oban I went to Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, overhauling the River Clyde and the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh on the way. The latter is the most beautiful city I saw on this side the line. I left Scotland with regret. The Highland air did us all good, and the wild grandeur of the scenes we had been amongst is indelibly impressed upon our memories. At Weymouth I had sailing and fishing almost every day, thanks to the kindness of a fellow-yachtsman. My friend possesses

two small craft, one suitable for a breeze, the other for finer weather. Unfortunately I just missed the regatta here, but had the pleasure of thoroughly overhauling the celebrated ten-tonner, 'Buttercup,' designed by her owner, Mr. Hewett; built in 1880 by Trew, Laphorne's sails. Although only ten tons yachting measurement she is upwards of 42 feet long, with seven-feet-four beam. Many of the twenty-tonners cannot look the way she goes. Nothing of her class can touch her at present in fair weather or foul; but she is no beauty to look at. Although cutter-rigged she has a schooner's bow (extremely like what I remember of Mr. Jagoe's steam-launch 'Derwent'). Her spars are tremendous, and with a corresponding quantity of lead on her keel and inside, she spreads an enormous quantity of canvas. She never hurries at the start, as she can afford to let everything get away and yet overtake and pass them. They say she is an excellent seaboard. She sits upon the water slightly by the stern; you see she is a flyer at once, but totally different in appearance to the usual ones. It is, however, absurd to class her as ten tons; her power is nearer double that; still she complies strictly with the measurement rule, I believe. How the men manage to stand upon her deck in a breeze is a mystery. She has created a great flutter amongst yachtsmen generally. To give an idea of her wonderful speed I need only mention that she unmercifully thrashed the two boats that beat the celebrated ten-tonner 'Madge.' The latter yacht is now in America, where she has been winning everything before her. To hold their own in this class the Americans will have to build some vessel a long way faster than the 'Madge' if they should encounter the 'Buttercup.'

"At Weymouth I also saw the finest yawl in Great Britain, the fastest of this rig yet built, wresting prizes from some of the best cutters. I refer to the celebrated 'Latona.' She won fifteen prizes during the past season. She is 95 feet 7 inches long by 20 feet 3 inches beam, measuring 160 tons. She was built in 1875 by J. White, of Cowes. I saw and conversed with Mr. White about her, but he thinks the 'Florinda,' if properly sparred, ballasted, and handled, is the faster of the two. I had his permission to make this opinion public. The old seadog that pilots the 'Latona,' when sailing at Weymouth, told me her speed in light weather is something marvellous, and that her stability and power in a breeze are equally so. I remember how I wished the members of the South Australian Yacht Club could see her. She is a picture of nautical skill, and her owner is justly proud of her. When taking a run across to the Portland breakwater one day I had the opportunity of seeing the beautiful schooner 'Enchantress' of 406 tons. She is also a

racing craft, I believe originally from America, but now owned by an Englishman. She has not been very successful. I never saw such spars in a vessel before; and from her long, low, raking appearance I imagine she carries a heavy lot of ballast. She is the most powerful-looking racing craft I saw, and as beautiful as she is powerful. From Weymouth we went to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, arriving there during the town regatta. There were no yachts of note taking part in this, but the pulling races were very good, one arrangement in which struck me as being excellent. Each boat on starting had its own buoy or post, with its distinctive flag on, to start from, and a similar buoy or post to round—all of course being parallel and equidistant. The crews had to pull round these four times, the result being that the spectators saw everything from start to finish, and the boats had a clear course with no possibility of fouling, and nothing to embarrass them at the rounding buoys. I thought this plan might be introduced with great advantage at the Port Adelaide regattas. There was great fun over a race amongst the men-of-wars' and training-ships' boats, with their numerous crews, and they did pull with a will. Whilst at Ryde I paid a visit to Cowes and saw Mr. White, the celebrated yachtbuilder. At the time of my visit he had the much-talked-of cutter 'Vol-au-Vent' on his slip repairing. She was built in 1875 by Ratsey (whose business the Messrs. White now have), is 81 feet 8 inches in length by 17 feet 4 inches in breadth, and measures 104 tons. She has had a most successful career as a racer. I was very pleased to have this opportunity of seeing the lines and hull of a clipper out of water. Their heels and overhang are a caution, and so is the quantity of lead on the keel. I was told that the new cutter 'Samœna,' of 90 tons, built last year, has 40 tons of lead on her keel. I tried unsuccessfully to see her and to ascertain the correctness or otherwise of this astounding statement, but was unable to do so. The 'Samœna' has surpassed anything ever yet done by any yacht in a single racing season, having won 23 prizes of the value of £1,410.

"I had many interesting hints from Mr. White, who was courteous and kind. He knew nothing of our Kauri or Huon pine, or the West Australian jarrah. I promised him to try and send a plank or two of the pines, and will strive to do so on my return. I was rather amused at having a subscription list for a local object presented to me as I was about to bid him good-bye; such things are not uncommon in South Australia. At Portsmouth I saw the Queen's and the Prince of Wales' yachts; the Royal yacht of preceding reigns; the Victory, Lord Nelson's grand old ship; the Inflexible, the largest ironclad in the British navy; and various other inter-

esting specimens of past and present naval architecture, each of which would be sufficient to form a subject for a separate paper, but I fear this has already become too lengthy. At another time I may give you some of my notes respecting them if you desire it. In conclusion I wish the Club a most successful and pleasant season."



CHAPTER VII.

How gallantly, how merrily we ride along the sea,
The morning is all sunshine, and the wind is blowing free,
The billows all are sparkling and bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running bright.

—THE ADMIRAL.

HOMeward BOUND.

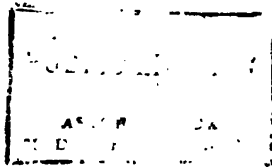
WE left England in November, 1881, and in order to avoid the heat of the Australian summer, determined to have a look at China, Japan, and part of America. Branching off at Ceylon we took steamer for Penang, thence to Singapore, thence to Hongkong, from there to Shanghai, thence to Nagasaki (Japan), thence through the beautiful Inland Sea—one of the wonders of the world—to Kobe, and from there to Yokohama. After a somewhat prolonged stay at this most interesting place we crossed the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco and returned *via* Honolulu, New Zealand, Sydney, and Melbourne. The account of our trip appears later on. We reached Adelaide on the 27th April, 1882, and the welcome given to their Commodore by the S.A. Yacht Club will never be forgotten. Turning out in their craft on such a night as it was in such numbers was a proof of regard for which any man might well be grateful.

Omitting the last stanza, which refers to me and mine in such warm-hearted terms, I extract a poetic account of the event as published in one of the local papers a few days afterwards. The writer signed himself "Roy," and must evidently have been amongst one of the crews. It records the names of the yachts that took part in the demonstration, and is therefore inserted here.

Through the shadows and mists we sped on our way,
Past lighthouse, and jetty, and fort, to the Bay ;
Each yacht flitted by like a fairy-winged sprite,
In the gathering gloom of a cloud-curtained night,
While the crews sang refrain in answering play
To the winds and the waves in their mad roundelay.
And who but a yachtsman can tell the wild glee

Of the mystical tunes of the wind and the sea.
 Anon, like a sentinel, peers through the night
 The winking and beckoning Bay jetty light.
 And we steered for a berth, and anchored and lay,
 Awaiting the morn in the bight of the Bay.
 Nor long did we wait ere the curtains were drawn,
 And the "Indus" loomed up in the grey of the dawn.
 Then Honey on board the bright "Zephyr" displayed
 The signal, "Make ready," and all ready we made.
 Our mainsails we hoisted, our anchors hove short,
 Our bunting flung out, the cool breezes to court.
 Like falcons awaiting the signal for flight
 Lay the gaily dressed yachts in the Orient light—
 A picture of beauty, of health, skill, and pride,
 Hung out as a welcome upon the blue tide.
 Meanwile to the "Zephyr" our Commodore hies,
 And "Underway all" is the signal that flies.
 Then gracefully round, while the land breezes play,
 Cants the "Vivid," and Russell is leading the way,
 While Dyer the "Ada" steers close in his wake,
 And Woolnough the "Banshee" does after him take;
 Next "Philly," and "Iris," "Trio," "Mischief," and "Cloud,"
 With "Haidee," press forward; and hearty and loud
 As each yacht round the stem of the trim "Zephyr" steers
 The brave British welcome of good British cheers.

In the early part of 1883 the "Wanderer" was ready for cruising. Her dimensions are—Length over all, 64 feet; between perpendiculars, 56 feet 4 inches; beam, 14 feet 8 inches; draught, 10 feet 10 inches (aft); 48 or 49 tons R.T.Y.C. measurement. Her mast is 50 feet from deck to hounds, top-mast to hounds 30 feet, main boom 49 feet, gaff 36 feet, and her bowsprit outside of stem-head is 27 feet; area of canvas in mainsail, about 1,400 square feet; ballast, five tons lead on keel, remainder lead and pig iron inside. She was built of the following materials:—Keel, keelson, stem, and stern post, West Australian jarrah; timbers, American rock elm; decks, Kauri pine; red pine top-sides; Oregon spars; skylight, companion, &c., teak. All her standing and running gear, sails, &c., were supplied to the contractor by Laphorne, from drawings of the cutter's hoist, &c., he sent to England. She had good freeboard, a fine entrance, and a fairly clean run, and appeared what she proved to be, a very powerful craft. With the beam and dimensions named she could not look so finely proportioned as the ordinary English cutter of the present day. Nor had her designer the gift of neatness in finish that some possess, but once see any of his craft out of the water then his genius was perceptible. Like Mr. Burgess, the builder of the American yachts "Puritan" and "Mayflower," that vanquished the English clippers, Taylor cared nothing for the outward look of the hull above water. He had his own notions, and was





KIRTON POINT, BOSTON BAY.

continually experimenting with small models. Every Portonian will remember the tiny "White Squall" that his nephew used to sail about the river, and her great speed and stability. Often he has with his broad Scotch accent said to me, "The Englishmen are all wrang," and he struck out a course for himself, much more in accordance with the American idea for speed. Not that he believed in the centre board, or ever adopted it. His success with the "Xanthe," "White Cloud," "Zephyr," "Banshee," "Wanderer," and "Ada" (a four-tonner he constructed when the "Wanderer" was building, now the fastest boat of her size on the river I believe), and the victorious little "Leander," with which her late owner, Vice-Commodore Randall, has so often won trophies, all testify to his genius.

Poor Taylor, he too has joined the great majority, but he lived to see his last effort (the "Wanderer") obtain a record of eleven knots an hour, and he was justly proud of his handy-work. He died between four and five years ago.

As soon as the yacht's ballast trim was ascertained more extended cruising was the order of the day. With such a craft the swell and storms of the Southern Ocean were not so much thought of, and trips to Port Lincoln became more frequent. I do not propose to go over these in detail, as they would scarcely prove interesting for the reasons previously given; but there were a few incidents that occurred in them that may justify extracting from the log.

We were at anchor off the jetty at Port Lincoln, and the E. W. W. so often referred to and myself had just come on deck, when our attention was arrested by a desperate struggle for life that was going on in the air astern of the yacht. A sparrow-hawk was striving to catch a poor little swallow, and at every swoop it seemed impossible for the latter to escape. When we first saw them they were, say 150 to 200 yards away. Each time the enraged hawk missed his prey he flew up above the swallow, and having attained sufficient altitude, swooped down, only to be again most cleverly foiled, and at each miss the swallow lessened the distance between the yacht and himself. Soon all hands on board were watching the contest, their sympathies, as may be imagined, having been strongly aroused for the gentle little swallow. Had he attempted a straight course the hawk would have had him in a moment. Instead of this he kept up a flight motion just like that of a child upon a swing, only, as before stated, each time he approached nearer to us. This he continued until nearly above us, when he gave a sudden dart down to our deck, and lit on the bulwarks, right in our midst. One can hardly imagine more touching confidence in man's protection being

manifested by any wild creature. The hawk did not venture to follow, but he coolly perched on the topmast truck, and watched the poor bird. I sang out for my gun, but before it could be put together the hawk flew away. The swallow remained for a long time on the bulwarks. He had evidently been struck, as there was blood on his breast. When he first settled he was panting and exhausted, but after his rest, apparently satisfied that his enemy was gone, he flew away, to all appearance little injured. It was, of course, folly to be angry with the hawk, as he was seeking his daily sustenance, and had as much right to obtain it in this way, at the expense of life, as mankind has to partake of food that is slaughtered for his consumption. This continual sacrifice in air, in sea, and on land is an incomprehensible enigma.

The manner in which the funny tribe prey on each other is most observable from the deck of a vessel. Many an hour have I sat watching and reflecting upon such manifestations.

We had dirty weather off the Althorpes on our return trip, and a whale bird flew on board. A pretty bird it was. It made itself quite at home on deck until the following morning, then coolly flew on to the bulwarks, dropped quietly overboard and floated away to leeward.

I had an exceedingly narrow escape of being drowned this cruise. In a paper subsequently read to the Yacht Club by one of my companions, E. W. W., containing a record of the whole trip, the following description of this event occurs. I may say that when I was pitched over the boat's side there was nothing but water visible. My weight and height must have saved me, as part of my body was caught by the bulwarks of the yacht as she gave the return lurch just in time to send me into the boat which was being carried on deck, resting on her keel, securely lashed. E. W. W. says:—"It was a glorious moonlight night and it was a very pretty sight to see our beautiful craft, with quite a hill of water on either side of her, bowling along, doing her eleven knots an hour and taking nothing but spray on board. Here we had a great fright, as we very much feared for a moment that one of our number was in imminent danger of losing the number of his mess, and in reality so he was. It happened in this wise:—The owner had been at the tiller from the moment of our start from Stansbury, and it was not till late at night that he gave it up to the master. Wearied and stiff with the exertion of steering the craft through such a heavy sea, and wearing an ulster and sea boots, it may be readily believed that he was not disposed to be very active, but more inclined for rest. He went amidships and sat on the skylight for a time, but the spray drove him from that. He then went aft and was standing by the dingey, which was on

deck between the starboard rail and the skylight with a cant to starboard, when the yacht was lifted suddenly by a heavy sea on the weather side, and he was capsized into (it should have been 'over') the boat and rolled down to leeward. To use a common expression, 'our hearts were in our mouths,' as we felt certain that he must go overboard, and had he done so, with such a sea on, saving our friend would have been very problematical. Fortunately, however, the boat canted the other way just as he reached the lee rail, and our friend was saved."

I may add that as it was dark, with a very good imitation of a gale of wind blowing, and with such sea there was not a shadow of a chance of rescue, even if I could have kept afloat. The master dared not have jibed, and by the time she stayed she would have been hundreds of yards away at the rate she was going. Of course the whole thing was the work of a few minutes, and I had scarcely time to realise the danger until it was past. It frightened my friends more than myself in consequence, but it was undoubtedly a narrow shave. Although imitation is the sincerest flattery I really was not trying to follow E. W. W.'s example—in the falling overboard line, I mean.

An incident happened whilst we were at anchor in Spalding Cove, Port Lincoln, which is inserted by way of warning, and in order to advise others how to avoid possible danger. Most yachtsmen will remember the sad fate of the owner, his wife, and daughter, and several hands of the large American schooner-yacht, "Mohawk," a few years ago, when lying at anchor with all sails set and the sheets fast. I think it was in New York harbour. She completely turned turtle in a sudden squall, and drowned the persons mentioned. A danger of no mean order in mere beamy vessels, when mainly relying on their breadth, and initial stability for safety.

The "Wanderer," with reefed mainsail, was anchored near the southern shore of the Cove, where we had been for some time fishing from her deck. It was blowing strongly from the south-east—the most puffy, uncertain, and dangerously squally wind we have on the South Australian coast. We were in the saloon at lunch, when, without a moment's warning, there was a noise like the roar of a hurricane, the vessel was heeled to such an angle that the contents of the table were sent into the laps of those on the lee side, and then we heard the report of a spar carried away, and the vessel righted. As soon as we could scramble up on deck—expecting to find either the mast or main boom gone—we saw that the kevel on the port side, a stout and thick piece of red gum (to which the mainboom had been fastened by a double purchase to keep it steady) had

been snapped clean off. The pressure to have done this must have been something phenomenal; its so breaking probably saved the boom or the mast. The yacht dipped about two planks of her deck in the water. Had she not been exceedingly stiff she would have gone over to the skylight. This sudden danger arose from a fierce whirlwind, so common in south-east weather, and so difficult to deal with, even when under way. I received an ugly blow on the head and was knocked over once in the Port River by the "Xanthe's" mainboom in one of these dangerous and curious cyclonic (on a small scale) puffs. A ketch in ballast on the other side of the river seeing her struck had just time to strip off her canvas and thus avoid difficulty.

My strong advice to young yachtsmen is when at anchor with aftersails set in squally weather, and invariably so in south-east winds—lower away your topsail and scandalise your mainsail. With the tack of the mainsail well up and the peak well down there is little danger. Of course this means that the sail must not be laced to the boom, and I think anyone cruising in a cutter of any size with a laced sail does a foolish thing. I tried it, and nothing would induce me to do so again. When the lacing was removed and we got into a heavy jump of a sea, the main boom carried away just abaft the iron band and close to the topping lift. Doubtless the leverage is greater and the strain less distributed and more upon the topping lifts and outer end of the boom on an unlaced spar, and it may consequently be necessary to have it of a little extra stoutness, but the speedy way in which the pressure on a mainsail can be lessened by the use of the tack undoubtedly renders the unlaced sail by far the safest and handiest for cruising. I do not say a racing vessel would not hold a better wind with it fastened. The Americans are, I believe, very partial to the laced sail.

During the 1884 Easter holidays we took a cruise in Gulf St. Vincent. Amongst other companions on board were E. W. W. and A. P. H. We had anchored at Edithburg, but the glass falling and the weather looking unsettled we determined to seek Oyster Bay for the night, which is a well-sheltered anchorage. Soon after clearing out the wind came in fair from the south-east, but light. As the sun began to descend we noticed lightning from various points of the compass, but none of us suspected there was anything vicious brewing; but, as usual in thundery weather, when night fell, the topsail was taken off the yacht, jibs shifted, and topmast housed, and I was about to take in a couple of reefs also, but was persuaded to carry on the full mainsail for awhile, as we wanted all the sail we had on to pick up the beacons before dark, and of course so

long as the wind continued in the fine-weather quarter where it was we had not the slightest reason to apprehend danger. We had passed Wool Bay, and were not far from the southern end of the shallow sandspit that assists to form the harbour of Oyster Bay. By this time it was almost dark. None of us noticed the gathering clouds under our lee. The lightning was incessant in the east, north-east, north-west, and south-west; but it did not appear to anyone of us much worse in one quarter than another. Suddenly the breeze from the south-east ceased—so suddenly that I knew the necessity of preparing to meet something unusual, so gave the order to lower away the staysail and to stand by to take in two reefs in one on the mainsail. A terrific blaze of electricity with the following crash in the 'south-west made me look under the main boom, and for a moment a feeling of dread at what I saw came over me—it was but a momentary feeling. The next instant I realised that on my self-command might depend the lives of those on board, and in another second had fully determined what to do. The yacht was without steerage way, her head about north-west. Every sailor knows the danger of a vessel being struck by a squall when she is stationary. It is far and away more hazardous than when underway, and you have full command of her with the tiller, for then you can generally either luff her into it, and reduce the canvas, or put her before it, in jib, up tack, lower away peak, and scandalise the mainsail; but our vessel was becalmed, and we were powerless to escape, being struck full abeam, with no time to lessen sail. The reader must bear in mind that right under our lee when so struck was a dangerous sandspit, making it unsafe to keep away. I bitterly regretted not having held to my original intention of taking in a couple of reefs. The tack could not be hoisted, as the mainsail was laced to the boom. This night's experience proved a useful lesson in this respect. No more lacing to the boom for me. The sight referred to just now was one that would have startled any mariner. Within a few hundred yards of where we were lying helpless was what appeared to be a solid wall of white water coming down upon us, accompanied by a hissing and roaring like the noise of a number of engines letting off steam. There was just time to give two orders, when it was on us. The rain came first, like a deluge—not a man of us but was wet through at once—and the lightning was blinding. About three feet of the throat halliards were down, when a fierce blast from about W.S.W. sent the yacht heeling to starboard. I had E. W. W. at the main-sheet, and roared out to him to clear off the spare turns ready for running clear, but to hold as for his bare life, unless ordered to let go. Poor old chap, he behaved capitally—only instead of falling overboard he fell

into the sail-locker in his zeal, and nearly broke one of his legs. I was determined to get the yacht to the wind, if possible, being afraid to keep away because of the sandspit, but felt by no means sure she would not be thrown on her beam ends. There was no appreciable time after the rain before the wind struck her. Her boom flew over, her mainsail bellied out to leeward, and she careened until her bulwarks and three planks of her decks were submerged. We then realised to the full the truth of the description in the following lines from "The Wreck of the Hesperus":—

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength,
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

We rejoiced to find that when she gathered way she careened no further. As soon as possible I put the helm down, but although it was hard down, she would not come to the wind, and was still tearing through the water. All hands, except myself and E. W. W., were ranged along the main boom striving to get the sail in board, which would have been easy enough as soon as it lifted if the vessel could have been brought to the wind, but they were powerless otherwise. It was dark, and each flash of lightning showed their dripping forms, all impatiently waiting for the order to haul away; but the squall passed almost as quickly as it arose, and it was not long before the yacht was on a level keel again. Then for the first time we found out what had prevented her coming fully to the wind. The jib sheet had fouled on the port side, and of course the jib, being partly to windward, acted as a counterpoise to the mainsail, and the vessel was thus locked as it were. The fierceness of this storm may be gathered from the fact that immediately the wind ceased, the sea—which had been partially kept down by its strength—literally boiled over the yacht's bulwarks, as if she were in a bad tide rip. All hands behaved admirably, and every one on board was delighted with the stability the yacht had shown. We had no further bad weather, and reached Oyster Bay and anchored for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Farewell, my trim cruiser, I'm in seeming untrue,
'Tis by fate and its factors I'm parted from you;
I'll omen thy naming, thou hast "Wandered" from me,
And another thy beauty and swiftness shall see.—G. M.

As before mentioned, the "Wanderer" proved to be an exceedingly fast vessel. On one occasion, accompanied by a young friend, who now flies the S.A. Yacht Club's burgee in a pretty little craft, of which he is one of the owners, I sailed her from the Semaphore Jetty to Black Point—a distance of nearly 32 knots in two hours and 58 minutes. The time was taken as she swung from her moorings, viz.:—1.23 p.m.; at 4.21 p.m. we passed the beacon at the Point. For the first two hours she did exactly 22 knots by the patent log. It was blowing very hard from the south-east—that is on our port beam, or rather just abaft the beam. It had been blowing strongly from the same quarter during the preceding day and night, consequently the further we got across the worse the sea became. I don't think I ever saw a higher one so far up the Gulf. Unfortunately we started under wrong canvas, carrying a full mainsail and the second jib, consequently when one of the heavy topplers came up on her quarter, and forced her head up to the wind, she had not sufficient head sail to counteract her powerful mainsail, and careful steering was therefore very necessary. I did not wish to lower the peak or otherwise reduce the strain on the mainsail, because we were travelling very fast and wanted to see in what time she would do the distance. Had we been racing we could undoubtedly have carried a jib-headed gaff topsail and the large jib; I am not sure that she would not have stood the balloonier, or a spinaker.

At the expiration of the first two hours Geo. Perry, the man then in charge of her, came to haul in the log. He got the time from me, and in taking out my watch one hand had to be employed, and of course attention was taken from the steering, the result being that the yacht came up some points, and a heavier lurch than usual made me awake to the

fact. I tried to get the watch back into my pocket again without avail. Just at that moment the man called out, "Twenty-two knots, sir, exactly." Looking over my shoulder I saw a heavy sea coming. This was negotiated without mishap; so was the following one, but, unfortunately, owing to the little head sail, she did not pay off in time for the third—a tremendous toppler. I saw we were bound to have some of this, and singing out to all on deck to hold on to something, wound the tiller-rope round my right arm, having the tiller hard up and turning my face to the sea, grasped with both hands the wire life line that runs through stanchions above the bulwarks. One of the men on deck ran up the weather rigging, and the other up the hoops around the mast, whilst my young friend laid himself at his full length along the top of the skylight, and held on with all his might. Over it came; my feet were washed from under me, and I thought my arms were torn from their sockets. For the moment it seemed as if we were gone. It is impossible to guess the weight of water that fell on her decks. The wave rose far above my head. The height of the bulwarks broke its weight a good deal from the skylight, and my friend retained his hold, but like myself, he was buried in water. The two men, in consequence of their altitude, escaped with but a slight, if any, drenching. As soon as the water was out of my eyes another danger had to be provided against. The helm being hard up, as before described, was greatly assisted by this heavy sea as it receded, and the vessel's head was so far off by the time I could get the tiller line clear from my arm that we were almost running by the lee, with a possible jibe in prospect. I don't like to think of what might have happened had this occurred. Fortunately it did not do so. Clearing my arm and star-boarding the tiller, the yacht was soon on her course again. It is superfluous to say that no one "interfered with the man at the helm" again during the remainder of that cruise. It was a piece of very bad steering, supplementing the equally bad judgment shown by the sail we were carrying. "Broaching to" is not a pleasant sensation in a dangerous sea at any time.

A singular incident occurred whilst we were at anchor in the bay at Black Point this season. The yacht was lying at least three-quarters of a mile from the land. I was reading in the cabin, when Geo. Perry came to the companion way and said they had just caught an eel that was swimming round the vessel. On reaching the deck and looking into the bucket where the so-called eel was, I immediately recognised one of Australia's dangerous snakes—the whip snake—between three and four feet long. This discovery rather startled those who had been treating the reptile as a harmless fish. Having a can

of methylated spirits on board, we got another bucket, filled it half full with the spirit, and with the boat's sculls we lifted his snakeship into it. No sooner was he in than he was out again, and he gave us a lively quarter of an hour before we finally secured him in a large-mouthed glass bottle for the Museum, to which he was duly forwarded with a memorandum as to the circumstances under which he was captured. To this day it has been an enigma to me whence the snake came. If it were brought on board in the mallee wood—which was cut in short lengths before it was purchased—it must have either gone up the iron ladder at the fore hatch, or through the cabin and up the companion steps, and then overboard. Of course this is possible, but not probable. Or it may have taken to the water to avoid a bush fire that had been raging on shore, and seeing a possible resting place, made for the yacht; or it may be that a hawk had seized and dropped it in the sea; but there was not a scratch on it. It is of course well known that snakes take readily to fresh water, but I never heard of a land snake being secured so far from the shore as we were. I have been told that in some parts of the China seas the water snake—also poisonous—climbs up the chain cables, and enters through the hawse pipes of ships at anchor. Whether this is true or not I am unable to vouch.

On the day after Christmas, 1885, accompanied by two friends, I started from the Semaphore jetty shortly after 6 a.m., with the wind S. East and a fine all-sail breeze. At 2 p.m. we were at anchor, everything furled, and sitting down to our lunch, at Kingscote (Queenscliffe), Kangaroo Island, notwithstanding we had to make two tacks before we got into the bay, the wind for a time hauling to the S.W. just as we reached the Island. If anyone will take the trouble to measure this distance on the chart, and allowing for say three knots to windward which I took, thinking, if possible, the wind would haul to the south as the day advanced, and bearing in mind that it is nearly three miles round the spit to get into Queenscliffe, I think they will find that the yacht's average was over 10 knots the whole distance.

The "Wanderer" only ran one public race in South Australia, that was in 1884. Much against my will she was entered to compete against my old pet, the "Zephyr," and the "Enchantress." The course was 30 miles. Only half the distance was sailed, by which time the "Wanderer" was 58 minutes ahead of the "Zephyr." The "Enchantress" carried away her crosstrees and gave up. It was a race that afforded me little pleasure, for although bound to do my best I did not wish to beat the little craft that had carried the Club's colors to the fore so often. It was like

turning one's back upon an old and tried friend. The race, however, served to open the eyes of many yachtsmen to the "Wanderer's" speed.

In 1884 I resigned the Commodoreship, and in 1886 sold the "Wanderer" to Rear-Commodore H. P. Fergie of the Royal Victorian Yacht Club, who now owns her. She was taken round to Melbourne by Capt. Weir (of the "Ariel" steamer) and a crew of Port Adelaide men, with the new owner's intended master on board, and made the fine passage of 46 hours to Cape Otway, 53 hours to the Heads—a distance of something like 470 knots I believe, or an average of nearly 9 knots the whole way. I subsequently received the following telegram from Mr. Fergie—"Wanderer" arrived Williamstown from Queenscliffe after extraordinary passage of two hours 53 minutes—distance, 32 knots." Of course if this distance is correct it beats the fastest record I ever logged by six minutes, my absolutely certain records being, by log, 22 knots in two hours; by distance, 32 in two hours 58 minutes.

Accompanied by a very old and sincere yachting friend at Port Adelaide I went down the river in the "Wanderer" to see the last of her. What my feelings at parting with her were I do not care to express. But, for the sake of the yachting interest of the colony, I sincerely regret that she had to go from here. If anyone will take the trouble to turn to page 640 of Dixon Kemp's Manual of Yacht and Boat sailing, under the head of speed of yachts (1886 edition), he will find that no English yacht of 40 tons has yet been proved to have exceeded ten knots per hour. The "Wanderer" is of course eight or nine tons larger than this. She has done eleven knots, consequently she is a very fast boat and one of which we might well feel proud.

The following is the log of her passage round, kept by George Perry, who acted as mate this trip:—

"July 2nd, 1886, started from Bell Buoy (off Semaphore) at 1 p.m., with second jib, staysail, and mainsail set. Soon as possible we set the balloon gaff-topsail. 2.30 p.m. set square-sail (wind N.N.E., light); wind hauling to the east, took it in again at 4.30 p.m. At 6 p.m. arranged watches, Captain Weir taking the first, and George Perry the mate's. At 8.20 p.m. Cape Jervis light abeam. Wind baffling and squally. At 8.40 p.m. took in the balloon topsail. At 9.53 p.m. Cape Wiloughby light abeam. Wind freshening, with squalls, hauled the tack of the mainsail up, and took the staysail off her. 11 p.m., wind fresh and steady, set it again, and down tack. Average speed by patent log, $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

"July 3rd.—7.30 a.m. set jib-headed topsail; wind falling, light. 9.15, breeze freshening, took it in. 10 a.m., 105 miles

by patent log from Cape Willoughby. At 11 a.m. hauled the tack of the mainsail up. 1 p.m., 24 hours from Bell Buoy; distance run 197 knots. At 1.30 p.m. down tack; set jib-header. Average speed now, 10 knots. At 4.45 p.m. Cape Banks abeam. At 5.15 p.m. Cape Northumberland light in sight. Wind freshening, with a heavy south-westerly swell; took in jib-header. At 6.30 p.m. took two reefs in the mainsail. Average speed, 10 knots. At 10.45 p.m. Cape Nelson light abeam.

“July 4th.—7.30 a.m. shook out reefs, but at 9.30 a.m. had to take them in again, the wind freshening, and the westerly swell being so heavy. At 10.50 a.m. abreast of Cape Otway (45 hours and 50 minutes exactly from the Bell Buoy). Hoisted signal B.Q.C. (report us all well) and set the South Australian Yacht Club ensign. Wind falling light, set stay-sail, and shook out reefs in mainsail at 3.15 p.m. Distance to Port Phillip Heads, 23 miles. Desiring to take it easy, to go in with the making tide through the Rip, lessened canvas. Went easy, and at 6 p.m. hove to outside Heads, awaiting the turn of the tide; 53 hours from Bell Buoy. At 10 p.m. made sail, and fetched the anchorage at Queenscliffe, close hauled, in one tack, at 11.15 p.m.

“July 6th.—Rear-Commodore Fergie, Royal Victorian Yacht Club, came on board with some ladies and some yachting gentlemen. At 11.30 a.m. left Queenscliffe for Williamstown (distance, 32 miles). Anchored off the Yacht Club sheds at 2.23 p.m. Time, 2 hours and 53 minutes.”

The advent of the “Wanderer” in Victorian waters naturally called forth criticism. In every instance but one this was fair and generous. The exception was an article by “Mainstay” in the Melbourne *Leader* of the 24th July, 1886. The article referred to—which is not confined to criticism of the vessel only—is written in a spirit foreign to that generally manifested towards, or amongst, yachtsmen. At the time an angry and contemptuous reply was contemplated, but, I am glad to say, abandoned.

It will, probably, be generally admitted that it is scarcely in good taste to directly, or indirectly, imply a want of veracity, or an absence of knowledge of how a vessel should be sailed or ballasted, in the yachtsmen of another colony, without waiting to see whether their statements will be verified, or their judgment or opinions sustained.

Any one curious enough to read the article referred to will probably come to the conclusion that the “Wanderer’s” virtually neck and neck finish with the “Janet,” in her first race with the latter, furnishes the best answer to, and commentary on, such article.

As yet she has run but the one race referred to in Victorian waters, and that one was sailed under cruising canvas, against the "Janet" (33 tons) and "Secret" (22 tons); this was on the 21st of April last (1888). In the Melbourne *Argus*, on the 23rd of that month, it is stated to have been one of the finest contests ever witnessed in Port Phillip. The finish is described as follows:—"In rounding the mark off Brighton only 30 seconds separated them (the 'Janet' and the 'Wanderer'), the 'Janet' still keeping the lead. Jib-headed topsails were again sent up, and the greatest excitement ensued amongst those watching the race, for the 'Wanderer' steadily gained, and as they approached the winning line it was thought she would be first across, but the 'Janet' succeeded in just saving a dead heat by about three feet of her bowsprit. The 'Secret' was rather badly beaten by nearly 17 minutes (less her time allowance of seven minutes 30 seconds). 'Janet' was sailed by R. G. Banner as usual, the 'Wanderer' by her new sailing master, S. Brestin, while the 'Secret' was in the hands of her owner, Mr. W. R. Virgoe. All the yachts were well handled, the 'Wanderer' being better sailed in the second round than in the first, and no doubt more will be got out of her as her Captain becomes better acquainted with her, and in a course more favourable to her strong points."

Not having witnessed the race, I am of course unable to criticise it, but it must be borne in mind that the "Janet" and "Secret" have been racing for years, and are properly ballasted for this purpose, whereas the "Wanderer" has but five tons of lead on her keel, and carries the great bulk of her ballast (pig iron) well up. If double or treble the weight was put on the keel, and lead put inside instead of iron, and her canvas proportionately increased, she would be a much more dangerous rival of the two successful and fine craft she was racing against on the 21st of April last.

CHAPTER IX.

Was not the sea
Made for the free ?
Land for Courts, and chains alone ;
Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot and all heaven around us.—MOORE.

THE "PASTIME."

The fourth and last yacht built for me was so named. After the "Wanderer's" departure I thought to give up yachting, in the first feeling of disappointment at having to part with her, but the old love for salt water was too strong, so had to get something within my means to be on it again.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,

is the one for me—with variations, of course, and with not too much of the "rolling" element; and when the "winds their revels keep," I'd rather be at anchor, say in Porter Bay, Port Lincoln.

In the early part of last year Mr. H. Chant, of Port Adelaide, designed and built the "Pastime." She is a little eleven-ton craft for cruising, rigged as a yawl, and with a small suit of canvas, which was made by Mr. W. Russell. She is 42 feet long over all, 8 ft. 6 in. beam, and draws eight feet of water. There is over five tons of lead on her keel, and some three tons inside, most of which is moulded and fastened to her lower strakes. I get 6 ft. 2 in. clear under the skylight, and can berth with fair comfort two friends, and in a pinch three, in her cabin. Her limited beam of course renders the width of the floor of the cabin very narrow. This and the want of deck room are the objections to the five-beamed boats so much used in England of late years; but of course they give height that is not attainable in the broad-beamed craft. I modelled and had a table constructed to meet the difficulty of want of space in the cabin,

and inasmuch as it has proved an unqualified success will endeavour to describe it, as fellow-yachtsmen in building a like craft may be glad to try a similar one:—In length it is about four feet. The solid fixed top is some ten inches, and this part of the table is in reality a long narrow box about eight or ten inches deep. At one end a lap (part of the top of the table) lifts up, and can be kept up by a pair of hinges similar to those used on parallel rulers. This lap has a pair of neat brass hinges, let in so as to be exactly level with the remainder of the top. When this is raised there is a space about 18 inches long by nine wide, and from eight to ten deep. Into this all the paraphernalia connected with the table, such as tablecloths and mats, napkins, napkin rings, salt cellars, &c., are put. Of course, when the lap is down no one can see that it is other than a narrow table. At the opposite end a drawer of the remaining length of the table, and of the depth and width I have mentioned, is let in. This is extremely handy; all knives, forks, spoons, &c., are kept in it, so that the steward has every appliance ready to hand in the table itself when wishing to lay the cloth. From either side of the table two leaves, each about ten inches deep, are hinged, and when it is not in use they fall down on each side, completely concealing the box-like part of it. Two substantial-turned legs hold the whole, and in order to give room for dressing, &c., it is fitted in a groove, so as to slide fore and aft out of the way. It is constructed of Huon pine, and with the leaves up or down has a very ship-shape appearance.

The "Pastime" is a new departure, so far as I am concerned, in yachting, having been strongly prejudiced against the long, deep, narrow British vessel until I saw them in rough water and bad weather at home, and heard from all hands what excellent sea-boats they were, and virtually uncapsizable. My sympathies were always more with the old model—the beamy, buoyant, apple-sided cutter, without a straight line in her hull anywhere, and lively as a duck on the water, topping and bounding over everything, instead of going through it, was for many years my idea of beauty, safety, and seaworthiness in a yacht; and I must still confess to a liking for the model. It will probably be scarcely contended for a moment that they can look to windward like the present type, or that they can carry canvas at all in proportion to the deeper vessel; but whether—as poor Taylor used to argue—they cannot yet be made the fastest all-round boats may still be a matter open to question. The fine old "Arrow" is one of this type. She was built in 1822, and still gives the flyers of the present day their work to do to beat her. The Americans do wonders to windward with great beam, but of course the centreboard accounts for this. The

result of tests in the "Pastime" is to bear out the sea-going qualities, the great stability, and the dryness of this type of vessel. So long as you do not crowd canvas on them in a jump they will go equally fast, and make much better weather under lower canvas than the more beamy boats require. Moreover, if you press them heavily—the enormous weight of lead keeping them from burying themselves by heeling as the other type does—you are apt to carry away a spar. You know that it is necessary to reduce sail in the broad vessel after she submerges a few planks of her deck. You do not get this warning in the narrow one, unless by some very heavy squall. I speak from "experience bought," as by cracking on too much a bowsprit and a topmast were carried away last year—an unknown experience during the many years' previous yachting.

It should have been stated that the "Pastime" has a large cockpit, after the American fashion. This is almost essential in so narrow a vessel for safety and comfort. It is self-emptying.

So far as speed is concerned she has no sufficient sails to test her capacity, but she certainly sails well in a breeze. At the beginning of this year she was down at Port Lincoln for a month and on returning we ran from Whalers' Bay, Thistle Island, to Glenelg between daylight and 10 p.m. This distance measured on the chart will show a good average speed for so small a craft. She is only rigged for cruising. We had a good stiff S. West wind through the straits, and I thought sometimes the high sea that gets up there would have pooped us. Not a bit of it. She runs as clean as any craft I ever saw, and we took no water on board. The great objection is the want of sufficient deck room to be able to walk about in safety and comfort. After the skylight and cockpit are taken off a beam of 8ft. 6in. there is not much space for promenading. We have had some very pleasant and extended cruises in the little boat.

This year's vacation was spent at Port Lincoln in her. Geo. Benton, of the "Enchantress," a smart and competent yachtsman, sailed her down to await my arrival. Benton had bad weather at the start, and ran from Troubridge to Cape Donnington under two reefs, and was very much pleased with her sea-going qualities and speed. I sailed her back myself and was equally satisfied with her performances in both respects. Whilst at Port Lincoln we witnessed an excellent regatta on New Year's Day. There is a fine fleet of oyster cutters there now. Many, if not the most, of these have been yachts or pilot boats. Pretty, graceful craft they are, and their owners spare no trouble to make hulls, spars, and sails all they should

be on the great gala day. The course is within view of the jetty and township without an obstruction to the eye. Twice round it is about 25 miles.

This year (1888) they had a glorious day and slashing breeze, and it was the finest contest I have seen there. The first and second events were wonderfully close at the finish. It is doubly interesting to me as I know, and am known by, a great number of the oystermen, who invariably shew the greatest kindness to yachtsmen visiting their glorious bays. The Commodore of the Holdfast Bay Yacht Club, Mr. Munton, was down in his handsome cutter of 20 tons, "The Alfreda," which was the flag-ship for the day. Most of the prizes for competition were presented by this liberal and enthusiastic yachtsman, whose affection for Port Lincoln is, I think, as great as my own—it could not be greater. The "Edith" (43 tons) was also down for a day or two, and the "Mycumba," with two or three genuine yachtsmen on board, visited the bays. The latter is a small but very beamy craft; an excellent sea boat, I am told, but in my opinion too small for safety on such a cruise, with its possibilities. Altogether, we had a pleasant time of it. Netting, shooting, fishing with line and rod, and any amount of pleasureable sailing in these fine stretches of water is just the thing to restore health, and help one to pass through our trying summer.

One young friend of mine took his wife and family down with him, bought a small boat there, and early and late might be seen on the water thoroughly enjoying the excellent sport obtainable. Any one wishing to enjoy a run on shore will find good roads, pleasant drives, and beautiful scenery.

The last cruise of the "Pastime" was during Easter week. At this period E. W. W. and W. R. usually accompany me. It is about the only time either can get away, and it is generally the best period of the year for yachting, as the weather is settled and fine. This year was no exception to the rule. We did as we have often done before, crossed to Black Point, coasted along the peninsula, and then were off for Kangaroo Island, but did not get much sport there.

There were six or eight boats fishing for the Fish Curing Company in the bay outside of American River. We only obtained some seven or eight snapper altogether, and American River proved a dead failure for fish or game.

The "Pastime" took part in a race this year with the "Alfreda," the "Ethel," the "Banshee," &c., for Lord Brassey's cup, in order to see what she would do with her small cruising canvas against her antagonists under their racing sails. She had but one racing sail and that was a spin-

aker, which was set as a balloon jib from the topmast head. So long as she could carry this she slightly beat the others in speed, but when they came on the wind she fell somewhat to leeward, but not so much as to make it by any means certain that under the cutter rig, and with racing canvas on, she would not hold her own. We carried away our topmast and had to give up. Commodore Munton's "Alfreda" won this heat for the cup. The "Pastime" has since been turned into a cutter with larger sails.

There is one great source of intellectual amusement, as well as of physical enjoyment, in yachting—food for the mind as well as the body—to which I have given little prominence in the preceding pages. I refer to dredging. We obtain the most extraordinary and beautiful coral, shells, fish, shell-fish, and all kinds of marine curiosities, living and dead, vegetable and animal. In some of the places we dredge the bottom of the sea is most aptly described in Percival's beautiful poem, "The Coral Grove"—

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the tops of the wave his own.

Larged mouthed bottles with methylated spirits receive the curiosities. Less spacious mouths receive the oysters and scollops. The latter are plentiful in places in Gulf St. Vincent, the former very scarce, although a few are obtainable.

In order to warn the unthinking against foolhardiness I here insert a report of an incident that occurred last year in very shallow water at Black Point. It is incorrect in one particular—when the shark made for my hand the dingey was stationary. I had rinsed my left hand, after taking a whiting just caught, off the hook, and had raised the hand from the water as high as the gunwale, when the boat was struck by the shark with great force and slewed round. Two seconds sooner the brute would have had the hand off, or what is equally probable, capsized the dingey and us into the water. I did try hard to get that fellow—that is what caused the "tossing about" Mr. Justice Boucaut refers to. Unfortunately we had to cut the line as the monster suddenly darted athwartships, thus threatening to capsize the boat.

The extract is taken from the *S.A. Advertiser* 22nd March, 1887:—"We have heard of an adventure with a shark at Black Point on Saturday, March 12, which is worth noting, and should operate as a warning to all yachtsmen to be careful in dealing with these gentry. It appears that on the evening in question Mr. Justice Boucaut was fishing in his dingey on the well-known grounds at Black Point, but without much sport save in small sharks and dog sharks. Towards evening Mr. Boucaut started for his yacht, sitting in the stern-sheets of the dingey, with his yachtmaster (Mr. H. Harris) rowing. One of the sharks which they had hooked, about four or five feet long, having got away by breaking the hook, the judge was relating to his man that he ought to have followed the advice given him by Mr. Justice Bunday several years ago, never to fish in a dingey at Black Point without a rifle or a bayonet, and was relating, or had just related, what led to that advice, namely, that he had seen Mr. Justice Bunday's dingey towed about by a shark in that particular spot, when Mr. Boucaut received a severe blow in the hollow of the back, which knocked him off the seat over the after-thwart of the dingey on to the man who was rowing. The paddles were unshipped from the rowlocks, and the boat sent forward with a sharp spin. Seizing a paddle and turning round, Mr. Boucaut just saw a large shark disappear with a heavy flap of his tail on the surface of the water, which is thereabouts only six or seven feet deep. Mr. Harris says the creature was as long as the dingey, which is 18 feet in length. Whether the blow which the judge received came directly from the shark, or indirectly through the stern of the dingey, he cannot, we believe, say, but the sound of the blow on the wood and the splashing in the water were something to be remembered, even without counting the blow actually received by his Honour. At the moment Mr. Boucaut thought the blow was given by the tail of the shark in the attempt to sweep him overboard, which would have been certainly done if it had been sideways instead of end on; but Mr. Harris thinks the blow came from the head of the shark while it was attempting to seize either the judge or the dingey with its teeth. This latter is the more probable, as the scratches of three or four of the teeth are visible on the dingey's stern. The adventure is remarkable, not only because of the very strange coincidence that the attack happened just after Mr. Boucaut was relating Mr. Justice Bunday's adventure and advice, but also because it is not often that attacks by a shark on a boat are so well authenticated. We are informed that Mr. Boucaut's dingey is one of the very best of its size ever built, and the judge and Mr. Harris are both confident that if they had been in a small 8 feet 6-inch dingey

which they sometimes use, she must either have been capsized or stove in—in which case, as remarked by Mr. Morris, of Black Point, the shark would have had a fine picnic. This adventure should be a serious warning to yachtsmen to follow Mr. Justice Bunday's advice, and should also warn them to adopt further advice given by him never to drag their hands in the water, as they frequently do from their dingies, unless it is daylight, and they can see well about them. On one occasion a shark made a snap at Mr. Justice Bunday's hand when in the water. Few persons who have not seen it realise the power of a large shark. It may be mentioned that the yachts 'Ethel' and 'Desiree' were at Black Point at the time of Mr. Justice Boucaut's adventure, and the 'Desiree' reports that she was accompanied into the harbour by some large sharks which had followed her for two or three miles."

In concluding these reminiscences I wish to record my sincere and warm acknowledgments to the beachrangers generally, and to the chief pirate amongst them (Richard Jagoe) in particular, for many an act of nautical courtesy and attention received at their hands during a long series of years. Only those who have to get to their yachts in rough water can appreciate the kindness of being put on board by a handy steam cutter, sometimes in a sea that would be very ugly for the ordinary dingey.



Progress of Yachting in Australia.

NEW SOUTH WALES, THE NURSERY OF THE PASTIME IN THE COLONIES.

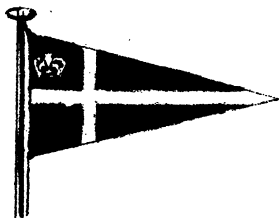
Come and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood.—KINGSLEY.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air.—LONGFELLOW.

In consequence of the ludicrous mistakes often made with respect to the geographical position of places in Australia it may be as well to mention that Sydney (New South Wales) is about 1,000 miles from Adelaide (South Australia), in an easterly direction, whilst Melbourne (Victoria) is about 500 miles south-east from Adelaide.

I have been unable to obtain sufficient information of the rise of yachting in New South Wales. I placed myself in communication with a leading and popular yachtsman in Sydney, to see if a paper could be written there on the subject by some competent authority for insertion here, and if this were not feasible, whether he could procure and forward any work that would assist me to frame something sufficiently interesting; but was disappointed to hear that he could find no such work. He very generously offered to write something himself if I could wait a few weeks. It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have done so, but, unfortunately, the work is already in the printers' hands, this chapter on the progress of yachting in Australia having been left to the last. However, he forwarded the *Illustrated Sydney News* of the 31st May last (1888), in which is an article by Mr. Walter Reeks containing ample information about the present Sydney yachts and their performances during the centennial year, and which is worthy the perusal of all Australian yachtsmen, who may well share in the pride expressed by the writer respecting them. Perhaps the few concluding lines of the article savour a little of what yachtsmen sometimes desire in a calm, and what Anthony Trollope warned us against. Nevertheless, I go heart and soul with the writer in hoping that we may

**ENSIGN AND BURGEE OF THE ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT
SQUADRON.**



ESTABLISHED, 1863.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

strike out a "type of our own" in yacht building. That was the wish of Mr. Taylor, the designer of three out of the four yachts mentioned in the preceding reminiscences. It may be that he failed in beauty of outline and finish, but he undoubtedly secured speed and seaworthiness. Some information conveyed by Mr. Reeks in the article referred to is taken advantage of later on.

In a well written little handy book by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, published upwards of 22 years ago—after referring to the names of several yachts that had been built for and had sailed to Australia, the following note appears. I insert it because it shows that, even in 1866, Englishmen saw the possibility of "an Australian type" becoming formidable:—"Recent intelligence from Australia seems to prove that the colonial builders are now able to turn out yachts not much inferior to the best in the mother country. The 'Xarifa,' a colonial-built yacht of 31 tons, has beaten the 'Alerte' above mentioned, and also the 'Chance,' 70 tons, a fast iron-schooner yacht, built on the Clyde several years ago, and the winner of a number of prizes in this country. The 'Xarifa' was built by D. Shea, of Woolloomooloo—(what a name for a yacht list!)—and is constructed on what is termed in the colony the 'boomerang' principle."—I have always thought that the very fast English yawl the "Julluiar" was built after the "Xarifa's" model.

The following tribute was paid by me to the spirit and enterprise shown by [the New South Welshmen in all kinds of manly exercises in 1880, when delivering a lecture in the Adelaide Town Hall on the advantages of such exercises:—"It can be no matter of surprise to any one who has paid a visit to Sydney Harbour to find good oarsmen in its neighbourhood; the wonder would be if they were not so. I do not think there are any people in the world more highly favoured by nature to enable them to learn every aquatic sport or accomplishment than the New South Welshmen. Their grand harbour is an earthly paradise for yachtsmen and rowing men; its beauty and adaptability for such pastimes beggar description; it must be seen to be appreciated. The genuine hospitality of the Sydney people, especially towards South Australians, has become proverbial. My experience in this respect enables me to give additional testimony to its correctness—nothing seems too much trouble for them to make one's stay pleasant."

The subject of "Rowing" was being dealt with at the moment, when coming to that of "Yachting" I spoke as follows:—"I am not in possession of the necessary information to give a correct history of New South Wales yachting, the

nursery of the recreation on this side of the Equator, but it may not be uninteresting to inform you that several English yachts have been built for and have sailed out to Australia, some of them, I believe, especially brought out to beat, but were beaten by the then fast Sydney clipper, the 'Xarifa,' a yacht of 31 tons, built by Mr. D. Shea, of Woolloomooloo. It is not surprising that the New South Welshmen are proud of the performances of their countrymen by land and water. The following vessels amongst others have been sailed for and safely reached Australia from the mother country, viz. :—Two cutters, the 'Inca' and 'Katinka,' of 25 tons each, built by White, of Cowes; the 'Spray,' three tons, from the Clyde; the 'Vivid,' a sharp, long, narrow racing yacht of 25 tons; the 'Alerte' of 56 tons, and the 'Chance,' 70 tons, a fast iron schooner, built on the Clyde. The 'Xarifa' beat both these last-named vessels in set matches. This Sydney crack was constructed on extraordinary lines, her hull being in shape somewhat like the boomerang of the aborigines. I believe she now belongs to some person in Fiji."

The names of the yachts that had come to this Continent, &c., were derived from the little handy book previously quoted.

These remarks show that the premier position has been heretofore, as now, ungrudgingly given by us to N.S. Wales yachts and yachtsmen, and I regret that the absence of reliable data prevents me from doing full justice to them.

In the concise and well-put-together article in the *Illustrated Sydney News* the subject of the rise and progress of yachting in Sydney is expressly avoided on the ground of its tediousness, and it would probably have been out of place there, as the writer was mainly dealing with the centennial year's contests. Near the conclusion of the article he says, with pardonable pride, "Thus we find during our centennial year no less than forty to fifty racing craft ready to "shoot the line" in their respective classes. No city in the world of equal population can boast such a fleet." This short but telling summary shows the present highly satisfactory progress that yachting is making in the colony of N.S. Wales, and warrants the hope that before long some of the leading spirits there will send to old England one of the "Australian type" to compete with the yachts "at home." I have telegraphed to Sydney to obtain a correct list of yachts, their tonnage, and owners, and if received in time for publication will insert it here—this is all it is possible to do now. However regretfully, the inability to procure the information compels me to leave to another, more fortunate, the pleasure of recording the efforts and names of the pioneers of the pastime in N.S. Wales.

In answer to my telegram I received a copy of the rules of the Squadron for 1886-7, from which the following is extracted:—

THE ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON.

Established in 1863.

Officers of the Club, Season 1886-7.

Patrons.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Excellency the Right Hon. Baron Carrington, G.C.M.G.

Commodore.—J. R. Fairfax.

Vice-Commodore.—A. G. Milson.

Treasurer.—Wm. Laidley.

Auditors.—R. J. Black, E. W. Knox.

Secretary.—Hy. Cornwall.

Committee.—W. J. Trickett, J. R. Love, John Gilchrist, Capt. Gascoigne, Alfred Fairfax, P. O. Williams.

List of Yachts belonging to the Club.

No.	Name of Yacht.	Rig.	Tons, Y.C.M.	Owner's Name.
1	Lady Aline	Steamer	197	William Walker
2	Red Gauntlet	Schooner	75	Chas. G. Millar
3	Ena	Steam scr.	53	T. A. Dibbs
4	Mistral	Cutter	32	W. O. Gilchrist
5	Magic	"	25	J. R. Fairfax
6	Waitangi	"	21	A. G. Milson
7	Electra	Yawl	21	J. F. Fitzhardinge
8	Peri	Cutter	15	Wm. Laidley
9	Oithona	"	14	Hon. C. K. Mackellar, M.L.C., M.B.
10	Muritai	"	14	C. H. Street
11	Rita	"	13	T. Henderson, jun.
12	Isabel	"	13	E. B. Forrest
13	Sirocco	"	10	Edwd. W. Knox
14	Guinevere	"	10	S. A. Want
15	Violet	"	10	F. J. Jackson
16	Daphne	Yawl	10	D. Wilkins
17	Meteor	Cutter	9	John Gilchrist
18	Pleiades	"	8	F. B. Lark
19	Possum	"	7	Alex. Oliver
20	Mabel	"	6	J. R. Love
21	Ione	"	6	P. O. Williams
22	Sao	"	6	Dr. Milford
23	Iolanthe	"	6	E. E. Smith
24	Assegai	"	6	G. F. Murnin
25	Doris	"	5	W. B. Mitchell
26	Iris	Steamer	11	R. L. Tooth
27	Carina	Cutter	10	Capt. Gascoigne
28	Rita	"	5	E. D. Farrell
29	Muriel	"	5	W. Cooper

Unfortunately, the above record only extends to 1887. Since then two powerful 40-ton yachts have been added to the squadron, viz., the "Era" and the "Miranda" (the latter a centreboard craft). The "Era" is apparently a very fast vessel. I should imagine, from Mr. Reeks' article, the fastest in New South Wales—possibly in all Australia. So far as I am aware, the "Miranda" has not raced yet. Beyond the two last-mentioned yachts, I do not know [of any that have been added to the squadron since the preceding list was published, but of course there may have been others.

In addition to the Royal Yacht Squadron, there are the flourishing Prince Alfred Yacht Club, the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, the Balmain Sailing Club, the Botany Sailing Club, and the Sydney Amateur Canvas Dingey Club. I do not know when either of the others were instituted, but the S.A.S. Club was originated on the 1st October, 1872, and the Canvas Dingey Club on the 3rd May, 1883. The rules and regulations of the two latter have been kindly lent to me, but as both of these are dated in the years the Clubs respectively commenced (1872 and 1883), they are, of course, useless either for obtaining the names of the present officers or the number or names of the boats belonging to the Clubs. I see by Mr. Reeks' article that Dr. F. Milford is the Commodore of the Prince Alfred and Mr. E. M. Dietrich the Commodore of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. I have no information as to the names of other officers, &c.

There must be a large number of small craft in Sydney, and their reputation for speed and beauty has spread far and wide through the other colonies. Speaking of them in the article previously referred to, Mr. Reeks says:—

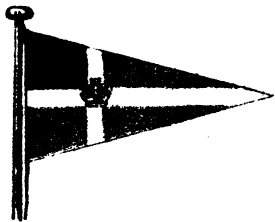
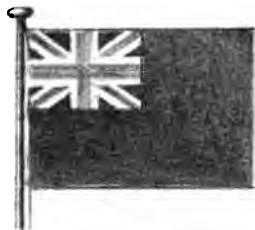
"Turning from the majestic and graceful yacht to the slippery, quick-motioned, excitement-giving half-deckers and open boats, we find them legion. They are a wonderful class of boats, and despite their faults, we have reason to be proud of the boats themselves in the first place, and the amazing skill which they are the means of imparting to those who sail them in the second."

So far as my knowledge extends, none of the other colonies can pretend to such a miniature fleet as this. It is, therefore, clear that from the first-class yacht to the canvas dingey, New South Wales leads the way in Australian waters.

Notwithstanding the very slight data in my hands, enough has, I hope, been stated to give the reader some idea of the high state of perfection to which the pastime has now been brought there.

Anyone desirous of ascertaining the names of the craft, and the owners that won prizes last season cannot do better than purchase the *Illustrated Sydney News* of the 31st May last.

**ENSIGN AND BURGEE OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB
OF VICTORIA.**



ESTABLISHED, 1872.

I will conclude by quoting another paragraph from Mr. Reeks' pen, and will do so without apologising to him, because it is impossible to read his article without seeing that he is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and proud of New South Wales yachts and yachtsmen. He will, therefore, I feel well assured, not object to one who shares both these sentiments with him, giving a still wider circulation to his effort. In concluding his strictures on the performances of the larger yachts, he writes:—"The wholesome start yachting has taken of late shows every sign of continuing. There is good prospect of several new craft for next season, and with the improvements shown in the yachts themselves there is little or no doubt that Australia is about to come to the fore in this direction, as she has in all other kinds of sport."

I venture to add a quiet "bravo," and "hear, hear," to these sentiments, and will ask the New South Welshmen, who are bringing this desirable result about, to accept an old yachtsman's best wishes for their success. For whilst we are all, I hope, ready and willing, and if necessary prepared to assist "Britannia to rule the waves" against every other nation, we may in all loyalty, and without offence, strive to "Advance Australia" in our sporting, as well as in our material interests.



THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF YACHTING IN VICTORIA.

Oh, wonderful thou art, great element !

And lovely in repose. Thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach.

I have been somewhat more fortunate in obtaining particulars of the rise of yachting in Victoria than in the efforts made for a similar purpose with respect to New South Wales. For many years past we have had a highly-esteemed old Melbourne yachtsman resident amongst us, one of the founders of the present flourishing Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, and who for several years was its Captain. I refer to John Turnbull, Esq., the Secretary of the Adelaide Steamship Company. I have had the

pleasure of his acquaintance since his arrival here, and have ever found him a warm supporter of the pastime. But he is one of the busiest men in the colony, and has consequently but little time to devote to it in South Australian waters. After an ineffectual attempt to procure some published record from Melbourne, but with a kind offer from a yachtsman there to write something and send me (which has not yet arrived, and I fear will come too late for the press), Mr. Turnbull was waited on. As usual, he was up to his eyes in business. On telling him the object of my visit he generously agreed to jot down a few reminiscences. He stipulated that they should be short, on the ground of want of time. This was agreed upon, and he has sent me a succinct account of his recollections. He wanted me to overhaul or elaborate them, but I prefer to publish them as rendered, because all old Victorian yachtsmen know him so well, and what a love he has for the recreation. A line or two from his note to me shows this. He says—"I cannot do justice to the subject within the limits permitted by my other occupations. I would like to write volumes on our happy trips." Every yachtsman will realise the true ring in these few words. Short as his notes are, they put very vividly before the reader the origin of yachting in Victoria.

Mr. Turnbull writes as follows:—"Memoirs of the inception of the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, which was instituted in May, 1872, as the Victorian Yacht Club. Victoria I believe, however, did boast a Yacht Club somewhere in the early sixties, the archives of which I have not been able to discover, but from gentlemen interested learned that after a sudden blossoming out in full dress, gorgeously decorated with gold lace and buttons, it expired without leaving a yacht in existence. Having been so intimately connected with the institution of the now flourishing Club I can scarcely avoid being a little personal. Leaving off the digger's life and settling down amongst shipping business in Melbourne an old love for the briny led me to sailing some of the ships' boats, and gradually gathering young friends of like tastes, we extended our trips along the shores of Port Phillip Bay, then we borrowed a decked boat for more comfort than the open boats afforded in the rough water. Gradually our circle extended, and on the Easter holidays of 1871 our circle chartered one small wood craft, and with a decked yacht of about six tons and two smaller boats we started on a trip round the Bay. On each evening rendezvous visiting on board each others craft, passing the time in jollity and songs of the briny. On the Christmas holidays of the same year a similar trip was repeated, meeting at Queenscliffe the yacht, 'Haidee,' of Geelong, Major Hunt owner. At our evening entertainments

the idea of forming a club was projected. The subject was taken up *con amore* and every one of the little band worked hard to promote membership. We found several gentlemen already possessing small yachts for pleasure, chiefly at Geelong; these joined, and other friends at Melbourne procured yachts, Capt. Coffey purchasing the 'Mischief' from Sydney. The Hon. A. Mackay brought in his 'Mystery'; Mr. John W. Macgregor bought the 'Naiad,' which had been built for the Inspector of Fisheries; Mr. Timms built the 'Henrietta,' and others in the club list for 1873 previously added enabled us to launch the Victoria Yacht Club at a meeting held at the Port Phillip Club Hotel on the 24th of May, 1872. A number of influential gentlemen joined early to countenance the institution of one of the worthiest and most manly of British sports, but an active interest in sailing was of slower growth, perhaps attributable to distance between Melbourne homes and safe moorings for the yachts. Sailing matches amongst the yachts were promoted and some very pretty spectacular evolutions were performed, notably one organised by the captain of the Club impromptu, to bid farewell to the Hon. J. G. Francis on his embarkation for a trip to the old country, which set the three Melbourne papers writing leading articles on yachting the next morning.

"Several very successful public regattas were organised and carried on by the Club. Nor were we unmindful of the ladies. Very many can tell of the happy days of outing on the yachts of the fleet. An annual ball also became one of the events of the year, and the institution has, I am happy to say, made great strides since my departure from Melbourne in 1876.

"From 30 members at the time of institution, with 15 yachts from 14 to two tons, aggregating 114 tons, the Club has now 150 members, with 23 yachts from 33 tons to three tons, aggregating 256 tons." [Four hundred tons since added, see below].

In addition to the preceding notes, Mr. Turnbull also kindly sent me the rules and regulations of the Victoria Yacht Club in 1872, the year of its establishment. By these it appears that the first officers were—Commodore, Captain H. A. Coffey; Vice-Commodores, Major Neath, Captain John Turnbull, Esq.; Treasurer, Major Stokes; Secretary, J. Sabelberg, Esq.; Committee of Management, J. H. Downer, Esq., J. Timms, Esq., J. R. Horne, Esq.; Sailing Committee, J. B. Wilson, Esq., J. A. Panton, Esq., Hon. J. J. Casey, C. Anderson, Esq., E. J. Vickers, Esq., E. Shew, Esq., Dr. Thomson; Auditors, E. J. Vickers, Esq., E. Shew, Esq. There were between 80 and 90 members at its formation, which was increased to about 120 by the end of the year. Liberty to fly the blue ensign, with five white stars in the fly, repre-

senting the constellations of the Southern Cross, was applied for and obtained on the 6th November, 1872.

The yachts belonging to the Club in January, 1873, were as follows:—

Yacht.	Owner's Name.	Rig.	Tonnage.
Mischief	H. A. Coffey, Esq., Commodore	Cutter	13
Haidee	Major R. Heath, Vice-Com.	"	14
Queen	John Turnbull, Esq., Captain	} Centre B. }	14-6/94
Henrietta	John Timms, Esq.		
Mystery	Angus Mackay, Esq.	Cutter	5-7/94
Daisy	Edward Shew, Esq.	"	9-11/94
Gipsy	Jas. R. Horne, Esq.	"	2-47/94
Duke of Edinburgh	J. B. Wilson, Esq.	"	2
Frolic	Major W. Stokes	Yawl	8-25/94
Lillias	J. A. Pauton, Esq.	Cutter	8
Young Sussex	Geo. F. Belcher, Esq.	"	5
Naiad	Jno. M. McGregor, Esq.	"	3-47/94
Shebang	Wm. Gutherie, Esq.	} Centre B. }	11-91/94
Rob Roy	R. W. Holmes, Esq.		
Foam	Chas. Anderson, Esq.	Yawl	3-51/94
		Cutter	11-45/94

On the 14th April, 1873, an Admiralty warrant authorised the Club to wear the blue ensign of the colony of Victoria, with the distinguishing marks of the Club on the burgee only. On the 16th August, 1886, a like permission was obtained for the Club's Yachts to fly the blue ensign of Her Majesty's navy with a crown on the burgee only. This entitles each yacht to be exempted from all Government dues both at home and abroad. It will thus be seen that Victoria has been ahead of South Australia in obtaining important concessions for her yachtsmen.

According to the Rules of the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria for 1887-88, His Excellency Sir Henry Brougham Loch, K.C.B., is Patron, and the following gentlemen are the officers:—

Commodore.—The Hon. Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., M.L.C., &c. Cutter "Janet," 33 tons.

Vice-Commodore.—W. R. Virgoe. Cutter "Secret," 22 tons.

Rear-Commodore.—E. Fitzgerald Cooke. "S.S. Firefly," 8 tons. (Now Mr. S. F. Marrett. Cutter "Puritan," 10 tons).

Hon. Treasurer.—Chas. H. Tuckett.

Hon. Secretary.—Henry J. Mouritz.

Committee.—J. H. Alley, P.M., John Barker, Dr. Aubrey Bowen, Lieut.-Col. Heath, F. G. Richardson, Lieut. J. L. Scott, R.N.R., T. Salter Watts. (For additional names see extract from *Argus* below).

The list of yachts on club register is as under :—

Name.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
Janet	Cutter	33	Hon. Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., M.L.C.
Taniwha	"	33	Phipps Turnbull
May Queen	Schooner	28	Richard White
Secret	Cutter	22	W. R. Virgoe
Puritan	"	10	J. F. Marrett and others
Freda	"	7	J. B. Box
Oriana	(centreboard)	5	J. Bracebridge Wilson
Iris	Cutter	10	G. H. Prout
Minnehaha	"	12	J. H. Alley
Viking	"	8	M. MacLeod and others
Southern Cross	"	6	Lieut.-Col. Heath
Erin	"	9	H. P. Fergie
Pert	"	13	C. H. Tuckett and others
Angahook	"	3	J. R. Hopkins
Irene	"	4	F. G. Moule
Weeroona	"	4	His Honour Judge Casey, C.M.G.
Sea Queen	"	9	O. Wetzell
Ada	Yawl	20	Lieut.-Col. Heath and J. R. Hopkins
Martha	Cutter	6	Wm. Reddish
Galatea	"	6	J. W. Allee
Firefly	St'm L'gger	8	E. F. Cooke
Undine	Schooner	400	Millar Bros.
Firefly	St'm L'gger	8	Rear-Commodore Cooke

There are two other Yacht Clubs in Hobson's Bay, viz., the Brighton and the St. Kilda. Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain the names of the officers or a list of the yachts belonging to either. I hear that both are in a flourishing condition, and many excellent races take place under their auspices.

Commodore Sir J. W. Clarke's "Janet" is the most famous, as with the exception of the "Undine," she is about the largest yacht on the Royal Victorian Yacht Club's register. Her owner has been a staunch and influential supporter of yachting in Victoria for years, and was, I believe, mainly instrumental in establishing the Intercolonial Cup in 1887, and he pluckily sent the cutter some thousand miles (to and from Sydney) to contest the race with the Sydney cracks. She was not successful, but was by no means disgracefully beaten. The "Taniwha" and the "Secret" are also fast and admirable yachts, and many exciting contests have taken place between these three fine craft and others in Victorian waters. They have now a fourth competitor in my old pet the "Wanderer," from South Australia, who will, I trust, be found a rival not to be despised; but, according to all accounts, the Sydney clipper, the "Era," will prove the most for-

midable antagonist they have ever met. Should the contemplated regatta during the forthcoming Exhibition take place in Victoria, a splendid muster of yachts may fairly be anticipated.

Although Melbourne is far more favourably situated for yachting than Adelaide, it is by no means so fortunate in this respect as Sydney, consequently the same extraordinary success cannot be expected. Nevertheless, as Mr. Turnbull justly says, the progress of the pastime has been most marked; and I very earnestly wish it continued success.

Since the preceding was written, and handed to the printers, the Melbourne *Argus*, containing the report of the Royal Victorian Yacht Club for the past year, was courteously forwarded to me, and as it brings the state of the Club's finances, its numbers, and the tonnage, &c., of its yachts up to date, from the most reliable source, it is very welcome, and being just in time, extracts from it are added.

It is to be hoped that the advice it contains to cultivate good fellowship in the Club will be followed, not only for the members' own interests, but also because the absence of kindly feeling, or any local or petty jealousies, embarrass yachtsmen visiting Melbourne from the other colonies, who naturally desire to be friendly with all, and partisans of none.

The following are the extracts referred to:—"The sixteenth annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria was held at the club-room, on Wednesday, June 27, Dr. Aubrey Bowen occupying the chair, in the absence of all the flag officers. The report for the year ended 31st May was read and adopted. It was as follows:—"The number of members upon the roll is now 141.

From the hon. Treasurer's statement, it will be seen that there is a balance in hand of £88 11s. 10d. In addition to this sum there are outstanding subscriptions amounting to £42. The number of yachts on the register is now 22, having an aggregate measurement of 656 tons. Since last reported the s.s. Cushie Doo, 350 tons, has been sold, and the schooner Red Gauntlet, 135 tons, wrecked on the coast of North Australia, so both these fine yachts have been removed from the list. Much regret was felt at the loss of Mr. Millar's handsome vessel, but it is satisfactory to say he has purchased a larger and more powerful schooner in the Undine, of 400 tons, which, with Rear-Commodore Cooke's Firefly, an 8-ton steam lugger, are the only additions to the register for the past season.

Cruising has, as usual, been largely indulged in, the Janet, Secret, Ada, and Iris having visited Westernport and other places outside the Heads, while the other yachts contented themselves with the better known waters of Port Phillip. While cruising inside it is to be regretted that the fleet cannot

be kept together, and that more of a club feeling does not exist amongst members. This would result in some agreeable cruises in company, pleasant to members and interesting to the public, thereby adding attractions to our sport. Your committee would like to see some attempt made to promote fellowship in the club, either by dinners or reunions of some such kind. The proposed International Regatta, to be held in November next, during the currency of the Centennial Exhibition here, will, it is hoped, prove a great success, and be the means of inciting much interest in yachting. Members should use their utmost influence to further this object. It is a matter for regret that no large yachts are being constructed in Victoria to compete for the principal races, as it would be an excellent thing for us to be able to hold our own against all comers. Some of our wealthy members might well step forward for this opportunity.' Officers were then elected for the season 1888-89, as follows:—Commodore, Sir W. J. Clarke; Vice-Commodore, Mr. W. R. Virgoe; Rear-Commodore, Mr. J. F. Marrett; Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. J. Mouritz; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Tuckett. It was decided that as the committee would most probably have very onerous duties to perform during the coming Exhibition and regatta, twelve members should be elected instead of seven. The names of the gentlemen chosen were—Dr. Aubrey Bowen, Mr. G. W. Bruce, Mr. J. S. Butters, Colonel Heath, Mr. F. Mackay, Mr. M. M. M'Leod, Mr. J. Rosenfeld, Mr. F. G. Richardson, Captain Scott, Mr. T. S. Watts, Mr. H. Whitty, and Mr. E. W. Wintle."

Mr. Turnbull has kindly forwarded to me the laws and regulations of "The Victoria Yacht Club" established in 1856, which he has just obtained from an old yachting comrade in Melbourne (J. H. Downer, Esq.). These laws and regulations show that Wm. Foster Stawell, Esq., was the Commodore, Capt. Fergusson (Harbour-master) Vice-Commodore, James Henderson, Esq., Treasurer, Wm. Henry Nicholson, Esq., Hon. Secretary, and John Mackenzie Cup-bearer. The Auditors were Messrs. James Mackenzie, John Musson, Geo. F. Verdon. The Sailing Committee were the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, and Messrs. W. H. Nicholson, George Mansfield, George Musson, Francis Stephen, W. R. Probert, Thos. Walker, Twisden Hodges, E. P. Sturt, Capt. Kenny, Thos. Miller, T. M. Crosbie, Dr. Wilkins, and John R. Fryer. The Club houses were Tattersall's Hotel, Melbourne; Bathing Ship, St. Kilda; Chusan Hotel, Sandridge; Albion Hotel, Williamstown; Mack's Hotel, Geelong, and Royal Hotel, Brighton. There were 140 members, and seven yachts owned by the following gentlemen, viz.:—Messrs. Jas. Henderson, W. R. Probert, G. F. Verdon, F. J. S. Stephen,

Dr. Wilkins, Thomas White, and John Musson. Neither the names nor the tonnage of the yachts are given.

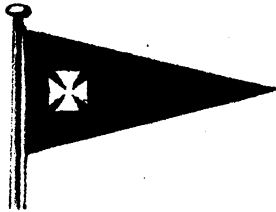
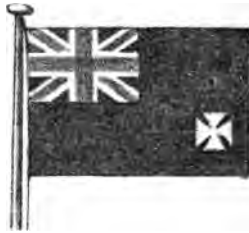
Supplementing the above very interesting addition to the yachting history of Victoria a generation ago, I am also supplied with the following answer to correspondents which appeared in the *Australasian* of the 12th October, 1872:—"In answer to several correspondents, we beg to say that Mr. R. G. Banner has furnished us with the following information:—"The name of the yacht that won the first advertised yacht race in Victoria was the "Petrel," built by H. Morgan for Messrs. Probert and Verdon (now Sir G. Verdon). She was sailed by R. Bannen, sen., at the Geelong Regatta, and the value of the stakes was £60. The race was against the Customs boats of Hqbson's Bay, but the "Petrel" won easily.'" Feeling that these two facts are very material to the completeness of this record of Victorian yachting in the early days, I have caused them to be added here, and am very glad to have received them in time to do so.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF YACHTING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The mast may be bending, and threatening the gale ;
The gunnel borne down deep a' lee,
But the stoutest of hearts, and most daring of men
Win the perilous race on the sea.—FOLKARD.

Yachting in South Australia commenced on a small scale in the very early days of the colony, the late Captain Lipson, Sir R. B. Torrens, Mr. W. Younghusband, and Captain Douglas (formerly Collector of Customs) being amongst the first who originated it; subsequently Mr. Strangways, Mr. Connor, Mr. Duryea, Mr. Hampton Gleeson, and others continued it. This was long before there was any recognised Yacht Club in the colony. The names of the old yachts, so far as I have been able to gather them, were as follows:—"Peri," "Curlew," "Frolic," "Sylph," "Harriet," "Coquette," "Victory," "Fox," "Lady Macdonnell," "Red Jacket," "Artful Dodger,"

ENSIGN AND BURGEE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIAN
YACHT CLUB.



ESTABLISHED, 1869.

1
th.
cen
w."
y."
or,"

1941
JUL 11 1941
ASTORIA, OREGON
TEL. 1-1111

"Unique," "Ma Belle l essie," "Xanthe," "Will Watch," and "White Cloud."

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN YACHT CLUB.

The present South Australian Yacht Club is the premier Club of the colony. It was started on the 5th November, 1869, by Messrs. Christie, Jacobsen, Russell, McKinlay, Bucknal, Playfair, and Robertson. The first officers were as follows:—Commodore, Captain B. Douglas, R.N.R.; Vice-Commodore, W. H. Bunday; Rear-Commodore, E. G. Blackmore; Treasurer, G. A. Connor; Secretary, J. Robertson. The subsequent Commodores of the Club were Captain R. H. Fergusson (President of the Marine Board), Captain H. Quinn (Harbour Master), W. H. Bunday, and R. Honey. The Vice-Commodores were H. D. O'Halloran, A. Tennant, R. Honey, and W. G. Randall; and the Rear-Commodores H. D. O'Halloran, Captain D. Tapley, Captain J. Bickers, W. G. Randall, R. Woolnough, jun., and A. Cunningham. The Club meetings are held at the Ship Inn, Port Adelaide. It is incorporated. Authority was obtained from the Admiralty to fly the blue ensign. The burgee of the Club is blue, with a white Maltese Cross. There are now about 30 yachts belonging to it, aggregating 271 tons, and the number of members "good on the books" is about 100. His Excellency the Governor, Sir W. Robinson, K.C.M.G., is the patron, and the present officers are—Commodore, R. Honey, J.P.; Vice-Commodore, W. G. Randal; Rear-Commodore, A. Cunningham; Treasurer, W. Christie; Secretary, C. Woolnough; Committee, Messrs. W. Russell, R. Woolnough, jun., J. T. Sanderson, T. Y. Dewhurst, and J. Scobel, jun. There is not an officer in the above list to which the Club is not more or less indebted; each and all have striven in their respective positions to forward its interests. The genial and hospitable Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Rear-Commodore are justly esteemed for their hospitality on board their yachts and the zeal they bring to bear on the Club's behalf; whilst the indefatigable Treasurer and Secretary work quite as zealously in the same good cause, and their example is well followed by the Committee. The Club will recognise that I am somewhat delicately placed in writing of individual members of it, and it would be an invidious task to attempt; but without detracting from others' efforts in the slightest degree, I feel well assured that I shall give pleasure to all in specially recognising the steady and unwavering support and attention to the Club's interest shown by two of its original founders, viz., Messrs. W. Russell and W. Christie. They always have been, and are still, to the fore in every movement for the good of the Club.

The names of yachts now belonging to the Club and their owners are:—

Name.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
White Squall	S.-steam sch.	60	F. Sison
Wanderer	Cutter	46	H. P. Fergie
Enchantress	"	24	A. Cunningham, R. Com.
Zephyr	"	20	R. Honey, Commodore
Ethel	"	11	" "
Alfreda	"	16	H. J. D. Munton
Pastime	Yawl	10	Justice Bunday
Mischief	Cutter	10	Justice Boucaut
Weeteena	"	6	Capt. John Bickers
Trio	"	5	T. B. Browne
Nautilus	"	4	J. V. Sanderson, R. Pelly, and T. B. Gall
Macumba	"	4	E. F. Belt
Leander	"	4	H. Ring
Banshee	"	4	R. Woolnough and W. J. Porter
Satanella	"	4	R. Cruickshank
Seagull	"	4	Howard Gore
Desiree	"	3	C. E. and T. Y. Dewhirst
Dauntless	"	3	G. Heritage
Linnet	"	3	J. Laphorne
Neva	"	3	G. Arnfield
Alice	"	3	W. Voysey
Triplet	"	under 3	W. Scott
Bertha	"	"	J. Scobel
Cartsdyke Lass	"	"	Allen Martin
Emu	"	"	W. S. Leich
Sunbeam	"	"	B. Magraith
Italy	"	"	A. Monte
Amy	"	"	W. B. Squires
Venture	"	"	J. Hall

During the twenty years since its origin—at any rate up to within a late period—the Club has had uninterrupted success, and I feel assured that the present slight lack of interest in yachting will soon pass away. The last few years in South Australia have not been times in which persons could afford to build yachts. Some of us have had to dispose of our more costly ones, but with brightening days the old favourites that have been laid up will be spreading their wings again, and new craft will be built. Already there are signs of this for the coming season. Having been connected with the Club from its commencement, I can testify to the unanimity and good fellowship that has invariably existed amongst its members. There has been an absence of littleness or petty jealousy so often noticeable in Clubs of this description quite refreshing to witness, and the enthusiasm for and love of the recreation.

has always been the motive power with the members individually and collectively. With few exceptions, what the majority has decided upon the minority have cheerfully supported. Whether at the opening or closing demonstrations of the Club, or whether competing against each other either in private races or in public regattas, the same genuine courtesy has been maintained.

It would not be of sufficient interest to the general reader, and, indeed, it would scarcely be in place here to attempt a detailed account of the various contests, regattas, &c., or the result of each year's proceedings. Every yacht has its own record, some of which, if published, would be highly entertaining, but of course this chapter is professedly dealing with yachting in general terms, and it would be manifestly unfair to single out any yacht or yachts for special mention where so many have done well, and whose spirited owners have striven so earnestly to keep the racing element alive; but even if disposed to do so, I have not the data at hand for the purpose. There is ample room for the compilation of a Club record on this subject, which would prove highly interesting to the members. I presume the material for it could be obtained in chronological order from the Club's books. But although it might be invidious, or not in good taste, to individualise or deal with any particular yachts, racing and other experiences, to the exclusion of others equally deserving of notice, still there is nothing that should prevent my bearing testimony to the smartness of the owners and crews, the sailor-like way in which they handle their craft, and the yacht-like trim in which most of the latter are kept. So far as my memory serves me, no member of the Club lost his life whilst or through yachting, nor do I remember any one being seriously injured. This of itself, after nearly twenty years of the pastime, speaks volumes as to how the yachts are managed. There have been some narrow escapes, and I can recollect at least four separate instances of yachts capsizing or sinking in the River, but all hands were rescued. Take them altogether, I think the small yachts in South Australia are as well built, as pretty, as well kept and sailed, and as fast as any of similar kind, size, and number under the Southern Cross.

Unfortunately, their smooth water cruising is very limited—not more than say eight knots. Not that they keep to this water; on the contrary many of them, unwisely, as I think, often venture across the Gulf, even to Kangaroo Island, and some have been up Spencer's Gulf and to Port Lincoln. No true yachtsman would ever advise this being attempted in anything under say eight tons. To go round the Althorpes in anything less for mere pleasure, in my opinion, is a little too venturesome.

THE GLENELG YACHT CLUB.

The Glenelg Yacht Club was established on the 21st August, 1874. The officers throughout its existence were—Commodore, Sir Thos. Elder; Vice-Commodore, Sir W. Milne; Rear-Commodore, W. Wigley; Hon. Secretary, F. W. Bucknall; Hon. Treasurer, W. Mair.

The reader will have gathered from the preceding pages that Sir Thomas Elder purchased Sir James Fergusson's "Edith," a cutter of 43 tons, and his spirit in doing this, and in racing her against the "Zephyr" and other craft, and subsequently building the "Enchantress" to uphold the honour of his Club, gave a great impetus to yachting in South Australia. At no time since has there been the same active interest taken in it by those who could afford to build and maintain comfortable-sized craft.

Yachting of late years has been mainly kept up by and confined to craft of less than 20 tons

Sir Thomas was exceedingly hospitable, and entertained the members of the Club and other yachtsmen each opening day for years.

The Vice-Commodore, Sir W. Milne, built his fine schooner yacht, the "Hygeia," at Port Adelaide. She measured 87 tons, yachting measurement, and, if I mistake not, is the largest sailing yacht yet constructed in Australia. She was designed by Mr. W. Taylor, and whilst in these waters she was kept as a yacht should be kept, and was to be seen frequently taking her owner and his friends to various cruising and fishing grounds.

Sir Thomas Elder and Sir William Milne have both given up yachting, and their retirement was a distinct loss to the yachting interest, as it is such men who can afford the time and means to build and keep yachts of large tonnage in commission.

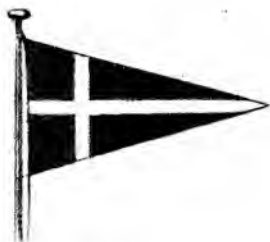
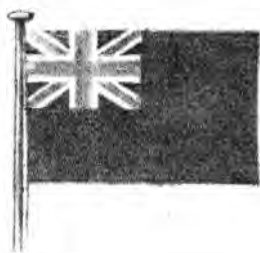
The Glenelg Yacht Club had at one time 120 members and 15 yachts on their roll. It continued a prosperous Club for some seven or eight years, and many a friendly contest the yachts of the two Clubs have had in the open waters of Gulf St. Vincent.

THE HOLDFAST BAY YACHT AND BOATING CLUB

Has His Excellency the Governor, Sir W. F. C. Robinson, K.C.M.G., for its Patron. Its officers are—Commodore, H. J. D. Munton; Vice-Commodore, C. M. Muirhead, J.P.; Rear-Commodore, G. W. Summers; Treasurer, W. H. Fisher; Hon. Sec., A. Le Rey Boucaut.

The committee consists of the above officers and the follow-

ENSIGN AND BURGEE OF THE GLENELG YACHT CLUB.



ESTABLISHED, 1874.

100-100000
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

ing gentlemen:—J. Nicholson, J.P., J. B. Muirhead, H. R. S. Munton, C. Thompson, and Alex. Cocks.

The headquarters of the Club are at Glenelg. It was established in 1883 and now has between 50 and 60 members I believe, with the following yachts and open boats:—

Name of Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
Alfreda	20	H. J. D. Munton
Enchantress	28	A. Cunningham
Ethel	10	R. Honey
Mischief	11½	J. P. Boucaut
Pastime	10	W. H. Bunday
Xanthe	11½	F. Luxmoore
Prospero	2½	G. Summers
Mylora	4½	A. L. R. Boucaut
Thetis	2½	J. W. Billiatt
Ivy	3	W. M. Whyte
Oreti	—	H. Tarlton
Inca	—	N. Kildael
Mikado	—	L. Preston and G. C. Whitby
Leander	—	W. J. Randall
Nautilus	—	F. V. Sanderson and R. Pelly
Mary Blair	—	J. B. Muirhead
Margie	—	W. M. Whyte
Zephyr	—	W. H. Burford
Volanthe	—	L. Preston and G. C. Whitby
Hydaspes	—	J. J. Phillips
Minature	—	C. Thompson
Pearl	—	H. Bloxam
Genesta	—	A. Cocks
<hr/>		
Open Boats.	—	Owner.
Gazelle	—	W. H. Fisher
Guesswork	—	W. West
Larga	—	W. Hambridge
Nautilus	—	J. P. Boucaut, jun.
Agnes	—	B. Hooper
Mermaid	—	R. Newitt
Blanche	—	R. H. S. Munton
Vesper	—	T. Hooper
Sorcerer	—	Alex. Cocks
		R. Reynell

A considerable amount of spirit has been thrown into the establishment and management of this Club, especially by the Commodore (Mr. Munton), who has already been mentioned in the preceding part of this work, and he has some young and very enthusiastic yachtsmen to support his efforts. At Glenelg there is still less chance of smooth water than at Port Adelaide, as the yachts' mooring and cruising grounds are on

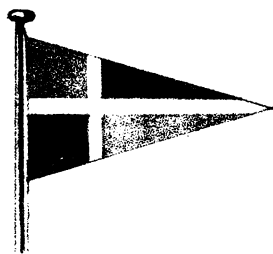
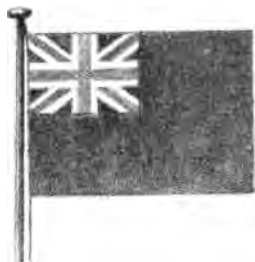
the open bay, which is but little protected from the south to the north, so that rough water is often experienced and good handling is necessary. I know that some of the craft are thoroughly well managed. Excellent regattas have already been held under the auspices of the Holdfast Bay Y. and B. Club, and I heartily wish them continued success, and trust ere long to see many friendly contests between their yachts and those of the South Australian Yacht Club. An application has been made to the Admiralty for leave to fly the blue ensign, and the necessary authority is shortly expected.

South Australian yachtsmen have always been exceedingly fortunate in having the steady support of the Press. This will probably have already been gathered by the reader from the various extracts from newspapers in the preceding "Reminiscences." Amongst the warmest of the writers in its favour in former years was Mr. Spencer J. Skipper, of the *S.A. Register*, and the late Rev. J. Marcus, of the *Advertiser*. The kindly sentiments of the latter gentleman have previously appeared, and since they were transferred to these pages my attention has been called to an equally generous effort of the former gentleman when writing under the soubriquet of "Geoffery Crabthorne." A series of amusing and satirical articles used to appear in the *Register* for years under the above *nom-de-plume*, purporting to be written by a bushman, to which articles other literary gentlemen contributed. In one of those articles Mr. Skipper, after referring to the author in too generous terms, and giving an exceedingly amusing account of the orders that ought to be issued in cases of emergency on board yachts, and expressing the strongest sympathy with the South Australian Yacht Club, adds the following spirited lines, which I venture to say will be thought well worth transcribing:—

THE YACHTSMAN TO HIS CRAFT.

My yacht, thou art truly a beautiful thing—
 With a flight like a grey gull, on wide spreading wing,
 Now breasting the billows that threaten the sky,
 Now gliding deep down in the wave hollow nigh,
 Now gracefully bending away from the blast,
 Now darting ahead as the breeze follows fast,
 Now dashing the spooindrif in showers aside,
 Now turning away with a motion of pride,
 As though thou wert some living thing of the sea,
 And roamed o'er its surface unheeded and free ;
 Now wavering, as sea birds will hover near home,
 Now buried bows under 'neath mountains of foam,
 Now sleepily drifting along on the main,
 No zephyr to rouse thee to action again ;
 Now, stemming the current, with motion so slow,
 That the river seems softly beneath thee to flow,
 Whilst thou art but resting, like bird on the wing,

**ENSIGN AND BURGEE OF HOLDFAST YACHT AND
BOATING CLUB.**



ESTABLISHED, 1883.

AS
STED

A fairy-like, graceful, and beautiful thing.
 Thou seemest a spirit as on thee I gaze
 As thou liest at rest 'neath the moon's mellow rays.
 Assaulted by tempests how oft hast thou been ?
 Yet bore thee against them a very sea queen.
 The land thou avoidest when under thy lee ;
 Like a mermaid thy home is for ever the sea.
 Far, far o'er the ocean thou takest thy flight,
 As noiseless and sure as the bird of the night.
 Oh, my heart swells with pride as I gaze on each line
 Of thy form, and can say, "Thou art mine, wholly mine."
 With me at thy helm, and thy canvas unfurled,
 I reckon not of all the dull cares of the world.
 Though landsmen may seek but soft pleasures in life,
 Give me the wild winds and the waters at strife ;
 With the breeze in thy sails, a safe course we will take,
 To find pleasure ahead, and leave gloom in thy wake.

YACHTING AT THE OUTPORTS AND ON THE LAKES.

At Port Augusta, at Port Pirie, and at Moonta in Spencer's Gulf yachting has of late years taken a spurt, and annual regattas are held at each of these places. There are as yet no clubs formed at either of them that I am aware of, but there are some very pretty craft often competing. Strange to say, that in one of the finest places in the world for the pastime, viz., Port Lincoln, there is only one vessel—so far as my knowledge extends—kept exclusively as a yacht, and that is a large S. steamer (the "White Squall"), belonging to Mr. Sison, which he brought from England.

Many years ago yachting was well maintained on Lakes Albert and Alexandrina. The leading spirits were Allan Macfarlane, Archibald Cook, Alex. Tolmer, E. C. Hughes, and others whose names I forget. I cannot remember all the yachts, but the following were amongst the chief of them—"Lady Macdonnell," "Victory," "Fox," "Sylph," "Alice," "Pasquin," and "Beltana." These lakes are splendid sheets of water, but are two shallow in places to allow of great depth in the construction of yachts.

It is with unfeigned pleasure yachtsmen have learnt of late that the old contests are to be renewed, and a very enthusiastic yachtsman, a friend of mine (Mr. Josiah Bonnin), of Nalpa, is now building a little clipper to join in them. Mr. Macfarlane has imported in sections and had put together at his home on the lakes a beautiful steam yacht, but I hear he still

keeps the old "Pasquin" in commission. He is also an enthusiast on the subject of yachting. But of all the public-spirited efforts in South Australia, so far as yachting is concerned, that of Mr. Frank Potts, of Langhorne's Creek, must bear the palm. He designed, built, and rigged a yacht, brought her overland to Port Adelaide from Langhorne's Creek, entered and sailed her himself against the crack river craft, and although unsuccessful in the contest, the pluckiness of the undertaking will long be remembered by yachtsmen. The best proof of how it was appreciated at the time was shown by an address from the S.A.Y. Club which was presented to him. For many years boats of this gentleman's construction have been competing with others in annual regattas upon our lakes at Milang and elsewhere.



Some Fishing Grounds

IN

GULF ST. VINCENT, SPENCER'S GULF, BACKSTAIRS
PASSAGE, INVESTIGATORS STRAITS, PORT
LINCOLN, &c., &c.

Small snapper in considerable quantities are sometimes caught about half to three-quarters of a mile north from the Port lighthouse—where the barges empty the silt—in from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. In standing in shore get the lighthouse and the water tower at the Semaphore in one; keep inside of this bearing, let the yacht drift towards the old boat channel, and try for bites. Very fine whiting here also occasionally.

OFF SEMAPHORE.—UPPER GROUND.—Bring double sandhill into first or second gully and water tower into Peaky Hill, or very little to N. or S. of latter.

MIDDLE GROUND.—Bring smelting works chimney in Peaky Hill, or slightly to the N. or S., left hand white sand patch of Ferrer's farm, on Mount Lofty.

CHARLEY'S GROUND.—Bring end of Semaphore jetty on Peaky Hill; Mr. Mellors's house in first gully to left of red hill.

LOWER GROUND.—Off Mr. Bucknall's house. Keep left hand or northerly patch of Ferrer's farm a little to the right; rocky bottom.

JAGOE'S PATCH.—Put Mellor's house in Mount Lofty, and steer out till Larg's Bay flagstaff is in Peaky Hill; patch very small.

SNOOK GROUND.—Keep lighthouse from end to end of Pinery and lifeboat shed in Mount Lofty.

In the marks laid down for snapper patches abreast the

Semaphore it is as well to get one mark in and steer on that bearing until the cross bearings are made.

GLNELG.—Bring Mount Lofty due east. About six miles off the jetty, in 11 fathoms; from November to March.

MARINO.—Brighton jetty N.E.; Field's River E. Two miles from shore, in 10 fathoms.

NOBLUNGA.—Jetty E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. Four miles, in 11 fathoms.

Another ground.—Half a mile off the high land at the south end of the sandy beach, a store in the mouth of the river bearing N.E.

WILLUNGA.—The reef buoy bearing N. by E. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in 10 fathoms. Snapper and whiting.

ALDINGA BAY.—Two miles off the light, in 11 fathoms.

YANKALILLA.—Jetty E.N.E. and Second Valley jetty S. by E., in 10 fathoms.

CAPE JERVIS.—Bring Lighthouse E. by N. About four miles off, in 20 fathoms.

CAPE JERVIS AND THE MAINLAND SIDE OF BACKSTAIRS PASSAGE (Fish when tide slack).—Bring lighthouse N.N.W. (in the Passage), three miles off shore, in 13 fathoms.

Another Ground.—One mile due west from lighthouse, just opening Rabbit Bluff from N.W. Bluff; about 20 fathoms.

Another.—About west and by south from lighthouse, three miles off, opening Carricalinga Head out from Rabbit Head.

Another.—Off Talisker Mine, about one mile from shore—nearly due west from the Mine. About 25 fathoms.

Another.—W. and by N. from the Mine. In about 20 fathoms.

Another.—S.W. and by S. from Mine; two miles from land. About 18 fathoms.

Another.—Same bearing, three miles distant. Twenty-five fathoms.

ON THE KANGAROO ISLAND SIDE OF BACKSTAIRS PASSAGE.—One ground about a mile from Cuttlefish Point, and due east from it; in 20 fathoms.

Another.—One mile due east from Snapper Point; in 25 fathoms.

Another.—Three miles off, same bearing.

ANTECHAMBER BAY.—Snook may often be procured all over the Bay, close in shore, and snapper and crayfish in the south end, in about seven fathoms. Simpson's house bearing about S.W.

CAPE WILLOUGHBY.—One ground about due east from the lighthouse, distant about three-quarters of a mile; in 37 fathoms.

Another.—About E. and by N., in 27 fathoms.

Another.—About five miles off, E.N.E., in 18 fathoms.

EASTERN COVE AND AMERICAN RIVER.—These are so well known to most yachtsmen that it is unnecessary to say more than that snapper and whiting are usually to be caught from Kangaroo Head all along the eastern shore of the Cove. It is, however, advisable not to anchor to the north of the first patch of white sandy beach as the ground is foul, and there is sometimes a nasty tide race further out. I have had capital sport off this beach in three and three and a half fathoms. The ground is now much fished over for the new Curing Company under Ballast Head.

At the entrance of American River there is sometimes good salmon fishing, with rod and line, off the point on the opposite side to Mr. Buick's house. In anchoring go well in south, and keep a little to the eastern side of the channel as there is a sunken rock on the western side. The "Zephyr" was on it for some hours once—the tide was low, and I went inside and touched it in stays. I do not know the depth of water on it. There are generally lots of fish about it. There are also good grounds up the river, but I do not remember their bearings.

NEPEAN BAY AND QUEENSCLIFFE.—Frenchman's Rock, on the southern side of the bay, about half a mile from shore, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on it. The charts of the bay show its exact position, the bearings of which I have not by me. It is directly opposite a red cliff—the only one near.

Off the entrance to the Bay of Shoals at Queenscliffe there is a deep channel, with a peculiar umbrella-shaped top to a tree bearing about W.S.W to S.W. Small snapper and whiting may often be caught. I have also caught very fine red mullet here.

INVESTIGATORS STRAITS, KANGAROO ISLAND SIDE, EMU BAY.—Between the reef in the south corner and the beach in Smith's Bay snapper may often be caught, say a quarter of a mile from shore, in 10 fathoms. Mr. Pennington tells me that from Point Marsden to Emu Bay, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, in 14 fathoms, all over the bay in five fathoms, and on the western side of the reef in 11 fathoms, a quarter of a mile off shore, snook and snapper may be caught; and that the anchorage to the south of the reef in Emu Bay is very good. He says there is also good fishing in Smith and Dashwood Bays.

SNUG COVE.—Crayfish in large quantities may be caught off the rocks; indeed so they may be all along the coast to Cape Borda.

ALTHORPES.—Bring Middle Island west two miles distant, in 13 fathoms. Beautiful Golden or king snapper obtainable here.

PENINSULA SIDE OF STRAITS.—Bring York Point N.E.

About four miles off, in from 11 to 15 fathoms. Golden snapper procurable here also.

BROKEN BAY.—In five fathoms to Sandy Point. Snook often plentiful.

From Sandy Point all across Sturt Bay plenty of snook.

TROUBRIDGE POINT.—Bring the hill E.N.E. About four miles off; in 11 fathoms. Snapper, trevalli, and whiting.

WEST OF MARION REEF.—Bring Troubridge Light N.E. and Troubridge Hill W. Snapper and snook.

TROUBRIDGE.—Bring light due west; in 11 fathoms.

SPENCER'S GULF, WEDGE ISLAND.—At the west end of Wedge Island, in seven fathoms, close in there are very large whiting and tommyroughs procurable; there are also plenty of small snapper. The enormous groper is caught here. Mr. Goldsworthy informed me that they sometimes exceed one hundred pounds in weight.

GAMBIER ISLAND.—W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., in 16 fathoms, one mile distant. Good snapper fishing.

THISTLE ISLAND.—Good snapper fishing off S. east point of Whaler's Bay, and sometimes plenty of crayfish can be obtained.

BUFFALO REEF.—E.N.E. one mile, in 18 fathoms. Plenty of snapper; always seals on this reef. There is no landing on it.

CORNEY POINT.—About four miles to the eastward, in four fathoms, about two miles off the shore. Snapper very plentiful and fine whiting.

PORT LINCOLN.—Donnington Reef or Snapper Rock, anywhere on its southern side close in to the rock. Sometimes the fish are well over toward the mainland opposite the reef. In calm weather it is well to lay the vessel to and cast the lines, but care must be taken of the tide which runs very strong at times. Many other kinds of fish are to be caught here as well as snapper, and the king or golden snapper is sometimes obtainable.

Off the northern end of the outside Bickers Island small snapper are sometimes procurable, and any amount of rock cod. (Good rabbit shooting on this island.)

Off the third point on the eastern side of Spalding Cove close in a great variety of fish are caught.

At the south-western corner of Grantham Island, close in shore, small snapper and other fish are obtainable.

At Horse Rock there is at times excellent fishing, but it is an uncertain place.

At the head of the Proper, at the white sandy patch to the westward of the point running from Monument Hill towards the inside Bickers Island, and on the eastern side of this point in Spalding Cove, flounder may be procured in a net. There

is also good netting on the western side of Boston Island in the bay nearly abreast of Port Lincoln township, where the well for supplying the cattle is situate.

Oysters are to be dredged up all over the various bays. I have, however, never dredged any, because they are always to be bought from the oystermen. Whiting, tommyroughs, &c., are caught off and near the jetty.



Geographical Position of Ports

HEREIN MENTIONED.

NAME.	LATITUDE.		LONGITUDE.	
	S.	E.		
Rapid Bay	35 32	138 12		
Second Valley	35 31	138 18		
Yankalilla	35 27½	138 18		
Myponga	35 23	138 23		
Port Willunga	35 16½	138 27		
“ Noarlunga	35 9½	138 30		
Glenelg	34 59½	138 30		
Port Adelaide Anchorage	34 50	138 27		
“ “ Harbour	34 51½	138 30		
“ Gawler	34 41	138 27		
“ Wakefield Anchorage	34 16	138 6		
“ “ Harbour	34 12	138 9		
Arrossan Anchorage	34 26	137 55		
Black Point	34 37	137 54		
Port Vincent	34 46	137 52		
Oyster Bay (Stansbury)	34 53	137 49		
Wool Bay	35 00	137 47		
Salt Creek	35 03	137 44		
Edithburgh	35 5½	137 45		
Port Moorowie Anchorage	35 7½	137 31		
Sturt Bay... ..	35 10	137 21		
Marion Bay (centre)	35 15	137 2		
Port Victoria (new)	34 30	137 28		
Moonta Jetty	34 8	137 33		
Wallaroo Bay	33 55½	137 37½		
Port Germein	33 37½	137 59		
Port Pirie	33 7	138 0		
Port Augusta	32 29½	137 45½		
Port Lincoln Jetty	34 43	135 51½		
Antechamber Bay	35 48	138 6		
American River Entrance }	35 47½	137 48		
Eastern Cove }				
Kingscote... ..	35 39½	137 38		
Emu Bay	35 35½	137 31½		
Smith Bay	35 36	137 27		
Dashwood Bay	35 35½	137 23½		
Snug Cove Entrance	35 42	136 50½		

Table of Distances.



From Semaphore Anchorage—

To Glenelg	10 miles.
Noarlunga	20 "
Willunga	26 "
Yankalilla	38 "
Cape Jervis	50 "
Point Marsden	62 "
Kingscote	67 "
Cape Willoughby	64 "
Pages	72 "
Wakefield (anchorage)	44 "
Ardrossan	36 "
Black Point	31 "
Port Vincent	30 "
Stansbury (Oyster Bay)	32 "
Edithburgh	39 "
Troubridge	35 "
Snug Cove	96 "
Harvey's Return	102 "
Cape Borda	104 "
Althorpe Island	87 "
Corney Point	119 "
Port Victoria	146 "
Moonta	172 "
Wallaroo	185 "
Port Pirie	252 "
Port Germein	242 "
Port Augusta	275 "
Point Lowly	240 "
Port Lincoln...	150 "
Neptune Islands	127 "

The Rule of the Road at Sea.



AIDS TO MEMORY IN FOUR VERSES, BY THOMAS GRAY.

1. *Two steamships meeting.*

When both side lights you see ahead,
Port your helm, and show your RED.

2. *Two steamships crossing.*

GREEN to GREEN or RED to RED,
Perfect safety. Go ahead.

To which some usefully add—

GREEN to RED or RED to GREEN,
Keep sharp look out, for dangers seen.

3. *Two steamships passing.*

Note.—This is the position of greatest danger. There is nothing for it but good look-out, caution, and judgment.

If to your starboard RED appear,
It is your duty to keep clear ;
To act as judgment says is proper—
To port, to starboard, BACK, or stop her.

But when upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of GREEN,
There's not so much for you to do,
For GREEN to port keeps clear of you.

4. *All ships must keep a good look-out, and steamships must stop and go astern, if necessary.*

Both in safety and in doubt,
Always keep a good look-out.
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her—stop her—go astern.

Weather Tokens

FROM "VANDERDECKEN."



When the rain comes before the wind,
Look out, and well your topsails mind ;
But when the wind comes before the rain,
Then hoist your topsails up again.

When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow ;
When the glass rises high,
Let the light duck fly.

At sea, with a low and falling glass,
The green hand sleeps like a careless ass ;
But only when it is high and rising
Will slumber trouble a careful wise one.

When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect, and a clear blow,

First rise after very low
Indicates a stronger blow.

Long foretold—long last.
Short warning—soon past.

DRY OR WET WEATHER.

When the mist takes to the open sea,
Fair weather, shipmate, it will be ;
But when the mist rolls o'er the land,
The rain comes rattling off like sand.

When the clouds spread like a feather,
Mariner, look for fair, good weather.

When the lofty hill the mist does bear,
Let the mariner then for storms prepare.

A Cruise on Shore,

OR BY RAIL, ROAD, RIVER, AND ROCKS IN THE
SOUTH-EAST.

The following paper on the above subject was read by the author at a meeting of the South Australian Yacht Club, at Port Adelaide, on Thursday evening, June, 1886:—

The laudable effort and example of our friend, Mr. S. J. Skipper, when some years ago he initiated the composition and reading of papers by members at our Club meetings has of late somewhat fallen into disuse; nor is this surprising, if yachtsmen continue to confine their efforts to recounting the incidents of their various cruises in the Gulf. The trips are generally such counterparts of each other that it becomes wearisome to record them in the log, and it would be much more so to commit them to paper as a means of entertainment to others. Unless, therefore, some member of the Club has had an exceptional experience in the well-beaten path, it is difficult for him to compose matter sufficiently interesting to amuse or claim the attention of his comrades.

But it will be a matter of regret if the readings are allowed to die out altogether, especially during the winter months, when the actual business to be transacted is not usually very great. In order to assist in preventing so undesirable an event, I resolved upon relating to you some experiences on an inland cruise somewhat out of the ordinary track during the past Easter holidays.

The paper is entitled, "By Rail, Road, River, and Rock." It is hoped as we proceed you will find the alliteration is justified.

On the 16th of April last I left Adelaide to take the south-eastern circuit in a special train that was going through to Bordertown with several railway officials and the contractor.

We breakfasted at Nairne, and reached the Murray Bridge before midday. I may perhaps be pardoned for a certain feeling of pride and satisfaction when crossing this bridge in the train, and hearing from all the officials on the line that it is as substantial as it looks, and is in every way suited for the railroad traffic. Many years ago, when this structure was lying useless at the Dry Creek, I successfully advocated in Parliament its construction where it now stands, and told my then constituents that I hoped and prognosticated that ere ten years elapsed the "iron horse" would be seen crossing it for the Victorian border. It is considerably more than ten years ago since this was uttered, but it ought not to have been anything like that period before the intercolonial line was carried out. But for a short-sighted opposition this colony, Victoria, and New South Wales, would have been united by rail several years ago. Had this been done, and had the canal from Largs Bay to Port Adelaide been carried out at the same time, our geographical position would have been long since recognised as making us for a considerable period the Brindisi of Australia. As you are aware, I was a strenuous advocate of both enterprises, and could not help thinking about them as we crossed the "white elephant" and "Bundey's folly," as the bridge was once called. It is named with more respect now, and is serving its turn of usefulness. But to return. We halted for a short period at Tailern Bend station, and then away for the ninety-mile desert. About the middle of this we stopped for lunch. One of the Messrs. Millar, who constructed the line, was most hospitable to all in the train, and it must have been as gratifying to him as it was pleasing to us to hear how well satisfied the officers were with the line, which runs with much smoothness. We arrived at Bordertown about 4.30 p.m., and Wolesley (our stopping-place for the night) about 5.30 p.m. The landlord of the hotel proved to be an old acquaintance. He had formerly been a drill-instructor, and had drilled the volunteer company I commanded upwards of a quarter of a century ago. The next morning we reached Narracoorte by train, in good time for the opening of the court, and concluded the sittings there before evening. We were at Mount Gambier the following evening; the distance, about 64 miles, took us eight hours, with two changes of horses. The road is flat, and not particularly interesting. There was one thing that attracted my attention, and that was the singular and almost saddening feature of the country presented by the vast quantities of dead trees still standing, but utterly destitute of foliage. Miles of this dead forest are to be seen before you reach Mount Gambier, and give a kind of weird appearance to the landscape. The cause of this phenomenon is

enigmatical—at least we heard no satisfactory explanation of it.

Not having the "Wanderer" in commission, I determined, after performing my official duties, to spend the Easter holidays in the south-eastern district; how they were spent you shall now hear.

I have no intention of inflicting upon you a description of beautiful Mount Gambier; it has been so often and so graphically described that you probably know all about its surroundings—the three curious and lovely lakes, the striking character of the mountain itself, the grand view to be obtained from its summit, the thickly-populated neighbourhood, the numerous places of worship on commanding positions, the stately trees, the comfortable homes of many well-to-do people, the busy streets, the wonderfully prolific nature of the soil, and the absence of any signs of the prevailing depression made it appear to me like a different country. The population now exceeds 6,000, and as you are aware it is a corporate town. It has often been called the garden of South Australia. It might not be incorrect to call it the garden of the Australian continent. It resembles an English town more than any other place I am acquainted with in Australia. It took less than a day to dispatch the Circuit Court business, speaking well for the good order of, and absence from crime, in the district.

Being now free to carry out our intention of devoting a few days to open-air recreation, we first accepted an invitation to witness some coursing at a neighbouring squatter's. An old friend kindly drove us to the coursing ground some few miles from the township. The hares were not numerous, but nevertheless there were some excellent runs, and one or two very fast dogs. There was a large muster of sportsmen, and one stout, jovial, and plucky old gentleman, in a small four-wheeled chaise, amused me very much. He selected all the fallen timber to drive amongst to start the hares, and when one did start he was off after it in his vehicle as fast as his horse could gallop. He went heart and soul into the sport. He offered a seat to a learned and popular leader of the bar, which was accepted, and I have no doubt the slight peril to which the latter was thus undoubtedly subjected added to his pleasure, but the jovial one seemed such a good driver that, barring a wheel or spring going or the horse stumbling in a wombat hole, there really was not much danger. We paid a visit to the house of the owner of the estate, where we were most hospitably entertained. We reached Mount Gambier before dark, all having thoroughly enjoyed the outing. The following day I hired a waggonette from Mr. Nicholls (who keeps a livery and bait stables at Mr. Thurston's Hotel, and excellent horses and

vehicles he supplies, with steady and efficient drivers), and started for the River Glenelg, distant about 24 miles or 26 miles from Mount Gambier. I had often heard such glowing accounts of the beauty of this river, and the splendid bream fishing to be obtained in it, that I looked forward to the opportunity that was now open, and anticipated good sport. A professional gentleman at the Mount, knowing of our intended visit, had, with forethought and kindness, procured several crayfish for bait, and, with the fishing-gear from the "Wanderer," we were fully prepared to do good execution amongst the finny tribe—that is, if they would let us. A pleasant drive brought us to the punt about lunch time, and certainly as we ascended a small eminence, and the river, and its mouth burst into view, we felt the encomiums on its beauty were fully justified. The Glenelg at the punt is about the width of the Torrens Lake, very deep in the middle, but at this particular spot it possesses gently shelving banks. Further up its banks are steep and thickly wooded to the water's edge. Beautiful as it undoubtedly is at its mouth, it is treble so as you proceed inland. I understand a good-sized boat can ascend it some 40 or 50 miles. The punt and all about it is primitive, but substantial. The owner has kept it for the past 36 years, and a fine, original, hale and hearty old fellow he is; and as for his industrious wife, we shall not soon forget the bread, butter, scones, &c., she kindly supplied us with. She does know how to cook a bream for breakfast; their house is plain, but clean and comfortable, and their charges are reasonable. The old gentleman has many an interesting anecdote to tell of former times, and about old colonists that first crossed cattle, &c., for the Adelaide market; the difficulties he had with the natives, who were very numerous on the river, and many other incidents of an entertaining character. He is a fine-looking old man, and sits his horse as well as many a young fellow of 30.

The weather for the first day or two rendered out-door work anything but pleasant. As soon as it cleared we took our boats (there are several of these procurable here) and went up about three miles to a supposed famous spot for bream. With capital gear and bait we patiently fished at this place for many hours, but

We did not catch those bream, brave boys,
We did not catch those bream.

No, we did not catch them, or any of them. But the rain caught us, two of the party had early given up the fishing in disgust, and had gone inland kangaroo shooting—the country hereabouts is thickly covered with high ferns, this answered two purposes—it effectually screened the kangaroo from danger, and when the rain came on in earnest the hunters had

to wade through them up to their arm pits. Talk about wet blankets, they are nothing to ferns for town-bred sportsmen. You ought to have seen the spectacle they presented when they reached the boats. Didn't they look pleased? We were a delightfully social party as we returned down the river that evening. By the time we reached the punt the weather had cleared, and we ventured a cast of our lines off it, and from the bank near it we soon made up for lost time, catching a nice quantity of mullet and bream, so large were some of the latter that they required a lot of playing, and landing in the hand net. This put us all in better spirits, for it previously looked as if we were not to catch a single bream. It is true that we did not obtain a great quantity, but I feel sure if one had sufficient time, proper appliances and bait, the Glenelg is a fine fishing ground. An annoying and yet somewhat amusing occurrence took place with respect to our bait. Two tails of crayfish were left on the punt full of meat for bait on our return from lunch. When we went back we found five magpies hard at work; they did what it is often irreverently and erroneously stated certain members of a learned profession sometimes do with the oyster, viz., they consumed the meat and left me the shells. There is apparently not much sport for the gun here. One of our party shot a brace of teal, but we were informed that by getting to the mouth of the river before daylight good shooting is often obtainable. Our time was too limited to test this, as it was to properly test the fishing, any one going down to the punt for sport should have a week at least to spare; but whether the sport is good or bad, the place is well worth a visit. The plain, unpretending, but comfortable living, and the freedom from conventionalities, lend a great charm to an outing of this kind. We left the river, the house, and its owner with regret, all wishing we could have spent a longer time in so beautiful a locality. We were informed that this portion of the river is within the boundary claimed by South Australia in the border dispute between Victoria and our colony.

On Easter Monday we attended an interesting cricket match between the Mount Gambier club and a Victorian eleven from Hamilton. The game was witnessed by a considerable concourse of people. The Mount cricketers have a very pretty oval, and a generous resident has lately made them a present of property valued at £1,500. Both teams were composed of fine athletic young fellows. They kindly asked us to lunch with them. Unfortunately the rain prevented the completion of the match, and so it was decided by the first innings in favour of the Mount Gambierites. In the evening a concert was given by lady and gentleman amateurs in favour of the local club's funds. It was well attended, some of the visiting

team showing they knew how to sing as well as handle the willow. The way the people at the Mount turned out and enjoyed the sports and entertainments on Easter Monday was a pleasure to witness. The number of holiday-keepers astonished me, as in fact did the lively state of the main street, with its busy vehicle and foot traffic. One could almost imagine oneself in one of the leading streets of the metropolis. There is now another attraction at the lakes. A few years ago some perch were put in two of them. Their waters were told are now teeming with these fish. By invitation we tried our luck, and succeeded in catching a few small ones. We did not care much for them when cooked; they are a dull lifeless fish to catch, but will doubtless afford amusement for many a future angler. A party of Mount Gambier gentlemen were going to the seaside on a fishing and shooting excursion. His Worship the Mayor of Mount Gambier, at whose excellent hotel we were staying, was anxious for us to join them. He said he had received a warm invitation for us to do so from the gentleman who had arranged the matter, and he felt sure if the weather was at all favourable we should have excellent sport. He brought the gentleman and introduced him. I had not the pleasure of any previous acquaintance with him. He is such an ardent lover of fishing that he keeps a tent, boat, and nets on the coast during the summer months, with appliances for catching crayfish as well, and all the paraphernalia of a fishing station. At the Mount he has a rocket apparatus and necessary gear in case of a wreck, although the coast is 26 or 28 miles away, but from what I subsequently saw of him I am sure he would soon be on the spot for duty should the necessity unfortunately arise. We shall not soon forget the genuine kindness we experienced at his hands. He is a German of prepossessing appearance and manners, and you are not surprised on seeing him that his tastes are for bold and manly recreations. I have since read his autobiography, and he has indeed had an adventurous life, "even from his boyish days." I understand he has been a leading auctioneer at Mount Gambier for many years, and is now in a very large way of business there. His very hearty invitation was accepted, and the next morning we started; he and I in his buggy, and the remainder of the party in a fine roomy conveyance obtained from Mr. Nicholls, who drove, and an excellent whip he is—it would have been a poor look out for those under his charge had he not been so, considering the country through which he had to steer his horses. A few miles out of Mount Gambier we entered the enclosed portion of the Mount Schank estate and how my companion succeeded in finding his way through the thick scrub, fallen and stunted timber, was a puzzle to me;

however he did so with a pair of as staunch and spirited ponies as a man need wish to sit behind.

After some four or five hours travelling the ocean in all its grandeur suddenly burst upon our view. The gentleman who was driving gazed for a moment in rapturous delight upon it, and then gave audible expression to his joy. He had been a sailor for many years during his boyhood and early manhood, and had been wrecked on this very coast. One could well imagine that within his breast were feelings similar to those expressed by Lord Byron in the beautiful lines—

And I have loved thee, ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.

If I mistake not similar sentiments have animated the breast of many South Australian yachtsmen in their time. Yes, even in the case of some

Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave,

there is a love for the sea that nothing appears capable of quenching. For myself, I must say that increase of years has in no way decreased that feeling, and it would be a deprivation, indeed, if I could not sometimes be a "wanderer of that trackless way." But to return to our story. Bowling along a level piece of country, thickly covered with rushes, grass, and weeds, and interspersed with occasional lagoons, we soon reached "the fishing station." Here we found our kind entertainer had a fine capacious tent and three smaller ones all ready for our reception. The largest of these he keeps up all the summer; it is a grand tent, lined with green baize, and large enough for half a dozen people to sleep in comfortably. It is substantially fastened, and fenced round to prevent the cattle from destroying it. A huge fire was cheerily blazing away outside, and as soon as the horses were properly looked after we all partook of a hearty meal, the long drive and fresh bracing air having sharpened our appetites, and supplied us with the best sauce as a relish yet discovered. This duty performed, we proceeded to launch the dingey and make some casts of the net. The water being beautifully smooth inside the reef here, and the tide well up, we had no difficulty in doing this, and were very successful, filling the basket with a lot of fine whiting, a few tommy ruffs, flounders, &c. We also caught a small shark and secured him for bait for the next day's fishing from the rocks. The spot where the tent is fixed is about four miles from the Cape Banks Lighthouse. From it you can also distinctly see the flash of the Cape Nothumberland light, distant, I believe,

about 18 or 20 miles. The rocks where the "Admella" was wrecked are about two miles on the Rivoli Bay side of the Cape Banks light. We were on the Cape Northumberland side of this light. Far as the eye can reach all along the coast line, on each side of us, and within at least a mile of the shore at the farthest, was one continued line of breakers—the white foam seething and boiling like a cauldron, flying into the air in showers of snowy flakes, and with a long-continued roar like that of distant thunder. One saw the beauty and grandeur of it all, tempered with the feeling of how impotent man would be if any of his handiwork struck on these dread reefs. No vessel under command ought ever to have been, or to be, near them. It was one of the calmest of days when we first saw them. What they must be like in a gale of wind I leave you to imagine. Calm as the sea was, when we sought our beds the noise was simply astounding, but the "music in its roar" must have acted as a lullaby to me at any rate, for I was soon sound asleep, and did not awaken until early morning.

After breakfast we started for the Cape Banks Lighthouse with a view of seeing it, shooting on Lake Bonney (a beautiful lake, which we were informed is at least 20 miles long), and fishing from the Carpenter Rocks with rod and line, and crayfishing with a net. We had to travel some four miles to the lighthouse over an abominable road, portion of the way composed of huge boulders of rock; how the axles stood it was surprising. We reached the cape without accident, and were kindly received by the good people living there. There are two families—a head and second keeper's—and they have indeed a lonely time of it in a spot so remote from others. An occasional visit from a boundary rider is about the only relief to their monotony. The lighthouse is beautifully kept, and the two comfortable cottages are patterns of cleanliness and neatness. Fortunately there are young people and children in each to lighten their parents' solitude. About midday the weather changed, a sharp shower was followed by a strong breeze, and there was every appearance of a wet, boisterous night; the sea began to rise, and the view from the Cape as it broke over the interminable reef, or rather series of reefs, was grand. The spot where the ill-fated "Admella" was wrecked and also where a small steamer had shared the same fate not long ago was pointed out to us. I forget the name of the latter. Our host bought the wreck for a merely nominal sum, but he has not been able to do anything with it owing to the never-ceasing swell and surf. On one occasion, when he was out endeavouring to secure it, he rested his hand upon a portion of the Admella's machinery, which, on exceptionally fine days, he stated, may still be seen awash at low tide. Being on the

spot in view of where the terrible incidents of this wreck occurred, and seeing the stupendous nature of the force against which those left on the vessel after she struck on the reef had to contend, vividly conveyed to the mind how utterly hopeless must have been the contest. Regrets are vain, for

When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead

we must submit; still a man must be hard-hearted who can yet look upon the place without some degree of sadness. It was brought the more closely to my remembrance because by my side stood one to whom I am attached by relationship and affection, whose grandfather was one of those who were washed off the wreck and perished.

In consequence of the weather having become so threatening, the Lake Bonney shooting was abandoned, and we determined upon trying our luck fishing at the Carpenter Rocks; these are about midway between the lighthouse and our tent. Bidding adieu to the hospitable and intelligent people at Cape Banks, we made for these rocks. On the way, as we were skirting a lagoon, we saw three swans, distant some 600 yards. I had a few shots at them from a small Tranter rifle, and after getting the proper elevation, obtained one—a fine bird it proved to be. By the time we got to the rocks the weather looked better. The dogs started a wallaby, and it passed right through our party, and we had a fine view of the run, but the dogs were soon distanced. Great preparations with rod and line were now made for the "splendid fishing from the Carpenter Rocks" we were told at the Mount was always procurable. We jumped from crag to crag to reach the outermost rocks, and sharp-pointed and most uncomfortable footing they yield. Patiently and industriously we toiled for the wily "sweep," the freshening breeze and rising tide occasionally damping our ardour with showers of spray as the sea broke at our feet. Not a bite, not even a nibble, did one of us obtain, except from the numerous crayfish that could be seen in almost every interstice and cavern of the rocks that contained sufficient water. Whilst we were making these unsuccessful efforts our host was more fortunate. In the two or three hours we were there he succeeded in netting some 15 or 16 crayfish. The failure of the fishing from these rocks was a disappointment to us, as from the reports of its excellence we had built upon it. But we all know that failing to obtain fish at a particular spot one day is no evidence that it is not an excellent ground at another time. Growing tired of our ill success, we had a look at our surroundings. The coast-line is wild, desolate, and inhospitable-looking enough, and but for the apparently interminable line of breakers there would be little that could be

called grand. The rocks are no great height where we were. At the lighthouse, some little way out from the coast, they are more commanding. The back country close to the coast is flat. Further back is a quantity of stunted timber, the intervening space being covered with rushes, grass, small shrubs, and occasional swamps. In the winter I should think this is nearly all a kind of marsh. There were numerous cattle and sheep depasturing on it, the Mount Shanck station running to the coast. We got back to our camp about sundown. The clouds had cleared away, and some of our party tried for wild fowl with their guns. On a jutting point could be seen a number of black duck, oyster birds, redbill, curlew, cranes, and sea-gulls, and the everlasting cormorant. You all know what a nuisance this latter bird is when one is fishing. In the last number of "Land and Water" that I have read the following lines by an English naturalist so aptly describe our own experiences with the Australian species that I make no apology for reading them to you. I won't say much for the poetry, but the description of the bird's habits are strictly accurate:—

The cormorant upon the cliff
 (A fisher bold is he),
 Like some grim pirate from his skiff
 Sits gazing in the sea.

Watching with keen and glittering eyes
 The fishes as they play,
 And thinking if one should chance to rise,
 How he will bear't away.

He sees a ripple on the wave,
 He plunges in the brinè ;
 Unerring bird, no power can save
 From that fell beak of thine.

And now, with slow and measured beat,
 To the sandy bar he flies ;
 And safe in that secure retreat
 His dripping plumage dries.

And there he sits and preens his wings,
 And spreads them in the sun ;
 And rests, like one of the old sea kings,
 After the fight is won.

Many a time have these greedy birds behaved exactly as here described when we have been fishing at Black Point. You all know what a favourite spot the "sandspit" there is for them. Unfortunately no shooting was obtained. After the evening meal all hands gathered round the cheerful fire and whiled away the hours until bedtime with songs, anecdotes, conundrums, &c. We were fortunate in having another fine night ; in the early morning netting was again tried, but with limited success. Subsequently a few more crayfish were caught, and

we started on our return trip. Shortly afterwards I had a chance to shoot a swan well within rifle range, and missed. Our host was anxious for me to kill a kangaroo, and when we were some time on our journey I had a chance at one and fired. Away went the animal, and away went the buggy and pair as fast as the horses could gallop after it, as we believed it to be wounded. The country was full of fallen timber and stunted undergrowth, as well as standing trees, with any amount of wombat holes. My companion was excited with the chase, and for a short period I felt that I would rather have been at the helm of the "Wanderer" in a stiff gale than where I was just then. He is a decidedly heavier man than I am, so that our joint weight would have made it no "light matter" for the axles if we had struck a log, stump, or stone, or had fallen into one of the holes I have mentioned. However, after continuing this breakneck race a little while we lost sight of the kangaroo in some thick ferns, and we gave up the chase. My companion is a splendid driver, having in his younger days been a "whip" on the Melbourne side. But personally, if I had the choice, I should prefer drawing the line at kangaroo hunting in a buggy over such country. Not long after I was more successful, and placed a ball from the Tranter in one of the marsupials, which was duly brought on to the Mount. We reached this about 3 p.m., having thoroughly enjoyed the outing, and having been treated with much hospitality by our kind entertainer, who with the other gentlemen from Mount Gambier who accompanied us, left no stone unturned to make our trip a pleasant one, and for which I trust they will all accept this small tribute of thanks.

The next morning we left for Narracoorte—soon to be joined to Mount Gambier by rail—and the following day reached Bordertown just as the Ministerial party arrived at that place to formally open the line from the metropolis. The same evening we were at our respective homes in the city. Thus ended a holiday we shall not soon forget.

We obtained a useful knowledge of the country, as well as health and enjoyment, and if these jottings should induce others to visit delightful Mount Gambier I can assure them they will be welcomed, for the people are most hospitable. In Port Lincoln (where we spent the Christmas holidays, and where the residents, like the Mount Gambierites, vie with each other in kindness to visitors) and in Mount Gambier South Australians possess two of the most lovely, if not the most lovely, places on the Australian continent, with cool and refreshing climates. Persons seeking health, change, or rest, cannot do better than try either of these places. There is no necessity

to leave South Australia with such sanatoriums within its boundaries. Port Lincoln is a yachtsman's delight. Mount Gambier will be always more attractive to those to whom the sea is a terror, and it will soon be within an easy day's journey of the metropolis.



Manly Sports, Exercises, and Recreations ;

AND THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THEIR PRACTICE
WITHIN REASONABLE AND PROPER BOUNDS.

[Extracts from a lecture by the author, delivered in the Town
Hall, Adelaide, on the 19th August, 1880.]

DUTY FIRST, NO DEIFICATION OF BONE AND MUSCLE.

The first portion of my remarks will deal with a few of the arguments in favour of the subject we are considering, inasmuch as many employers and parents do not see with us, and indeed sometimes refuse or grudge the necessary time for their employés or sons to engage in such pastimes. We frequently hear it stated that it is impossible to combine a strict attention to duty with outdoor sports and recreations—if you attempt the latter you necessarily neglect the former. To this proposition I very respectfully demur. From experience and observation extending over thirty years I am convinced that healthy relaxation and pastime taken at proper times enable a man to perform more and better work.

Fresh pure air and the natural exercise of the limbs, which our best national sports induce, will greatly assist in keeping the body strong and healthy, with its usual accompaniment, a sound mind also, both of which are necessary to the due fulfilment of our respective avocations. Time judiciously spent in such recreations is not wasted, as is so often alleged, if it be true that they increase a man's capacity for and his zeal in performing his duties. The object most to be desired so that we may properly do this, I take it, is "health," for without it nothing can be thoroughly enjoyed, or any duties properly fulfilled. Johnson says, "Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured,

but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion." How true this is all who have been sufferers know. Who among us would not willingly part with money, if by so doing we could assure ourselves of the inestimable blessing of health? It is the *duty* of every young man to attend strictly, honestly, and faithfully to the interests of his employers, and to strive hard and persistently to acquire a competency and to provide for those having claims upon him, and in every case and under all circumstances to make these his *first* consideration. There must be no misunderstanding upon the point just referred to; the true supporters of manly sports are those who recognise them as auxiliaries to, and necessary for, the health of an industrious race, so that they may not become mere money-making drudges and machines, but may by means of such sports be frequently reinvigorated and better able to perform their undertakings. The remarks made apply also to those who are their own masters, and who, either in their professions or business, give themselves no rest. How many do we see day by day with the same anxious careworn expression on their features, intent upon and possibly increasing their savings; but he must be a very superficial observer who does not at the same time see the price they are paying for so doing, both bodily and mentally.

We play with a will, and in our business we work with a much greater will in consequence, our motto being in both that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. We despise idle men, and would not, if we could, live one continual holiday; but to unbend our thoughts or to relieve our minds when oppressed by worry, study, or work, we believe to be as necessary as to allow the bearings of an over-strained steam engine to cool, or as a clock that has run down to be again wound up. None but those who have gone through the ordeal of exchanging active outdoor country employment for a hard-working indoor city life can realise the effect upon even the strongest, especially on the digestive organs, and how cheerful a man feels and how amiably he acts, or is inclined to act, towards others when these are in a disordered state many of us have too good reason to know. Go to a cattle station, where the stockmen are day by day in the saddle, the "seat of health," possibly having little from one month's end to another but "damper and mutton," with mutton and damper as an occasional change—we all know what an exceedingly light spongy loaf a damper is—ask them about their digestive powers, or rather you need hardly ask the question if you happen to be partaking of a meal with them after a good day's mustering or cutting out; in most instances they seem to

approach the famed powers of the ostrich and emu in this respect. Put a slice or two of this same damper before a hard-working city editor, for instance, for his evening meal, and next morning be sure to ask him if he had a good night's rest. You may imagine the reply.

NECESSITY OF OPEN-AIR RECREATION.

The importance of the views now being advocated are well put in the following short extract:—"The secret of prolonging life consists in the judicious alternation of exercise in the open air with study and mental toil. When study is pursued intensely without exercise, and plenty of it, the red corpuscles of the blood, instead of being arterialised by full and free contact with the oxygen of air in the lungs, and being conveyed to the brain in a bright crimson current, replete with the elements of life and thought, are thrown upon the fountain-head of physical and mental vitality in a dark, sluggish, and comparatively stagnant stream, loaded with carbon, unfit for the generation either of mental or physical power, and ill suited to prolong existence."

In the present struggle for wealth there is more danger than is generally admitted of a deterioration in our race. Men rendered puny, sickly, and unhealthy by neglecting Nature's laws can hardly expect vigorous or hardy offspring, and with such an enervating climate as ours this may prove of very serious moment in the not very remote future. It behoves us to see that the natural lassitude induced by our summer climate does not tempt us to forget or to ignore those qualities that enabled our ancestors to find the greatest pleasure in pastimes from which the timid and effeminate shrink with dread, whose lives and adventures by field and flood fire the imagination and excite the wonder and admiration of their descendants. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, gymnasia are very numerous. Speaking of them in his book on manly sports, Walker says the philosophers of antiquity, such as Aristotle and Plato, regarded the gymnastic exercises as of most importance, and considered a State defective and badly organised where these exercises were not instituted. Colleges called gymnasia were therefore established everywhere, and superintended by distinguished masters. Accordingly the illustrious men of the Grecian and Roman republics, even those who shone in literature and the fine arts, received the same physical education." Our great countryman Milton recommended fencing and wrestling to make young men grow large and tall, and inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, and Mr. Smiles, in his excellent work on "Self-Help," deploras the neglect of manly exercises. He says the brain is cultivated at

the expense of the members, and the physical is usually found in an inverse ratio to the intellectual appetite. Hence in this age of progress we find so many stomachs weak as "blotting paper," hearts indicating "fatty degeneration," unused pithless hands, calveless legs, and limp bodies without any elastic spring in them. It is not merely health that suffers, the mind itself grows sickly and distempered; the pursuit of knowledge is impeded, and manhood becomes withered, twisted, and stunted. Mr. Smiles well points out that if the physical powers be exclusively cultivated, you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity, it may be a monster. It is only by wisely training all three together that the complete man can be formed. The following excellent observations by Professor Blackie are a just rebuke to those who presume on their technical knowledge and professional success to sit in judgment on others whose education and experience have been much less technical, but more varied and practical, and who look upon a follower of outdoor amusements as worthy only of a sort of patronising consideration, whose opinion is not worth considering. The professor says:—"The merely professional man is always a narrow man; worse than that, he is in a sense an artificial man, a creature of technicalities and specialities, removed equally from the broad truth of nature and from the healthy influence of human converse. In society the most accomplished man of mere professional skill is often a nullity; he has sunk his humanity in his dexterity; he is a leather-dealer, and can talk only about leather; a student, and smells fustily of books, as an inveterate smoker does of tobacco. So far from rushing hastily into merely professional studies, a young man should rather be anxious to avoid the engrossing influence of what is popularly called shop. He will soon enough learn to know the cramping influence of purely professional occupation. Let him flap his wings lustily in an ampler region while he may. But if a man will fix his mind on merely professional study, and can find no room for general culture in his soul, let him be told that no professional studies, however complete, can teach a man the whole of his profession; that the most exact professional drill will omit to teach him the most interesting and the most important part of his own business—that part, namely, where the speciality of the profession comes directly into contact with the generality of human notions and human sympathies. Of this the profession of the law furnishes an excellent example; for, while there is no art more technical, more artificial, and more removed from a fellow-feeling of humanity than law in many of its branches, in others it marches out into the grand arena of

human rights and liberties, and deals with large questions, in the handling of which it is often of more consequence that a pleader should be a complete man than that he should be an expert lawyer. In the same way medicine has as much to do with a knowledge of human nature and of the human soul as with the virtues of cunningly-mingled drugs and the revelations of a technical diagnosis; and theology is generally then least human and least evangelical when it is most stiffly orthodox and most nicely professional. Universal experience accordingly has proved that the general scholar, however apparently inferior at the first start, will in the long run beat the special man on his own favourite ground; for the special man from the small field of his habitual survey can neither know the principles on which his practice rests, nor the relation of his own particular art to general human interests and general human intelligence." This is outspoken and truthful. The man that knows little of or has no sympathy with the wants, amusements, tastes, notions, and general feeling of his fellow-men, despite his technical acquirements on any given subject, however great these may be, has not the necessary grasp of mind, and is not so useful or so capable of rendering service to a community as one more in harmony with his kind.

It is one of the greatest charms connected with manly exercises that for the time being they level all social distinctions. When we see a fine strapping fellow throwing a cricket ball yards beyond his competitors, making a hit over the pavilion, standing firm as a rock and sending his antagonists to the right and left in the tough game of football, we do not stop to inquire whether he is a blacksmith or a professional man; we applaud because we recognise him as a man amongst men.

There is one thing in connection with our amusements that some believe is having, or is liable to have, an injurious effect upon them. The present custom of giving money-prizes, cups, &c., so profusely to individual members of a Club for mere ordinary success is, I think, a mistake in more than one respect. It tends to foster that mercenary spirit alleged to be gaining such a hold on us as a nation, which is regarded with apprehension by many of our most thoughtful men, and which the artists in the London *Punch* are just now so cleverly caricaturing. Every true lover of manly sports will use all lawful means to prevent this from becoming associated with them. When it is so associated the betting element is at once introduced, and when this is done we know its baneful influence. In consequence of disputes that occurred a rule was introduced, and successfully carried in the South Australian Yacht Club, prohibiting contests for money between its members. An association cup or trophy is open to less objection, as it be-

comes the property of a Club, and is justly esteemed a source of pride. Indeed, any trophy open to public competition that is won by an individual, a Club, a horse, a yacht, or a dog, is far less likely to have an evil effect than is the practice of giving prizes to the best batsman, bowler, or wicket-keeper of a Club, although personally I should be glad to see these prizes of less monetary value. The testimonial business in all phases of society has become so common that it ceases to be looked upon as an honour. This will be the effect of any indiscriminate bestowal of Club prizes also. The ancients were wiser, their athletes were taught that victory was its own reward.

It will be manifestly impossible in the limited time at our disposal to do justice to all the glorious and exciting games which have been handed down to us by our forefathers; with your permission, therefore, we will only touch slightly upon some, altogether omit reference to others, and confine our attention mainly to those that have taken root in our soil and are more or less known to all of us.

HUNTING.

Amongst those that should not be entirely passed over is the exciting hunting by the members of the Adelaide Hunt Club. That they ride as boldly and straight as their English prototypes will be denied by none who have witnessed their exploits, and the best of it is that they get all the fun without its usual accompaniment—cruelty or destruction of life. It may be safely asserted that the man who first imported aniseed into this colony little dreamt of the use to which our brave huntsmen have turned this article by means of their famous “drag.” The zeal with which this sport is entered into in the absence of the wily fox, the fleet hare, or the graceful deer, and the determination with which it is pursued under great difficulties, show the innate love of the colonials for the sport and the contempt for the danger which undoubtedly attends it, and which has made it so famous in the mother-country. Doubtless many have witnessed some of the amusing scenes that occasionally occur at these gatherings, when a horse “props” at a fence, and his rider “pops” over it instead. So long as the latter is not hurt it affords a fair subject of amusement, especially if he happens to fall in a soft muddy place. In connection with hunting in Australia I have heard a story which the principal actor tells in an excruciating manner. He is one of those jolly, sturdy little Englishmen that will never be old, who delights in having his dogs with him in his rambles, and who is continually engaged in some daring adventure or another, and is of course a general favourite. The incident, described to me as having come from his own lips, is somewhat

as follows:—Our friend was taking a ride on a portion of his property with two of his usual canine attendants. All of a sudden a wombat (which, as most of you are aware, is about as large as a medium-sized pig, immensely strong, with shaggy coat) was started, and took refuge apparently in a hole just in front of him. He leisurely tied his horse up and broke off a bough from a tree to disturb his wombatship. He got down on his hands and knees for the purpose of poking the animal and inducing it to leave the hole for the dogs to have a hunt. He found, however, the hole went farther in than he expected, and he tried to force his body into it. He succeeded with some difficulty, in consequence of his stoutness, in doing this, until nothing but his legs were outside. Just as he managed to get himself into this position he was suddenly and terrifically attacked in the rear and jammed up against the top of the hole till the breath was almost squeezed out of him. He made huge and desperate efforts to get out. The more he strove the more he was jammed, and to crown all, he heard the angry yelping of his dogs, who appeared to be bent on annoying his legs, &c. He could not call out, for he was nearly smothered with dust and pressure. At last, after a desperate effort, he managed to free himself, and found that the dogs had started either the same or another wombat, who, hard pressed, had taken refuge in the hole he was exploring, and hence the result. I believe he has not gone so far into a wombat-hole since.

FOOTBALL.

We have no reason to be ashamed of our South Australian footballers. This game appears to be gaining favour in the colonies as well as in England, and it certainly supplies a great want in the winter season, when the ground is unfit for other sports. No doubt all here are aware that it is one of the most ancient of English games. It fell into disuse in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in consequence of the extreme roughness with which it was played. Now that it is again becoming popular it is to be hoped that the experiences of the past will act as a warning to those who are disposed to err in the same manner. To a certain extent it must always be a difficult matter to prevent complaints on this score, because of the many falls and sharp tussles that take place, in which the unskilful or weak necessarily come off second best. But it is no use disguising the fact that many South Australians look upon the game with distrust because of the severe accidents that occasionally occur, and because of the alleged roughness of some of the competitors. Now, I by no means wish to throw cold water upon it; on the contrary, anything that will keep it within such fair and reasonable bounds as to make it con-

ducive to health and strength is deserving of all support. But we know that one poor young fellow at Port Adelaide recently lost his life through engaging in it; and only the other day in Melbourne the captain, who was at any rate one of the best of the team that went from here, had his collar-bone broken. It is of course impossible to engage in any outdoor sport without some risk to life or limb, and indeed this danger is to some one of the greatest attractions, but it is not to be wondered at that cautious fathers and affectionate mothers object to their sons being maimed or injured by engaging in such a pastime, and if accidents of this kind from coarse play or reckless and inconsiderate conduct become the order of the day, the present just popularity of the game will rapidly disappear as it did in the olden time.

The danger to football is the one pointed out—roughness in playing. If it should attain to such magnitude as to render it again unpopular, the fault will be with the players. It will also be as well to keep in the background as much as possible the carping, scolding spirit sometimes appearing in letters to newspapers. It is a game requiring the greatest command over the temper, and those who are unable to exercise this virtue should give up playing football. Every exhibition of disagreement and ill-will in the public prints weakens the hold of the game upon the public mind, and helps its detractors. Its grand recommendations are that it is manly in the extreme; it can be played when other outdoor games cannot be engaged in; it is inexpensive, and it is a recreation in which a large number of young men can take part at the same time. These, amongst other good qualities, make it deserving of our support.

CRICKET.

I now come to the game of games, so far as Englishmen are concerned wherever they may be, and the same remark appears to be applicable to Australians also, for I think in proportion to our population we can fairly vie with the mother-country in the love for and the successful practice of the noble game of cricket, the origin of which is lost in antiquity. The first record of a game appears to be in the thirteenth century, and it is alleged that it takes its rise from the old Saxon game of club-ball. It may not prove altogether uninteresting to give a few reminiscences of the game here in the early days of the colony. Before doing so, however, I should like to say that it must be a source of great gratification to those who interested themselves in the formation of the present South Australian Cricketing Association to find how successful their efforts have proved. To their efforts, and to the liberal spirit in which they have been supported, is due the admirable trials of skill that the public

have had opportunities of witnessing upon the beautiful oval on the North Park Lands, where upon two separate occasions our cricketers have encountered and beaten the spirited elevens that so nobly did and those that now are doing battle in England for the cricketing honour of this continent. The success of these elevens has proved something surpassing belief, and Australians generally are justly proud of their performances.

Thirty years ago cricket was played in Adelaide with as much relish as it is at the present day. The three best clubs then were the Adelaide, the Kent and Sussex, and the Union. The first used to practice on the North Park Lands, the second near the old Company's Bridge, the last on the East-terrace Park Lands. I had the honour of originating the last-named club, and being subsequently its secretary for some years. Having got together a number of lads we started a small club at Marryatville. Growing in importance, we resolved ourselves into a club, under the title of the Union Cricket Club. We were joined by a gentleman now resident in Sydney, Mr. John Hunter, an enthusiastic and accomplished cricketer, thoroughly conversant with all parts of the game, and singularly gifted with the knowledge of how a club should be conducted. To the admirable tact, system, and management displayed by that gentleman the subsequent success of the club was mainly due. He is still held in affectionate remembrance by his old comrades. In the course of a few years we had something like 80 members, a first, second, and third eleven; and having beaten both city and country Clubs, it was resolved to challenge an eleven of the whole province. Until looking up the matter for the purposes of this lecture the fact of my having been the challenger had entirely escaped my memory, but in the *Register* of January 11, 1854, the following advertisement appears:—

“CRICKET.—At a general meeting of the members of the Union Cricket Club, held last evening, 3rd instant, the following resolution was proposed and duly carried, viz. :—‘That a challenge be given to the cricketers of the province of South Australia to bring forward an eleven to play a match with eleven members of the U.C.C.’

“In accordance with the above, I, on behalf of the Union Cricket Club, do hereby challenge the Province of South Australia to bring forward an eleven to play a friendly match upon the Park Lands between North and South Adelaide. The said game to be played from day to day until completed. This challenge to remain open for ten days from the date hereof.—W. H. BUNDEY, Sec.

“Adelaide, 4th January, 1854.

“Address to the Secretary of the U.C.C., Southern Cross, King William-street, Adelaide.”

The challenge was duly accepted, and the following was the result:—Unions, first innings, 96; second, 134; total, 230. All South Australia, first innings, 44; second, 59; total, 103; the Unions thus winning by 127 runs, making in their second innings 31 runs more than their antagonists scored in both of theirs. The captain in all matches by our first eleven was one of the most extraordinary athletes I ever met. He excelled in every manly game, and as a proof of his physical courage and fine nerve, an incident was lately recalled to my recollection which occurred either at this or some other of the matches of the U.C.C. He had run up a good score (in this particular match he made 44; there were four overhand bowlers in the All South Australian team), and was playing steadily; reaching forward to drive a well-pitched ball, it rose, and in some manner glanced from his bat, striking him under the ear. He fell to the earth as if shot, and was carried to the tent to all appearance a dead man. Doctors were sent for in haste, but in the course of a few minutes, to the intense relief of all present, he gave a great sigh, jumped up, seemed a little giddy for a moment, and then, in a ludicrously anxious voice, exclaimed, "I am not out, am I?" We all burst out laughing, gave him a hearty cheer, the game was resumed, and he scored several runs afterwards. Now, young ladies, do you not agree with me that you would rather trust your fortunes in life to such a man than to the kid-gloved effeminate dandy that is often such a pet in our drawing-rooms. His name was Matthew Lodge, formerly a merchant in Adelaide. He left the colony many years ago. He was good in every branch of the game, a splendid bat, an excellent field and wicket-keeper, and a dangerous teasing bowler, with power to put a twist on the ball seldom surpassed. Our success in this match was the ruin of the Club. An effort was made a short time after to get an eleven to go to Melbourne to play the Melbourneites, but want of time and means prevented this being carried out, for at that period it was no light undertaking. The time for regular and comfortable steamboats at moderate fares had not then arrived. Having no further antagonists to conquer, the Club gradually deteriorated, and within a year afterwards the Adelaides beat them in one innings. There were often contests between the respective Clubs. In each there were a number of old English cricketers, and I can assure the young and admirable players of the present day that if they think the game was not then well played, they are mistaken. It is true that the character of the bowling has changed of late years, but the round or over-arm was by no means unknown then, or of inferior quality. I have no intention of wearying you by tracing the gradual development of the game to the present; the formation of the

Association, the establishment and successful carrying on of the Oval, and the creditable contests that have taken place there are known to us all. I feel that it is absolutely unnecessary to recommend any young man to join in this the prince of all games. Nothing can be more manly or less open to objections of any kind. It is free to all ranks, and upon the field the best man is the one who shows the most skill and endurance. All meet on equal terms, and many a sincere and lasting friendship has been brought about through its means. It is difficult to restrain remarks upon it within a reasonable compass. Like football it is an inexpensive amusement, and engages large numbers at a time; but unlike the game just mentioned, there cannot be the causes already pointed out to render it unpopular. No doubt there is a spice of danger in it also, and more than one person has been killed in playing it; and wounds are by no means uncommon, as all players know, but what game is worth playing without some little risk. Let us put down the mercenary spirit and betting element wherever we can, and play the game for the pure love of it, for its own intrinsic merit.

The succeeding portion of my remarks will deal with sports and pastimes upon another element.

BOWING.

Before proceeding to deal with pastimes on the water, it may not be out of place to impress upon those intending to take part in them, the necessity there is for learning how to swim. There are many sailors and yachtsmen who are deficient in this accomplishment. If they by any accident get overboard, the chances are ten to one that they will lose the number of their mess. Of course on a wild stormy night if a mariner be cast into the seething ocean, his chances of being picked up, even if the most expert of swimmers, are poor indeed; but it is absurd to say that a man able to swim runs the same risks on all ordinary occasions as a man unable to do so. It is not only an exceedingly useful and necessary acquirement, but its practice in a climate like that of our summer tends to cleanliness and health. Its advantages are so self-evident that it seems unnecessary to elaborate them. No man unable to swim should attempt to go afloat in the dangerous boats used at present for pulling in races. This was exemplified in the match between Oxford and Cambridge in the year 1859, when, in a south-west gale with a considerable sea, the Cambridge boat sunk under her crew, and left them struggling in the water, but all being swimmers they were rescued. Next in popularity to the game of cricket, in England at any rate, we may fairly

rank rowing, or boat-racing. This is not surprising, because it is essentially manly and skilful. The yearly contest between Oxford and Cambridge seems to excite as much, if not more, enthusiasm in England than any other event in the sporting world, except perhaps the Derby Day. We have some young South Australians amongst us who have used the sculls to such good purpose when members of these Universities as to distance all competitors, as the medals they hold prove. It can be no matter of surprise to any one who has paid a visit to Sydney Harbor to find good oarsmen in its neighbourhood; the wonder would be if they were not so. I do not think there are any people in the world more highly favoured by nature to enable them to learn every aquatic sport or accomplishment than the New South Welshmen. Their grand harbour is an earthly paradise for yachtsmen and rowing men; its beauty and adaptability for such pastimes beggars description; it must be seen to be appreciated. The genuine hospitality of the Sydney people, especially towards South Australians, has become proverbial. My experience in this respect enables me to give additional testimony to its correctness—nothing seems too much trouble for them to make one's stay pleasant. Never having learnt the kind of rowing and sculling necessary to become proficient in the present description of boats used for racing purposes, I make no pretension to the knowledge that would entitle me to advise or attempt to instruct others. There are, however, numerous gentlemen amongst us, and notably my friend Mr. Blackmore, thoroughly competent to do so, and who are only too glad on all occasions to give every information or assistance in their power to those desiring to learn. There are none of our sports that require a more severe course of self-denial, hard living, and endurance than rowing and sculling, and it is well that we should know what has been the result in this respect in the past. My friend Mr. Frederick Ayers has kindly and courteously furnished me with the following particulars from Morgan's book on University oarsmen. I give the extract just as it was supplied to me:—

“Is Training Injurious?—Out of the 294 men who rowed in the Inter-University race, between the years 1829 and 1869, only 17 men were at all injured from the rowing, while 162 state that they were uninjured, and 115 that they were benefited. Out of the 16 men who rowed in 1829 (more than 50 years ago) only four are dead (none of these deaths in any way attributable to training), while the remaining 12 must now be over 70 years of age—‘a veritable crew of ancient mariners’ (joke). Since 1856 there has been an Inter-University race every year, and out of the number of men who rowed during that period only five are dead—four from fever and one from

a gun accident. Out of the 147 men who have rowed for Cambridge no less than 45, being nearly one-third, have taken high honours; that is, have been either wranglers or senior optimes in 'mathematics, or in the first or second class in classics, and of these the Hon. G. Denman and Mr. E. Macnaghten were the senior classics of their respective years." Assuming the facts to be as stated, what becomes of the theory that training is so generally injurious. Doubtless many young fellows with weak constitutions and a deficiency of physical strength have engaged and will continue to engage in sports with the more robust to their own detriment, but these are the exception that prove the rule. I can therefore with confidence recommend rowing, sculling, and boat-racing, judiciously indulged in, as a proper, healthy, and beneficial pastime, requiring but little outlay, and tending to develop the self-denial, pluck, and endurance of those who engage in it.

YACHTING.

Having dealt so fully with this pastime in the preceding pages its cost only is touched upon here.

We have now come to the final recreation to which your attention will be asked this evening. I refer to the grand old English pastime of yachting, and it may not be out of place if I endeavour to convey a little practical information and to remove some erroneous impressions as to the outlay necessary for the purpose of enjoying it. It is often asserted in my hearing that this must be very great, and that none but wealthy men can afford to indulge in it without danger. This is not so; those who have small means can have yachts suitable to their circumstances, just as they might have a horse or a vehicle. Many a man can afford a comfortable inexpensive conveyance who would not dream of starting a carriage and pair. Three or four young men joining together to build could do so for a comparatively trifling amount each, very soon saved if billiards or other expenses of a like kind are given up. After a boat is launched the keeping her up is by no means so expensive as might be imagined. Assuming that the owners are ignorant of how to manage her (if otherwise, of course they require but a few shillings a week for a boy to go aboard and keep the decks, &c., in good order) they would have to employ a lad at say £4 per month for eight months in the year, or £32 in all. Allowing say £20 for gear, sails, &c., not half of which ought to be required for the first three years, we have a total outlay of £52 per annum, or 5s. per head per week by the four owners; [the cost of living during their cruises is entirely within their own discretion. Most yachtsmen obtain a liberal supply of fish at these times, but whether

afloat or ashore their food has to be paid for. It must, however, be understood that I am referring to cruising and not racing yachts. The moment you commence racing the outlay becomes much heavier. No graver mistake can be made than to suppose that great pleasure is not attainable in small yachts; such boats properly constructed are both safe and extremely pleasant to handle, and they can be so built as to float after their cockpits are full of water and every stitch of sail blown to atoms. A racing cutter, like a racehorse, is an expensive article. The cost of a cruising yacht bears about the same proportion to a well-kept racing one that a good hack does to a crack racehorse. How much you spend in addition to this for entertaining entirely depends upon yourself. If you adopt the luxurious mode which is undoubtedly often the fashion in England, you can make it too costly and not half so healthy. Good plain eating and drinking assist the pure air in reinvigorating the system, and your guests as well as yourself are none the worse from abstaining for a time from the richer and more costly living. No doubt its expense militates against the pastime, and every other amusement entailing outlay must be given up for it, if engaged in by a man of limited means, but those who love and practice it willingly do this for the intense pleasure and benefit they derive from it, and which they are enabled to afford and to share with others.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, allow me to say a word or two to any young men who intend entering upon a systematic course of manly sports. They must have moral courage. Hard-headed, cautious, and money-making men may in the first instance mistrust them until they have proved their mettle; their ability also for other pursuits may be questioned or disparaged in consequence of engaging in them, and they may often have to meet gibes and sneers if they take a prominent part in them, even sometimes for wearing a distinctive dress to indicate their belonging to a Club. All these petty annoyances must be lived down with a quiet determination and manly self-respect. They must have the courage of their opinions, and act accordingly.

I have now dealt with all the subjects proposed to be touched upon; to do justice to the whole within the narrow compass of such a paper as this is, of course, impossible. My object has been to show that the encouragement and practice of these sports are justified and desirable upon much broader and higher grounds than mere amusement, and that systematically and properly pursued they are grand auxiliaries to the performance of men's duties, and to the formation of their characters. They cannot perform such duties properly without

health. This is obtained and preserved by pure air and plenty of exercise; they play no mean part in acquainting the old world with the nature and stamina of the men of this southern land; they induce good feeling and fellowship between all classes, they excite a laudable ambition to excel, which often stamps the character in the more serious business of life, and they necessarily lead to temperate and regular living, taking young men out of the vitiated air of city saloons into a purer and better atmosphere. They instil a spirit of self-reliance and love of meeting danger such as have caused the proud flag of old England to be spread aloft on every sea; have placed her sons upon almost every habitable portion of the globe; have made her foes dread her warriors on land and sea, and in this our adopted home have caused the forest to be cleared, the plains to teem with golden grain, and the electric wire to span our vast continent. Let us then by precept and example do our utmost to keep alive, foster, and encourage sports and pastimes worthy the descendants of a manly, renowned, and adventurous race.



AS ORIGINALLY PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

NOTES OF A RETURN VOYAGE

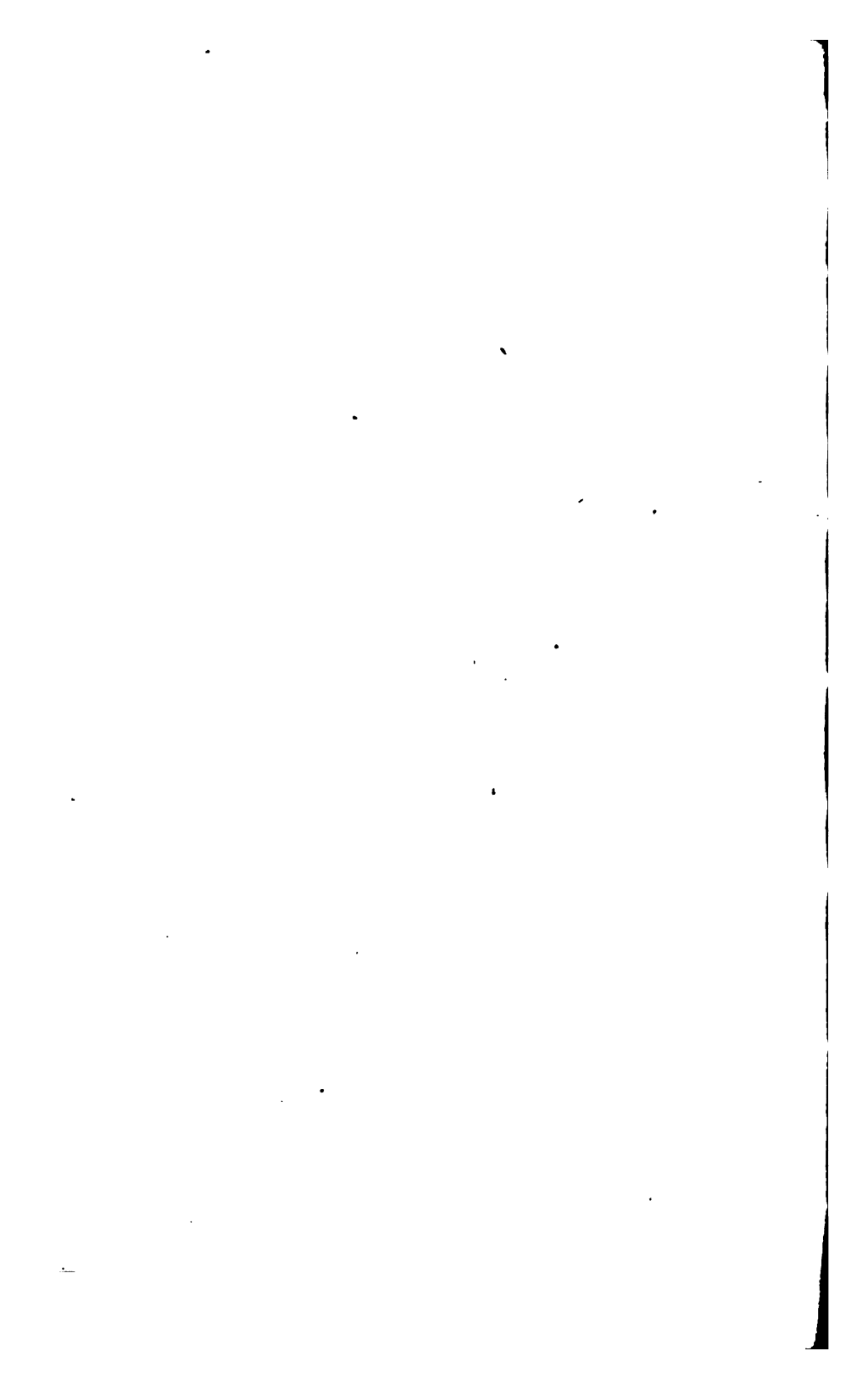
FROM

England to South Australia,

Via Ceylon, Singapore, China, Japan, California,
Honolulu, and New Zealand,

BY

W. H. BUNDEY, Q.C.



PREFACE.

THE following notes of a return voyage from England to South Australia *via* China, Japan, and America are printed for distribution amongst friends, because of the numerous applications made for perusal of the original manuscript, which, being mostly written on my knees, whilst the vessel was rolling and pitching, is not by any means a first-class specimen of calligraphy, and it would take a very long period for each to read it in turn, even if able to decipher its contents.

From the unusual route (to South Australia) we chose, it may prove welcome to some to learn with what facility such interesting countries can be visited. The notes are published as written, without re-casting, which must be my apology for all imperfections.

As will be seen, I have only reported what we either saw or heard from presumably good authority. I do not believe in merely skirting a country, and then attempting to say what it has been, what it is, or what it ought to be.

Australians wishing (as we did) to escape an English winter, and yet not to arrive in Adelaide until the heat of our summer was over, will find in this track much to instruct, amuse, and even astonish them; there are really no hardships to those in fairly good health. I must say, however, that but for the Chinese Influx Prevention Act, which has lately become law in the United States of America, I should hesitate to take ladies by it again.

On board the steamer in which we came from Japan to San Francisco there were upwards of 1,000 Chinese, in addition to Chinese firemen and crew; with passengers, officers, &c., we probably mustered about 1,400 souls. It is an 18 days' hard

steaming passage, and no land, nor usually any sail, is seen from start to finish. Our boats, in case of disaster, might have held 250 or 300 at the most. It will thus be seen we were liable to certain risks, amongst others to the following:—

1. Small-pox and other infectious diseases.
2. Rushing of the boats in case of fire or other accident.
3. Forcible taking of ship and cargo, it being remembered that all the crew, &c., were Chinese.

The latter being by no means an impossible event, as it was once attempted in a steamer in these parts, but happily frustrated in the bud.

All the regular steamers have been lately carrying an enormous number of Celestials to San Francisco; but I presume the Act just referred to will effectually put a stop to this. Assuming it does so, then I know of nothing anyone need fear to encounter from Ceylon to the Golden Gate city.

Semaphore, June, 1882.

NOTES OF A RETURN VOYAGE

FROM

England to South Australia.

FROM LONDON TO GALLE.

On Wednesday, the 9th November, 1881, we started from the Thames in the P. & O. steamship "Pekin," 3,900 tons burthen, A. Symons, commander. The crush on board the river steamer that took us to the "Pekin" was most unpleasant, and the passengers had to wait the arrival of the ocean steamer for a considerable time. It happened, fortunately, to be a fine day; what it would have been if raining or snowing can be imagined. London is probably more convenient for the great bulk of travellers, but the walking from the dock wharves right aboard the steamers in all weather is decidedly preferable to the hurry and rush of the new system. However, I suppose the Southampton people and the Railway Company have themselves to blame a great deal for the change, so at least I have been informed.

We got away about midday, and had a fine run down Channel, the weather cold but bracing, and comparatively free from fog. The ship was uncomfortably overcrowded, and having been got ready for sea in a hasty manner, there were many little shortcomings that tended to make the passage less pleasant than it would otherwise have been. Passages were booked weeks before her departure, and I could only secure a cabin for my wife and daughter next the forehatch, and a berth for myself under the hurricane deck. The noise at this part of the ship is very great, from the proximity to the steering-house, sheep and poultry pens, the taking in and putting out of cargo, and the singing and amusements of the second-class passengers.

Nothing of moment occurred to Gibraltar—the dreaded bay was quite smooth. We had a good strong head wind off the coast of Portugal, but not much sea. Our highest day's run was 277 miles. We arrived at Gibraltar at night on Monday, the 14th, landed several and took on board other passengers. From Gibraltar to Malta we had splendid weather, arriving at the quarantine harbour, Valetta, on the morning of Friday, the 18th. We were pleased to visit the quaint island again, having spent some weeks there on our voyage from Adelaide to England. South Australians desirous of avoiding the worst of their summer heat, and not getting to England before the rigour of the winter is over, cannot do better than break their voyage for a few weeks in this fine healthy temperate climate during the months of December, January, and February. We stayed at the Imperial Hotel, Sliema, a clean, comfortable, and well-kept establishment, Mr. Ellul, the host, being an intelligent and reliable man who looks well after the comfort of his guests, the charges very reasonable, and the table good. The Imperial Hotel in Valetta, kept by Mr. Ellul's brother, is also an excellent house, and the two brothers work together for the benefit of their respective customers. I can recommend either of these places to Australians, as I stayed at each and experienced kind attentions when in ill-health. I like the Maltese; they are a bright, cheerful, happy people, and I believe if well treated make good servants. House rent, food, and wages are very moderate, and I should think a man could live upon as small an income in Malta as in any part of the world, but it is very hot in summer, and the fine dust from the stone roads, walls, terraces, streets, &c., most trying to the eyes during the sirocco or mistral. Stone is everywhere, even to the staircases and bedroom floors; the entire absence of trees wearies the eye, and the glare is really painful.

We went on shore to escape the annoyance from the coal dust, as the steamers take in a considerable quantity of fuel here, and visited some of the tradespeople we were previously in the habit of dealing with, including, of course, the far-famed lace-sellers, purchasing some lace, oranges, lemons, &c., &c.

Late in the afternoon we sailed for Port Said, the weather looking threatening. I used to watch the indications of a breeze when living at Sliema, and prognosticated a strong one before we got to the canal. During the night both wind and sea increased, and on Saturday at midday we had thunder, lightning, and rain—wind still rising and sea also, glass falling. All Saturday night the vessel laboured excessively, shipping a considerable quantity of water over the port bow. Sunday was as uncomfortable a day as can well be imagined, nearly all the ladies were sick, and many of the stronger sex also; the

gale gaining in force, and the huge vessel being pitched and tossed about like a cork, rolling, groaning, creaking, and straining; the wind howling and shrieking through the cordage, and the screw sometimes deeply submerged, at others nearly out of the water, tearing away incessantly. Those who have been on board a steamer in a heavy gale know what a miserable time it is, and the unusual length and severity of this one made it most trying for weak people. The sea on Monday all day was tremendous, and being on our port beam caused the "Pekin" to roll with great violence. At midnight a green sea broke on board, carrying away the awning boom and awning, smashing the jolly boat and ladder leading to hurricane deck, flooding deck and saloon, washing chairs overboard and rendering others useless. The water rushing into the cabins alarmed the ladies greatly, and some incidents that took place were very amusing. The shock of this wave made the ship tremble throughout, and the havoc it created gave the carpenter amusement for the rest of the voyage. Fortunately, nothing so bad as this occurred again; by Tuesday morning the weather had moderated, and we arrived at Port Said without further misadventure; but the long strain upon the nerves made many of the ladies ill, and it took some days for them to get over the effects of the alarm.

At Port Said we were fortunate in having beautiful weather. I shall make no attempt to describe this uninviting-looking place, as it has been done so often, and it is so well-known to all travelling this route. The passengers that could do so landed to escape the ever-recurring nuisance of coaling. We went to the gardens—such as they are; to the fruit and vegetable market, and to the shops. It is a more extensive place than appears from a ship's deck in the canal. Like all the places in the East the tourist is pestered by beggars, with the everlasting cry for "backsheesh!" Fruit, beads, sun helmets, Turkish fezés, Turkish delight (sweetmeat), necklaces, and various other articles were purchased, and late in the afternoon the "Pekin" got under weigh again. The breakwater at Port Said appeared to me in a bad state of repair, and as if a strong gale of wind would render it useless for the purpose for which it was built; but in so important a matter I should think all the great maritime nations will look to their own interests. The pilot we took on board was either a Frenchman or an Italian. He spoke both languages fluently, and fortunately found those on board who could do likewise. He seemed an intelligent man.

The weather in the canal was invigorating, giving rest to those who had been wearied by the late gale, indeed the quietude at night was welcome to us all. In consequence of the grounding of a grain-laden steamer on the Suez side of the Bitter

Lake, we were detained about 36 hours, and quite a fleet of steamers anchored around us. The authorities appear to be wisely planting reeds, tamarisks, &c., along the edges of the canal to bind the sandy soil—it is astonishing that the continual wash of the water does not cause greater damage. The palace erected for the unfortunate Empress Eugenie, when opening the canal, still stands apparently uninjured, a melancholy record of the mutability of human greatness. The Khedive's palace at Ismaila appears to be a huge place. We were not near enough to see it very plainly.

We made fast to the wharf in Suez docks late in the evening of Friday, the 25th November. Here our Bombay passengers left us for the "Mongolia," and a large number of new arrivals, via Brindisi, joined the "Pekin" for Australia and Calcutta. At Suez we obtained no rest from the noise of discharging and taking in cargo. There was not a moment's intermission all night at either hatchway. We duly received our letters sent to meet us here, and were glad to get good accounts from home. A few of our passengers went to Suez, which is, I believe, about two miles from the docks. Their description of it was not inviting in a sanitary point of view; the journey is made upon donkeys or ponies. Here we were importuned to buy silk, coral, dates, oranges, &c. The men seem good natured enough and some of them are good looking; of course they will cheat you if they can. But in how many of the most respectable shops in the world are you sure of purchasing an unadulterated article? Cheating in trade is not confined to the East.

We left Suez about midday on the 26th. Of all the arid inhospitable and miserable looking places on the face of the earth, that which the traveller sees from Port Said to Aden, cannot surely be surpassed; sand and rock everywhere, treeless and even shrubless, it far surpasses anything I, at any rate, have ever seen in Australia. Our Murray scrub is a Garden of Eden compared to it. I am of course only speaking of the impression conveyed from viewing the country from the steamer's deck, not having seen it otherwise.

Whilst at Suez a very courageous act was performed by a young fellow, one of our passengers by the name of Lindsay. An Egyptian fell overboard from the steamer's side, and would inevitably have been drowned but for this young fellow's pluck in jumping boldly into the water and rescuing him; his own countrymen leaving him to shift for himself. We presented an address to the Captain, asking him to obtain the Humane Society's medal for our gallant countryman.

From Suez to Aden we had light head winds and fine weather—of course too hot in the Red Sea for pleasure, but not unbearably so. Had the vessel been less overcrowded it would

have been pleasanter. Many of the passengers were ill with diarrhoea, and it was supposed the water was the cause. I do not think so, as I partook of it freely, and found no ill effect.

We arrived at and left Aden on Thursday, the 1st December. As usual, as soon as the vessel anchored coaling commenced, and the Arab boys' chorus of "Have a dive?" "Have a dive?" "Throw away," "Throw away," the discordant cries of the native coal-heavers, the incessant chatter and quarrelling of the boatmen, the noise of the donkey-engines, and the efforts of the vendors of ostrich feathers, all tended to make a Babel that must be experienced to be understood. Considerable apprehension had been felt by some of the more timid of our passengers respecting the cholera, which we understood had been raging at Aden, but we were informed it had ceased some weeks before. As the weather was pleasant several passengers went on shore and drove to see the tanks—the only place of interest I heard mentioned. I was told there had been no rain for two years, and that the tanks were consequently very low; but there is never any alarm felt on this score, because the appliances for condensing the sea water are very perfect.

The ship was surrounded by a great quantity of small garfish. I succeeded in catching a dozen, and got them cooked for our tiffin, and very good they were.

At Aden we heard a good story of how the English came to take possession of an important island at the entrance of the Red Sea. One day a foreign war vessel came to Aden. The senior British officer on the station invited the officers to dinner, and asked the Captains of the English men-of-war to meet them. The gathering was a pleasant one, and the guests did ample justice to the good things provided for them. As the wine got in the wit came out, and the object of the visitors was somewhat boastfully made known, viz., to take possession of this same island on behalf of their country. At this gathering there was a very smart British naval officer. He retired from it early—his comrades and their visitors did not; the next morning this officer's ship was not at Aden. The foreigner sailed in due course on his errand, only to find on arrival the British flag flying, and the island already in possession of our countryman. I give the story as I heard it. How far it is true I know not.

One day after leaving Aden the conversation turned upon Lord Nelson, and some one averred that he had read that the great Admiral was an intensely vain man, and that the celebrated signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," at Trafalgar was altered by the signal lieutenant—that the order really was "Nelson expects," &c. This was taken up

most warmly by Captain Symons, who said it was not true; that some years ago an anonymous writer in the newspapers published a letter stating no such signal was ever hoisted. This, as may be imagined, forthwith called forth the most indignant rejoinders, the most effective of which was from a great friend of Capt. Symons', whose ancestor penned the letter, of which the following is a copy, the original being still in the former's possession. He was so inundated with applications for copies of this that he had a number lithographed, one of which Capt. Symons had, and kindly allowed me to copy. It sets at rest the question of the signal having been made at any rate, if such could ever have been doubted. The following is the document referred to:—

“H.M.S. Minotaur,

“Gibraltar, 16th Nov., 1805.

“My Dear Brother—I embrace this opportunity with pleasure to acquaint you, that thank God I am well, and have sent you an account of the action fought by the British Fleet, under the command of the late Lord Nelson, and the combined fleets commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, off Cape Trafalgar. On the 19th of October, the signal was made by the look-out ships ‘Mars’ and ‘Colossus’ for the enemy getting under weigh, and shortly after for their having put to sea. The signal was then made for a general chase S.E., and to prepare for battle. On the 20th the above and many other signals relative to their position and force were made by the look-out frigates. Lord Nelson told Capt. Blackwood, of the ‘Euryalus,’ that he relied on his keeping sight of the enemy per telegraph. During the night many guns were heard on the weather quarter, supposed to be from the enemy's fleet. At daylight on the 21st, the enemy was discovered to leeward under easy sail on the starboard tack in no regular order of sailing. At 6.30 the signal was made to prepare for battle and to bear up S.E., preserving the order for sailing. About this time discovered the ‘Agamemon’ had joined, which made our effective force 27 sail of the line, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter; the enemy's fleet consisting of 33 sail of the line, two frigates, and two brigs. Observed the enemy invert their line, the van forming the rear and the rear the van, the centre retaining their position, immediately after which they wore together and formed their line of battle; the British fleet still preserving the order of sailing in two columns with all possible sail set. About this time Lord Nelson communicated to the fleet per telegraph, that ‘*England expects every man to do his duty.*’ Captain Mansfield's speech to the ship's company was as follows:—Men, the enemy are now to leeward, and there is every reason to expect an engagement, and I here pledge myself to

my officers and men that the ship I engage I will not quit until she strikes or I sink. And mind, pay attention to the orders that you receive from your officers, and don't fire unless the shot will strike the enemy. God save the King. At 12.20 the action commenced by the 'Royal Sovereign,' Rear-Admiral Collingwood, and the ships named in the margin—'Tonnant,' 'Belleisle;' observed the 'Royal Sovereign' break the enemy's line by passing astern of a Spanish three-decker, and ahead of a Spanish eighty-four. The former shortly afterwards was totally dismasted. The 'Royal Sovereign' apparently suffered little comparatively with the enemy. At 1 the 'Victory's' mizen topmast was shot away, when she commenced action with the tenth ship of the enemy's van and centre. At this period several of our ships lost one or more of their topmasts, and a number of the enemy had struck. The French Commander-in-Chief struck his colours after being totally dismasted, and shortly after a Spanish four-decker with a Rear-Admiral's flag on board. Observing nine sail of the enemy's van ware, apparently with an intention to annoy our disabled ships, hauled our wind and stood towards them. Not seeing four of them bear up, the 'Spartiate' hauled up after us to support us. At 3.10 commenced action with a French line-of-battle ship, which was supported by four others. After passing the enemy's line and receiving the fire of five ships, wore ship and engaged a Spanish eighty-four, which, after her mizenmast was gone, struck her colours to the old 'Minotaur.' She proved to be His Most Catholic Majesty's ship 'El Neptuno.' I must now conclude, begging you to give my duty to my dear parents, and let them know I am well at present. My respectful compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Gaudy and family, and remember me to all friends, &c. Believe me to be,

"Your affectionate brother,

"WEST.

"P.S.—I had no opportunity to write to you before. This is conveyed to England by one of our crippled ships. We had only five killed and 20 wounded, which was very few considering the time we were engaged. I never saw such a glorious day since I was born. I think they won't face us again for some time. We are now repairing our damages at Gibraltar. Lord Nelson, poor man, was killed, but he died in defence of his country. The loss of the other ships I don't know, but it must be immense. Let my parents know I am not hurt, immediately. Adieu."

With the exception of a fancy dress ball and a negro minstrel entertainment, the passage from Aden to Ceylon was uneventful. Both entertainments were successful, and, I hope, helped

to swell the "Pekin's" contributions to the Dreadnought Hospital and Aged Seamen's Home.

We anchored in Point de Galle in the afternoon of Friday, the 9th December. We found the "Surat," for Australia, and the "Venetia," for Hongkong and Shanghai, already there.

Galle is so well known that any description here would be superfluous. We could obtain but little rest, as coaling and cargo-shifting went on continually day and night. However, noisy as it was, we all preferred being on the steamer to the heat on shore. We purchased a few things for our voyage, and removed on Saturday to the "Venetia." I took a liking to this ship before we boarded her from her pretty lines and smart appearance aloft. This feeling was not decreased on seeing her internal arrangements. She is one of the best of the P. & O. vessels we have been in for comfort. It is not often that Galle Harbour has *five* P. & O. steamers in it at the same time. Such was the case on Saturday night, viz., "Pekin," "Surat," "Indus," "Clyde," and "Venetia." A fine imposing sight they looked.

We steamed through the fleet about midday on Sunday, the 11th December, bidding adieu to our fellow passengers who remained in the "Pekin" by the usual waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c., and in a few hours the land faded from our sight, and we were fairly on our way to China and Japan.

FROM GALLE TO HONGKONG.

The passage from Galle to Penang was one of the pleasantest we made. Cabins comfortable, food and cooking all that could be desired, the ship splendidly handled by captain and officers, who all strove to make passengers comfortable. The water was smooth, the weather tropical enough. We were obliged to stop several times during the tremendous showers that fell. Sometimes one could not see half the ship's length whilst they continued, and after they were over the atmosphere became most oppressive from the damp heat. On Tuesday, the 14th, a waterspout passed astern of us, but too far away to give us any cause for anxiety. We were all very thankful for this period of rest and quiet after the noise and discomfort we had undergone. On Wednesday, about midday, we passed the island of Sumatra, in which the Dutch have spent so much treasure and life to conquer the natives. I believe the Acheen war still continues, and is likely to do so, as the original inhabitants are a most warlike race, and their native land is well worth fighting for—it is a fertile and beautiful island. From the deck of the "Venetia" it appeared to be timbered right to the water's edge, and, with bold headlands and cloud-capped mountains in the distance, presented an imposing

appearance. We passed within easy distance of its northern extremity—Atheen Head—in full view of the lighthouse upon Puelo Brasse Island, but not near enough to distinguish the nature of the timber and undergrowth; they appeared to be coconuts, but I could not say positively. We made the island of Penang at sundown on Thursday, but could not enter the harbour until daylight the next morning, owing to the thick state of the weather and the danger of fouling the fishermen's nets and stakes that extend for so great a distance from the shore.

On coming upon deck in the morning the sight was very interesting. Penang is an attractive-looking place. A pretty pilot boat first engaged my attention. Although we were going through the water at the rate of 12 or 13 knots, she towed as dry as a chip, the native boatman with his shaven scalp sitting at the stern steering as unconcernedly as possible. I never saw the water leave a boat cleaner; she did not settle by the stern at all. There were fishing nets and boats in all directions, and as we neared the town we were surrounded by every imaginable description of boat, propelled by men of all races and colours—black, yellow, copper-coloured, &c., &c. Here, for the first time, we saw the Penang waterman's skiff. It would create a sensation upon the Torrens Dam. It is very ugly, very uncomfortable, and I should say not particularly safe; the bow is somewhat like that of our flatirons, and the stern sticks up in the air with a curve like a duck's tail. One sits in the centre seat, and the oarsman, standing up, propels the boat from behind the passengers, the oars being used from the body in a short, jerky, uncomfortable way, but they send the machine through the water at considerable speed. There were a few steamers and several sailing ships lying in the harbour as we came to an anchor, and "the flag that has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze" was flying from the mizzen peak of Her Majesty's gunboat "Mosquito," and the clothes of her crew were also flying from numerous lines in the rigging (washing day). This, with loosened sails to dry after yesterday's tropical downpour, rather detracted from the imposing appearance of the war-ship. I understood she had only just come in from a cruise; there are a considerable number of this class of vessel kept in these seas. The town of Penang is upon flat country running down to the water, with hill country a few miles in its rear, from which the water supply is obtained; in consequence of the thick foliage you cannot obtain any idea of its size from the sea. On landing you are surrounded by a motley group, all clamouring for something, and the struggle among the cabmen is most amusing. We were advised to go and see the waterfall about three or four miles away, and we

engaged two of the vehicles; these are upon four wheels, drawn by pretty sturdy little ponies that travel at a good smart pace. We hired two of these at a dollar (4s.) each, calling at the Hotel de l'Europe on our way, to secure tiffin on our return.

We drove to the waterfall. I understood the drivers to call their vehicles gharries, or some name with a similar sound. They are admirably suited to the climate, being open all round the sides, and no jingling glass anywhere; and they are easy and pleasant to ride in. The vegetation in Penang is very rich; the road to the waterfall is interesting on this account, but there are very few landscape views from it because of the dense thickness of the cocoanut trees, and the undergrowth of bamboos, &c. All along this route are fine residences (principally belonging to well-to-do Chinese), beautifully kept lawns, shrubberies, and gardens. Some of the flowering shrubs of the description invariably found in tropical climates were lovely. The island abounds with tropical fruits—bananas, pineapples, &c., &c. We gathered several nutmegs growing on trees near the waterfall. In appearance they strongly resemble the nectarine before the latter is quite ripe. The taste of the outer rind is very acid, with the full nutmeg flavour. The tree is pretty, but not striking. At the foot of the hill near the waterfall is an hotel kept by a Chinaman. Here we had to leave our cabs and walk about half a mile. The sun was far too hot for pleasure, and the view of the waterfall did not repay the trouble. We saw many better ones from the steamer's deck in the Scotch lochs, but the country we went through was well worth visiting. A smart little Penang boy accompanied us, and told us, "Plenty monkeys in trees." We suggested he should catch one for us. He said, "No, no; him plenty bite!" We bought a few cocoanuts, and made the owner go up the tree and get them for us. This he did without the slightest effort, not even adopting the ordinary method of first tying his feet, but climbing as easy as a monkey would do. I was surprised at the quantity of milk, as the watery fluid in these nuts is called, in one of them; only one of our party cared for it. To my taste it had a kind of sickly saline flavour, not unlike Friederich's halle water. The cocoanut trade is a large one with the islands in the Straits settlement, and is to them what our wheat traffic is to us. The spice trade generally is an important one, the export of nutmegs alone being considerable.

We had some soda and lemon drinks at the Chinaman's hotel, and returned to the Hotel de l'Europe for tiffin. They gave us some excellent fish, well cooked. Of everything else, but the pineapples and bananas, it is as well (to say nothing. This hotel is arranged like the one at Ceylon, and the Adelphi,

at Byculla, Bombay—air can enter everywhere. Something of this kind would be well suited for our summer heat.

We drove through the main part of the town, and a busy scene it was, crowded with the various races of Asiatics, Chinese predominating—every colour of the rainbow in costume, and all busy. In the Chinese shops numbers were employed making various articles in wood and brass work, boots, shoes, &c. We purchased a few articles at Mr. Robinson's draper's shop at by no means exorbitant prices, and then went on board again just in time for the steamer's starting—not sorry to get under the awning, and away from the sun's rays. If the heat is no greater generally than it was this day, Penang is not an unbearable place to live in. I was informed that it never varied winter or summer more than five degrees. The island is, I think, about fifteen miles long and nine broad, containing between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants. It is off the west coast of the Malayan Peninsula, in lat. $5^{\circ} 18'$ N., long. $100^{\circ} 4'$ East—area 106 square miles. Here for the first time we saw the coinage of the country. The dollars, Mexican, and yen, are a very handy size, the twenty-cent. pieces strongly resembling our shilling. We only received five dollars for our sovereigns. We were afterwards informed we ought to have received five dollars forty cents. at least.

At 3 p.m. on the 16th we started for Singapore, and on the 17th, as we were running down the Malay coast, the heat was intense. I forgot to mention that we shipped upwards of 100 Chinese at Penang for Singapore and Hongkong. These are only carried as deck passengers. They detract considerably from the pleasure of travelling this route with ladies for reasons I have given in the preface.

The navigation through the Straits from Penang to Singapore is ticklish work in dirty weather, and anxious work at the best of times. Our ever-watchful captain seemed to me to trust no one to look out for him in these treacherous waters full of sandbanks and small islands. The Peninsula is much better lighted now than it was a few years ago, but how sailing ships manage in thick and adverse weather to get through so well as they do puzzles me. There are other dangers here also occasionally, or rather there have been in the past. Perhaps these exist no longer. I refer to sailing vessels getting becalmed inshore and being attacked by pirates. We saw several vessels under full sail beating down towards Penang, and some Malay craft close in shore. As we could not enter Singapore at night we had no object in driving the Venetia. The water was as smooth as a mill pond, and the atmosphere oppressively stewy and hot, with occasional tremendous down-falls of rain, rendering everything on deck unpleasant whilst

they lasted. We scarcely ever lost sight of the peninsula coast, some of which appeared bold enough, but on the whole nothing very remarkable about it. We were fortunate in having purchased some very fine pineapples and bananas. These fruits are admirably suited to the climate in which they are grown, and the pines are most delicious in flavour—superior to any I have tasted elsewhere. One can purchase a hundred here for about the same price as would be paid for ten in Adelaide, but the two fruits I have mentioned are the only ones we saw or heard of being worth eating.

On Sunday morning, the 18th, we entered the beautiful harbour of Singapore on its western side (called New Harbour). Here the P. & O. have their wharf, some four miles from the town. The entrance to the harbour is extremely narrow—you could almost throw a stone upon the shore on either side—and is pretty in the extreme. The tropical vegetation right down to the water's edge thick and luxuriant, with its deep green and other coloured leaves, reminds one of Ceylon. In the harbour are several beautiful little islands. One of these with a neat, comfortable bungalow was pointed out to me as the residence of the pilot of the French *Messagerie Maritime* steamers; another is that of the agents of the Company, whose steamers are very popular on this route. We had scarcely made fast to the wharf before a long string of coolies commenced carrying coal on board. This they take in baskets—two to each basket—suspended on a short bamboo from shoulder to shoulder, and it is astonishing how soon they will put 500 tons on board.

The Company's agent, M. G——r, a courteous and kindly gentleman, to whom we are indebted for making our few hours' stay at Singapore pleasant, had a telegram for me from Australia, conveying the welcome intelligence that our friends there were all well, and he kindly undertook and sent for me a reply to the same effect. Having arranged a cipher with my partner, I was enabled to send the following message in two words (in addition to the address, of course):—"We are all quite well, and just starting for Hongkong." He also gave us seats in the Company's elegant steam-launch up to the town, which enabled us to have a fine view of the harbour. Here, for the first time, I saw Chinese clerks, and most intelligent they were. Mr. G——r informed me they had been in the Company's service for many years. We hired a couple of gharries, and drove to the Hotel de l'Europe for tiffin, to which I had invited the captain of the "*Venetia*" and the agent, but neither of them were able, through stress of work, to accept the invitation. We had an enjoyable time of it amidst the beautiful

trees that surround the hotel. The hotel is kept by a Hamburger, and it is only necessary to state that a German has its management to prove it is well conducted. We have invariably found this to be the case in our travels. Here, as in Bombay, Ceylon, and Penang, we found the hotel buildings constructed for the exigencies of a tropical climate, every room having a cool look, opening into broad and spacious balconies, all the rooms large, lofty, and a huge punkah for the dining-room. If the Australian hotels were built more after this fashion, they would be much more comfortable in our dry, hot summer months.

It was raining almost all the time we were at Singapore, and of course detracted from the pleasure of our visit; through this cause we did not see so much of the town as we wished. Dr. O——y, of the "Venetia," and I purchased several Malacca canes and some delicious Manila cigars, which you can obtain here in perfection. In returning to the steamer we drove through portion of the town. All the shops appeared to be kept by Chinese, who were actively employed at their various trades. The shops are open to the street, and one sees them full of men, none idle. We stopped at a fruiterer's to purchase some pineapples and plantains; his shop was crammed with these bananas and some other fruit, the name of which I did not hear. For 20 cents (equal to about one shilling) I purchased a heavy bunch of plantains, enough to last us to Hong-kong. The doctor bought some pineapples. I was told that the juice that comes from them, when cut in half and rubbed on a vessel's deck, makes it beautifully white, and that it is, or was, the custom for the officers of the men-of-war, when in these waters, to use this mode of preparing for balls on board.

After loading our gharry with our purchases we drove to the steamer. On either side of the road were habitations in the usual style of these Eastern climates, some for the sale of various goods, food, and drink — all full of people, industriously employed; others for residences, with broad, highly coloured, and elaborately carved, or trellised, balconies, surrounded by flowering shrubs, banana, palm, and other trees in great profusion, and beautifully green. There was a very large and handsome building upon our right, which we were told was the Malay College. Opposite, or nearly opposite, is quite a forest of trees in all their tropical luxuriance. Amongst the trees I saw at Singapore were the fan palm, the cocoanut, the bamboo, the acacia, the plantain, the date palm, &c. These can be all seen as one drives along; but the variety of flowering shrubs, plants, and trees is very great, and their appearance pleasant to the eye. We were not sorry to get away from the town, as the odour from the dirty

streets was anything but agreeable. The doctor and myself had to submit to a little chaff respecting the number of canes we brought on board, the captain suggesting we were about to set up as timber merchants.

I forgot to mention the ponies in the public conveyances. Some of them are marvels of beauty and strength. I never saw anything so good in a similar position. I think many, if not most, of them are from Timor. Their drivers appear to be usually Indians, the Chinese apparently preferring the human cattle, the coolies, as burden carriers.

The limited time at our disposal prevented us presenting a letter of introduction, as we found the gentleman to whom it was addressed lived out of town. Soon after we got on board the bell rang, warning all stragglers away. The decks were crowded with Chinese. We took a large additional number of these on board as passengers to Hongkong. Three ladies took passage with us in the saloon, and about 5 o'clock we cleared away from the wharf and steered to the eastward through the spacious harbour, thickly studded with vessels of all nations, the town being on our port side. It is more imposing to look at from the steamer's deck than on the shore. The buildings are good, and the Cathedral a fine one; but with the exception of its fine harbour there is nothing of Nature's grandeur to arrest the eye in Singapore. When viewed at close quarters the houses have all the damp, dingy look so noticeable in moist climates.

Singapore is famous for its humidity. I was told the thermometer seldom varies more than ten degrees (from 76° to 86° , they say), as it is so immediately under the line (lat. $1^{\circ} 16' N.$, long. $103^{\circ} 50' E.$). Notwithstanding this, however, Mr. G——r told me it was healthy, but depressing. Its length is about 27 miles by 14 in breadth; population about 100,000, more than half of which live in the town; and its grand harbour makes it a post of great commercial importance. On the whole I like the appearance of Penang and its surroundings better than Singapore; but in a visit of a few hours to each one can only convey an impression without being able to say whether subsequent experience would verify it. Our fast craft soon cleared the smooth water of the harbour, and as the shades of evening descended we waved adieu to Singapore, shaping our course for the Flowerly Land.

The morning of the 18th broke wet and dismal. From this time until the middle of Wednesday night we had to contend against the full force of the north-eastern monsoon and a heavy head sea. The "Venetia" is as pretty a sea boat as a seaman could desire, but she could do little against the battering she had to undergo. What with closed ports and

beating rain, pitching into a head sea, the smell from the 300 Chinamen forward, and the fumes of their cooking, it was miserable enough for the ladies, and personally I felt more seasick than at any portion of our voyages.

On Thursday and Friday the weather moderated very considerably, and we made two capital runs; but on Friday night it came on again with a will, and on Saturday there was very heavy weather indeed. During Saturday night a green sea came clean over the captain's cabin; but the good runs of Thursday and Friday had raised our spirits, and we confidently reckoned upon reaching Hongkong on Christmas morning, and were not disappointed.

We sighted the "Ass's Ears" in the early morning, and running through a fleet of junks, soon opened the picturesque and unique harbour of Hongkong, one of the best in this part of the world. The "Venetia" in her run from Galle overtook the two days lost time of the "Pekin."

I am not surprised at Captain D—s pride in his vessel, and he does take care of her. He is the beau ideal of a sea captain; cool as a cucumber, never flurried, and yet ever careful, attentive, and kind to his passengers, rendering their journeying as pleasant as it is possible sea travelling can be. Like the captain, the officers generally seemed proud of the "Venetia," and like him also, they vied with each other in studying the comfort of all on board. For generous, open-hearted, and genuine Dr. O—y, I prognosticate and wish a successful career. When I mention the following incident, his character will be at once perceived. We had a young Japanese passenger, in almost a dying state, on board. He gradually got worse and worse under the excessive heat of the tropics and the doctor had him placed in his (the doctor's) own cabin and voluntarily gave him its benefit, punkah and all, and was in constant and most kind attendance upon him, the doctor himself sharing one of the passenger's cabins. Nor must I forget to mention the unremitting and unselfish kindness to the poor Japanese shown by the excellent stewardess. I am only sorry I do not remember her name. She was entirely unselfish, as she was given to understand she could receive no reward for her acts. His own mother could not have been kinder to him than she was. Both doctor and nurse gained golden opinions from us all for their goodness to the friendless foreigner. The patient reached Hongkong and was at once conveyed to the hospital there. We made fast to the wharf at about 11 a.m.

HONGKONG.

Hongkong (the Island of Fragrant Streams) had been for some days past, and still was in a great state of excitement through the visit of the young Princes and the detached squadron. The town (Victoria) had been illuminated for some nights; and although the illumination had ceased, but very few if any of the decorations had been removed at the time of our arrival. It is impossible to describe them—thousands of Chinese lanterns of every shade of colour, elaborately carved figures in wood or metal (meant as I was informed to represent a performance in honour of the auspicious event) on mimic stages suspended across the streets and lit by gorgeous lamps, triumphal arches of bamboo, elegant in design and covered with Chinese characters. Long streamers of artificial leaves and flowers entwined amongst them and lit with innumerable tapers, flags and banners of every hue and device, made up a scene of singular beauty and gorgeousness. Nothing that anyone sees in a European country would give an idea of the style and minute elaborateness of such a display. We were given to understand the Chinese population were greatly disappointed at the Princes not landing and being conveyed through the main streets, as they fully expected would be the case. Some of the Chinese merchants are extremely wealthy, and they spared no expense to show their loyalty. But except going privately through some portions of the town one evening, we did not hear of the Princes being seen in the streets at all. The Europeans were equally energetic in their preparations, and all the usual loyal wishes were to be seen, through the festoons of Christmas decorations in letters formed by gas jets. Some of the Chinese lanterns were very beautiful and altogether it was a scene not to be easily forgotten.

In consequence of the great influx of visitors we had considerable difficulty in securing rooms at the hotel. However, Mr. F—e (of the Borneo Company), to whom I had a letter of introduction, most kindly assisted me in the matter, at the same time introducing me to the Hongkong Club. Like all the hotels in the East, the Hongkong Hotel (situated in a pleasant part of the main street called Queen's Road) is constructed to suit the requirements of a hot climate (lat. $22^{\circ} 15'$ north, long. $114^{\circ} 11'$ east). It is four stories high, the rooms being lofty, well ventilated, and spacious, opening in all the upper stories upon wide and massive balconies, the rooms on the lower flights being fully 40 feet long, by about 23 or 24 feet broad. One corner is screened off for a bedroom, and the remainder being furnished with tables, sofas, &c., is used as a sittingroom. When only one person or a man and his wife are travelling together this is a very good arrangement. The food

is good, the attendance all that one need desire, and the house kept clean; the proprietors are civil and obliging, the wines fair, and the terms not excessive—the price of the rooms varying according to the story. No one with moderate means need hesitate to take this route on the score of expense so far as our experience has hitherto gone. We were not sorry to get into the quietude and stillness of the hotel after the buffeting of the past week, and though far away did not forget absent friends in sunny Australia. Last Christmas we spent in Bombay; this in Hongkong. May the next be “at home!”

The following morning I took a walk, or rather a chair, and the coolies carried me through part of the town. Its situation is very pleasing to the eye. At the foot of Mount Victoria, which towers over it to the height of about 1,800 feet (actual height, 1,825 feet, Admiralty Survey). On the summit of the Mount is the Signal Station, the vice-regal bungalow for the summer months, some police quarters, and private bungalows. It is an imposing-looking hill, and much has been made of it. At night, when the streets are lighted, this hill gives Hongkong a resemblance to Gibraltar, the situation of the houses in both with respect to their towering backgrounds being similar. Up the face of this hill a zigzag road has been constructed, and one engages four coolies, paying them one and a half dollars for the journey, to carry one up. It is a wearisome trip, as if one is a heavy man and at all tender-hearted he will walk over some of the most precipitous parts of the road, for it is distressing to hear human cattle panting and straining under their burden. Both going up and coming down he will probably prefer walking some distance. Either way will cause him to feel his muscles for some days afterwards.

The view from the summit, however, well repays the inconvenience. On the eastern side are numerous islands; on the western is the peninsula of British Kowloon (formerly a part of the Hongkong territory, ceded to Great Britain by treaty in 1860), and at its rear are high ranges of hills, part of the mainland of China, in which the peak of Mount Teamosang is most conspicuous; on the south are the Ass's Ears (980 feet high), and the intervening islands and the entrance of the Canton River; and on the north the winding and pretty channel by which you leave for Shanghai, Nagasaki, Yokohama, &c., &c. At your feet is the compact and thickly-populated town, and between it and Kowloon is the harbour extending right and left for many miles, and full of war vessels, merchant steamers, junks, and every description of craft. A short distance from the town, at its rear, on the face of the hill, are

the Botanic Gardens, and, considering their position and the apparently very poor natural soil, they are good and picturesque—Norfolk Island and other pines, Moreton Bay figs, cocoanut trees, bananas, palms in great variety, Indian reeds, bamboos, acacias, banyan trees, camellias in blossom, and a whole host of flowering shrubs, plants, and trees I had never seen before, growing in profusion. A few beautiful birds, a solitary bear, and an Australian emu are the only zoological specimens I saw. The walks are terraces. Some of the creepers are a treat to witness. Away more to the north is the racecourse, and close to it is the cemetery, called "Happy Valley"—a beautiful spot, and a favourite place of resort. These are the main features of the landscape as viewed from the breezy height—for it blows hard enough there during the monsoon. What it must be when a typhoon is blowing I know not. The hills everywhere have a hot, dried, sunburnt look, with no vegetation, and little, if any, soil, except halfway down the western slope of Victoria. In the hot months there must be a great glare, but not so bad as in Malta, from its everlasting stone. Government House adjoins the Botanic Gardens. It is not a showy, but a very substantial-looking building, and it struck me that all about it seemed in good taste. Some of the public buildings, such as the Town Hall, Cathedral, &c., are fine structures. I was informed the workmanship of the Chinese masons is excellent, but as a rule the dampness of the climate soon destroys the freshness and brightness of the stone. The shops and places of business in Queen's-road, near the hotel and Club, are almost all three stories high, all having stone balconies (mainly occupied by wealthy Chinese merchants). The Hongkong Club House, opposite the Post-office, is well arranged for its purpose, and the members courteous and genial, while its active secretary (Mr. B—t) is most obliging. The arrangements are far away superior to our Adelaide Club. They have two billiard-rooms, whist-rooms, a bowling-alley, spacious reading and dining-rooms—indeed, everything that makes Club life pleasant. Their library contains upwards of 5,000 volumes, I was told, and I believe their funds are in a flourishing state. The cricket and lawn tennis ground is very prettily situated near the City Hall, and the view from it, both of Mount Victoria and the harbour, is good; but it is far too small for lion hitters. Several matches were played during our stay, one in which Lord H—s, who was on a visit to Hongkong, took part, and scored over a hundred before he was out by hitting his wicket. Mr. W—r, also a celebrated cricketer, delighted the Hongkongites with his scientific play. The Boating Club have some beautiful outriggers, stringtest, and other racing

gigs. One of the members kindly took me through the boat-sheds, and I had an opportunity of inspecting the whole. There were two of the four-oared I specially admired. The arrangements at the sheds for members seem admirable; indeed, almost too comfortable for the hard work they ought to do. I did not see any of their performances, but if these are equal to their means of success, they ought to be very good indeed. Their annual regatta was over just before our arrival. I regretted not seeing it. Close to the sheds are baths secured from intrusion by light close piles. The jelly fish are somewhat numerous in the harbour, and they sting in a most unpleasant way, causing great pain. These are kept out by the precautions taken. I was told there were several yachts and a Yacht Club in Hongkong, but saw few of their craft. I should think the harbour very squally, and that it is often a case of standing by sheets and halliards, especially if the gaff-toppsail is set, the wind whistling down from the high land in sudden puffs. To-day (7th January, 1882), as we were being kindly entertained on board the steam launch of the Police Department in a pleasant excursion through the harbour and past Stonecutter's and other islands, we witnessed one of these puffs in the nature of a whirlwind, which lifted the surface of the water as it swept past.

We are much indebted to Captain and Mrs. D——e for their courteous attention during our stay. The position of Chief of Police, which Captain D——e holds, in such a station as this requires a man of great determination and ability. I should think from what I saw that Captain D——e is just the man to fill it. In our pleasant outing we had views of Hongkong from the opposite shore and from various points in the harbour, and it really is a beautiful place; and the bays into which we steamed, and the islands we passed, all interesting. It was one of the most enjoyable days we have had. We had the Hon. Mr. T——y, Colonial Treasurer, with us, and his and Captain D——e's account of the progress of Hongkong was most entertaining. Not an island we passed but had its history. We were shown the boundary line between the British and Chinese territory, and a small town where the Celestials can follow their favourite amusement, gambling, to their heart's content, just beyond the line on the Kowloon side. The obtaining of Kowloon must have been an important concession for Hongkong; it would have been both dangerous and inconvenient to have it subject to its original owners, as from its position it might have proved a continual source of annoyance to the British. Armed raids are not yet things of the past. As late as 1878 a band of robbers took possession of a street in Hongkong and looted a portion of it; and I

heard of a combined attack being made only a short time before we arrived within some part of the territory, and of a Sikh policeman being shot—not, however, before he had caused one or two of the freebooters to bite the dust. I believe the leaders were all caught, and were awaiting their trial at the time of our visit. These Sikhs are a fine body of men, and brave as lions. With their picturesque turbans and neat-fitting police uniform they form quite a pleasing relief to the eye. Captain D—e has nearly two hundred of them under his command, his force being composed of Europeans, Sikhs, and Chinese. He kindly showed me over their quarters; with the telegraph wires he has the whole of the outlying stations in his grasp; whilst the water-police anchored opposite the main station can be instantaneously signalled day or night. With such hordes of lawless neighbours afloat and ashore as abound in these latitudes it is necessary to be always prepared for emergencies. The island is regarded as a perfectly safe place to live in. The police are always armed at night with carbines and side arms, as well as batons. Of course the military would be available in case of any serious riot, and in the harbour there are always men-of-war anchored.

As we steamed through the harbour it struck me that westerly gales would be troublesome. Eastward, Kowloon peninsula is a great protection; the junks seek shelter in the northern portion on the approach of a typhoon, but I was told they often come to grief through obstinacy, preferring to trust to their own knowledge rather than attend to the warnings of their more scientific neighbours. The approach of a typhoon is almost invariably telegraphed from Manila a day or two before, and Europeans take every precaution. Notwithstanding all that can be done, however, the destruction to life and property is sometimes terrible. The depth of water varies—off Kowloon there is eleven fathoms, in other parts as little as three fathoms. There are port regulations for the berthing of vessels—merchant vessels anchor abreast the centre and lower parts of the city on either side a fairway channel marked by buoys, men-of-war to the eastward,* the cathedral indicating the dividing limit. Stores and provisions are plentiful, the water good and easily obtainable, and at the various docks appliances are to be found for repairing vessels of almost any tonnage. There is a good hospital and a home for sailors, and altogether it is not to be wondered at that Hongkong is a favourite resort for nautical men during the winter months; from November to January is most pleasant we were told, and on the whole we were agreeably surprised at the coolness of

* See China Sea Directory, 1874.

the weather, but there were some days close and almost tropical, and then a sudden change to cold, with a sharp northerly wind. Hongkong, notwithstanding the great heat of its summer, is fairly healthy, dysentery and fever being the chief complaints. We were told it was unsafe to open up the surface of the soil in the summer, as it most always produces fever. The annual range of temperature is from 45° to 99°, and the average annual range from 74° to 93°. July and August are the hottest months, the temperature ranging from 84° to 94°, with a difference of 10° between day and night. Nearly all locomotion is by means of chairs, carried by two or four coolies, as the case may be, and the pace they go up the hilly streets with their living burdens is astonishing; or by jinricshaws, a hand carriage drawn by a coolie, and sometimes pushed behind by another. Horses are seldom seen in the streets, except a few belonging to private residents, although there are livery stables. The sensation of using men like cattle is not pleasant, but you get partially accustomed to it after a while. Every description of goods are carried by the coolies, and the enormous blocks of granite that eight of these men carry between them surpasses belief to those who have not seen them do it. The traffic in the harbour is mainly performed by junks or sampans, the latter almost always managed by women.

From the *China Mail* I extract from the "Visitor's column" a list of the Public Buildings which strangers are recommended to view:—

Government House, north of Public Gardens.

City Hall, Library (8,000 volumes) and Museum; free.

Public Gardens, a beautifully picturesque retreat, and of great interest.

The Clock Tower, Queen's Road Central in a line with Pedder's Wharf.

General Post Office, Hongkong Club, German Club, Supreme Court, &c., within a stone's-throw.

Lusitano Club and Library, Shelley-street.

Government Offices, the Secretariat, &c., near the Public Gardens.

St. John's Cathedral (Anglican), above the Parade Ground.

Roman Catholic Cathedral, Wellington-street.

Union Church, Elgin-street.

St. Peter's Seamen's Church, West Point.

St. Joseph's (R.C.) Church, Garden-road, near Kennedy-road.

Temperance Hall, specially adapted for seafaring men, Queen's-road East.

Sailor's Home, West Point.

E.E.A. and China Telegraph Co., and the Great Northern Telegraph Co., Marine House, Queen's-road.

Masonic Hall, Zetland-street.

Victorian Recreation Club (bath-house and boat-house, &c.), Praya, beyond the Cricket Ground, beside the City Hall.

The Barracks and Naval and Military Store Departments lie to the eastward, and cover a large area.

Returning for a few minutes to the coolies, numbers of them stand at certain places in the streets with their bamboo poles and ropes ready for hire, just as our horses and drays are hired in Adelaide. They carry all one's luggage from and to the steamers; many of them are bareheaded (except the universal tuft and pigtail), and many wear an enormous bamboo hat with a high conical-shape crown, protection against sun and rain. The chair and the jinricshaw coolies are on the sides of the main streets everywhere, and are somewhat of a nuisance with their importunities, whilst the pavement is generally saturated with expectorations, making it offensive for ladies walking, but very few, however, were seen to do so, all preferring the chairs. Private individuals resident in Hong-kong almost invariably keep their own. Their coolies are often dressed in liveries, as the footmen, &c., are in England. Nearly all the men engaged in business have coolies and chairs in constant attendance all day, their costume being generally white. I have been particularly struck with the immense importance of the bamboo in the East. I should say there is nothing of its kind in the world used for so many purposes. Buildings of every description are constructed of it; the sails of the junks and boats are all regulated by it, as it is used for the various reefs in the sail; the bodies of the chairs are made of it; all the burdens carried are strung upon it; it is eaten as a vegetable when young, and all scaffolding for buildings are constructed of it, and as an instance of its use for the latter purpose, I must relate an incident I saw whilst dressing one morning. Two men brought a couple of long poles and placed them in a leaning position against the clock tower of the Post-office. They were bamboos of great bulk. Feeling curious to know what they were going to do, I watched them in the intervals of dressing, and before I was ready for breakfast a ladder about 33 feet long had been constructed for men to ascend to part of the tower to remove the bamboos on the higher part that had been used for suspending illuminations in honour of the Princes. Cane from the bamboos was the material used to securely fasten about a dozen cross-pieces of the same material, about three feet apart, on the two upright poles. As soon as this was done, two pieces with their ends resting upon a hollow in the masonry of the tower, to prevent the uprights bending too much, was lashed to them, and you had as complete and secure a ladder as you could wish for. A day or two after

this I was visiting a gentleman staying in the hotel, and looking out of the window, he pointed to scaffolding around a large warehouse, and said, "There was not a stick of that visible this morning." It was then about 4 p.m. The Chinaman as readily trusts to his bamboo structures as Jack does to his rope and wire rigging. We purchased a number of Japanese and Chinese curios. Lock Hing, nearly opposite the hotel, has a fine stock of the former; but the visitor must not expect to pick up anything very cheap—indeed, the prices asked seemed to us high in the extreme. The Chinese merchant of to-day knows the value of money as well as his western neighbours.

We intended to have taken the usual fortnightly P. & O. steamer to Japan, but were annoyed to find that through an accident to her screw she would be detained a week later than was anticipated, and that she would not go to Yokohama *via* Nagasaki, or the inland sea, both of which we were most anxious to visit. This delay and change of route determined us to go by a coasting steamer to Shanghai. The P. & O. manager behaved liberally, and on the 11th of January, 1882, we embarked on board the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company's steamer Lee Yuen, Captain Tisdall, of 734 tons register, bound from Hongkong to Shanghai *via* the Chinese coast. Our resolve was somewhat sudden, and we were unable to bid good-bye to many of our kind friends who had contributed to make our stay in Hongkong so agreeable.

FROM HONGKONG TO SHANGHAI.

About 6 o'clock in the evening of the 11th we got under weigh. We had two cabins on deck amidships, and were the only European passengers. Previous to engaging our passages I had inspected these cabins, and took a fancy to them, and also the captain, who subsequently fully bore out the character I had conceived of him. The vessel looked clean and orderly, and we were assured of being in Shanghai in time to catch the steamer of the following week for Yokohama, and were given to understand that by hugging the coast and steaming in amongst the islands we should escape the battering from the monsoon most of the mail steamers encounter at this season of the year; and as the steamer was not to call at any of the ports, we might fairly hope to do the passage in five days in comparatively smooth water—the thing I most desired, as my wife and daughter were such poor sailors. The distance by the coast from Hongkong to Shanghai is about 826 miles. Calling at the usual ports makes it a little over 200 miles longer. Our steamer was not a clipper—if she did eight miles an hour she did well. On the other hand, she was a very good sea boat,

and steady in a breeze. As she was only 100-horse power, she would not do much against a gale of wind and head sea. She is the property of the Chinese Merchants Steam Navigation Company, in which no foreigner can hold a share. They have close on 30 steamers, and are about establishing a direct line with England. Last year they purchased five new vessels. At present the officers are Europeans, head engineers included; all the rest of the crew are Chinese. They are subsidised by the Imperial Government, but to what extent I do not remember. The Company are extremely wealthy, and are their own insurers.

Hongkong looked very lovely in the soft evening light as we steamed through the numerous craft in the harbour. There were five Chinese, two American, two German, one French, one Russian, one Spanish, and fourteen British men-of-war lying at anchor on this particular evening. Messrs. Jardine, Mathesons, & Co.'s large sugar manufactory at East Point is a conspicuous object. The eastern entrance is well lit—it ought to be, as there is not much room to spare, and rocks abound. It soon became too dark and chilly for much comfort on the deck. The steam-whistle was continually kept going to warn the numerous junks of our approach.

Next morning (Thursday, the 12th) was fine, and early in the afternoon we passed abreast of Swatow, having a good view of the coastline the whole way, and a barren and inhospitable region it looks—no sign of vegetation anywhere. By 4 a.m. on Friday we passed Amoy, and with another pleasant day and night we succeeded in leaving Cape Turnabout (so-called from the impossibility for many sailing vessels in the past to stem the force of the N.E. monsoons, and they used to bear up and run back to Hongkong), Foochow, and the White Dogs far astern by Saturday morning. No one but a skilled coasting captain could venture among the intricate channels close in to the coast. Our captain has been sixteen years in command here, and knows every headland and island. There are many hundred of the latter between Hongkong and Shanghai—I believe it would not be exaggerating to say thousands. However much the teeming population of China impresses one on land—and the vast hordes one sees everywhere in these seas do impress him strongly—such impressions are greatly intensified by witnessing the innumerable fleets of junks and other sailing craft through which one steams. Far as the eye could reach—ahead, astern, on the starboard, and on the port side—these vessels were about us as we steamed along. Ashore we could see their stone huts in many places, and every island at all accessible is inhabited. No one who has not witnessed what we saw would believe it possible so vast a concourse of

living creatures could exist on such a coast. We were told that fish, with ground nuts and sweet potatoes, is the food they eat. Some of the junks are traders, and go considerable distances. They are three-masted, and look at a distance large vessels, as their spread of sail is considerable. As most of the vessels we saw would contain on an average six or seven people, we must have passed through enough to fill the houses of a large city or two. If so thick on this barren coastline, one can imagine what they would be on more congenial soil. No wonder that tens of thousands are nothing to this people, and that when the stream of emigration once sets in a given direction it soon becomes a torrent of human inundation. The more I see of China the more I fear for any country to which the Chinese turn their attention.*

The "Lee Yuen" proved all we expected, and the captain was most indefatigable in his endeavours to make us comfortable, placing his saloon at our service. From Hongkong to the White Dogs the coast is splendidly lit, and the captain spoke in grateful terms of the services rendered by R. Hart, Esq., C.M.G., Inspector-General of Customs, who has made it much easier for coasters than in years gone by. From the White Dogs to Shanghai there are yet no lights. The distance (about 300 miles) would seem to warrant more being erected.

In course of conversation I was informed that the German Minister in China is highly admired for his firmness. He obtains in a few days what others sometimes get in months or years, or not at all, from the Chinese. He simply says such and such a thing has occurred; you are responsible; my terms are so much, and I must have it by a day he fixes, and he gets it. I was also told that the German merchants are beating all other Europeans, and that their influence is greatly extending in the East. I take all these statements with a grain of salt, as, judging from the proportion of British vessels and residents in these countries, I imagine they are still holding their own. They probably had the trade so much in their hands in past days that it astonishes them to find enterprising neighbours sharing it. All accounts, however, agree in stating that the tea trade is nothing to what it has been. Before long, it is prophesied by some here, that this trade and the opium trade also will be virtually in the hands of the Chinese themselves. How far such prophecies are likely to be verified I am in no position to judge.

To return, however, to our voyage. Saturday was bright and cold, with a fresh breeze from the N.E. We passed island after island with the same absence of vegetation, junks and fishing boats still abounding. The steamer once or twice passed over some net lines set on floating bamboos by the

* This danger is alluded to in the Preface.

fishermen. These in some places extended for miles. We could hear the lines or net scraping along the vessels's bottom. I thought there was danger of the screw fouling, but the captain did not share in the feeling. Saturday night, at about 11 p.m., we passed abreast of Wenchow. At midday on Sunday we were off the Hieshan Isles, marked on the chart as "piratical." Sunday being a beautiful day, and very clear, we were enabled to make everything out well. The "Lee Yuen" did not make good work of it during Saturday night for some reason or other. We ought to have been much further up. I don't think she did more than six or six and a half knots. The barometer was 30.84—one of the highest glasses I have ever seen; indeed, the passage hitherto has been the finest the captain has made this winter. It was interesting to note the frequent changes in the colour of the water along the coast, caused, as I understand, from the fresh-water rivers all along our route. In no instance did the colour approach the beautiful blue of the Australian waters. It was mostly a dirty yellow—similar to what is witnessed off the mouth of the Murray. Towards evening we were close to the Chusan Archipelago, having passed near to Montagu Island, 740 feet high, and the Kweshan Islands, 490 feet. To the eastward of Buffalo-nose Channel, Beck Head Channel, Vernon Channel, and Sarah Galley Channel, the Kweshan Islands were all ablaze. At a distance a burning mountain might have been imagined; the natives were doing as we do in Australia—clearing rubbish by burning it. Captain Tisdall confirmed what I frequently heard asserted elsewhere, viz., that the Chinese are extremely good to their parents and elder relatives. Major H——n, a former fellow-passenger, informed me that he had known instances of bodies being kept two years before they were buried, and when the funerals did take place, enormous sums of money were spent in entertaining rich and poor alike. I have just spoken of the bodies being buried. In the sense we should understand this term I am incorrect; they are never placed in graves as we bury our dead, but in coffins on the surface, and then built over, covered with a mound of earth, or in stone vaults. None of the vessels belonging to the Chinese Merchants S.N. Company are allowed to throw the body of a Chinaman overboard; they must take it to the nearest port and land it. Sunday night was as tranquil as the preceding ones had been. On coming on deck early on Monday morning I found we were in the Yang-tse-Kiang River, the Amazon of the eastern hemisphere, navigable for upwards of 1,800 miles. An excursion up this noble stream in a comfortable deck steamer is one of the most interesting trips in China. I believe it is 20 miles broad in some places. Capt. Tisdall knows it well, as he is often up it in the "Lee Yeun."

We were favoured with a strong flood tide, and had no difficulty in passing the bar at the entrance of the river, on which Shanghai is situated. The "Kaiser-i-Hind," one of the P. and O. Co.'s fine vessels, took advantage of the same tide and crossed, having been detained four days waiting for water; as it was, she dragged through the mud. In a book published a few years ago by Robert Nicholas Fowler, M.A., entitled, "Japan, China, and India," he asserts that this bar has been and still is gradually silting up, and that the Chinese decline to have it removed because they think it a safeguard against invasion. Captain Tisdall, who has been 16 years in the coasting trade, contradicts the first part of this statement. He says there is no appreciable diminution in the depth of water since he first crossed it, but the trading vessels to Shanghai now are of much greater draught, and the bar is consequently a serious obstruction. With respect to the second assertion, Mr. Fowler is correct. I am informed, however, owing to the great pressure that has been brought to bear on the Chinese Government, this impediment to navigation will soon be removed, the dredges for the purpose having been ordered.

There is nothing picturesque in the approaches to Shanghai. The country is flat and uninteresting; there are no hills visible for miles around. As we steamed up to the city we passed numerous powerful Chinese men-of-war—ironclads and gunboats; they seemed in admirable order. Our ensign was continually dipped, and instantly replied to. We also noticed several of the China Merchant Company's steamers—all known by the yellow rim around their funnels, the royal colour in China. These steamers soon placed 50,000 of the Imperial troops at a given point when the war with Russia was imminent. As soon as we were fast to the wharf the captain kindly sent for a carriage, and we were conveyed to the Central Hotel. We drove through the Chinese part of Shanghai first, and were greeted with some of the strong odours so noticeable where they congregate. Here, for the first time, we saw the Chinese wheelbarrow, with a large wheel in the centre, and a covering over it exactly on the same principle as those constructed to cover the centreboards of ketches and other centreboard craft. In these barrows they carry great weights, and they seem a favourite conveyance for Chinamen and women to ride in—one on each side, like an Irish jaunting car. There are no chairs here for public hire, as in Hongkong; we saw a few private ones. Jinrickshaws are everywhere, and most commonly used. The Central Hotel is in a good situation fronting the river, and is more reasonable in its terms than the Hongkong Hotel. I heard a good account of the Astor

House (American) and the French Hotel de Colonie also. I walked into the smoking-room after tiffin, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with Dr. O—y, of the "Venetia," and soon afterwards with Captain D—l also. They were not a little surprised at seeing us in Shanghai. It was a sincere pleasure to us all to meet them again. We took a walk through the Chinese part of the English settlement, and up to the "Mixed Court," where the Chinamen are punished under a mixture of Chinese and English codes; but in what particular manner this is regulated I am at a loss to explain, as it was not made clear, to myself. We saw several men confined in cages with iron bars, having large squares of wood around their necks, fitting on them like collars. I was informed that this punishment was awarded by the Mixed Court. We also saw several gangs of convicts harnessed to large iron rollers levelling the streets. Everywhere was the same busy industry—everybody on the move. Nowhere have I seen abject poverty such as I did in London. The children seem plump and healthy, though not particularly clean in some cases, and it afforded us amusement to see how they were padded and muffled in warm clothes being nearly as broad as they were long—the Chinese ladies also being particularly well cared for in this respect. Captain and Mrs. Tisdall called upon us in the afternoon, and as he had to leave at daylight next morning, we bade him good-bye. He was exceedingly kind to us throughout, and whoever is fortunate enough to travel with him will find an intelligent observer of all that passes in the East, and a man acquainted with every nook and corner of the coast. He has a splendid collection of real old china and curios, which he has been gathering for years and years. I should imagine it is of great commercial value. His position has enabled him to gratify his taste in this respect.

The extent and beauty of the buildings in Shanghai astonished us, and the style of the European ladies is in no whit behind their Western cousins—liveries, pet dogs, and all. Some of the turnouts we saw were extremely neat, with pretty ponies.

At this time of the year capital sport is obtainable with the gun. A gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, Mr. D—h, of Messrs. C—r & Co., was starting with a party of friends the morning we left on an excursion of this kind in one of the pretty yachts here. These yachts have high rounded skylights and cockpits, the skylights being really deck-houses, and most comfortable quarters. They are very beamy boats, with enormously high masts; and as some of them use the lateen sails, like the junks, they can hoist and lower away or reef at a moment's notice. Not being troubled

with a main boom, the deck-house does not bother them. I admired the shape of their hulls very much, and was told they sailed exceedingly well. Most of them are rigged as cutters in the usual manner. I believe the "Arrow," belonging, or lately belonging, to Duncan G——s, Esq.—which, I should think, from a cursory glance is about twenty to twenty-five tons—is the fastest, as she has won many prizes. They are nearly all centre-board boats, built in Shanghai. There are two Clubs, one Yachting and the other Rowing, the latter a particularly strong and good one I was informed. The sport Mr. D——h expected to obtain were pheasants, woodcock, deer—(Chinese deer, about as high as an ordinary sheep in Australia. These deer have no horns, but tusks, somewhat resembling those of the wild boar. They are shot with buck-shot, dying very easily)—quail, snipe, wild duck of several varieties, woodpigeons, &c. Shanghai is celebrated for its winged game, but from what I heard I fancy the slaughter is so indiscriminate that it will soon become scarce. With a steam launch wild-boar shooting is obtainable within twenty-four hours. Carshing is the favourite shooting ground for pheasants and deer. The shooting is all done over Chinese territory, but the Chinamen never molest or interfere. There is also a strong Hunt Club for "paper hunts," somewhat similar to the schoolboys' game of "foxes," arranged as follows:—The huntsmen follow the paper track at hunting speed, and over every impediment—of course without hounds. The first man in at the goal chooses the course for the next week's run. He is by the laws of the Club fox for the ensuing Saturday. He takes his own time, and is generally accompanied across country by ladies who ride well. Chinese boys have played tricks by moving the paper to dangerous places, and some nasty falls have been the consequence. The jumps are either ditches or water-jumps. The Chinese ponies are splendid weight-carriers, men of twelve stone frequently riding in the hunt. They are not much, if any, larger than Welsh ponies. In addition to the paper hunts, there is the "drag hunt," similar to our Adelaide one. Sometimes foxes are obtained from Japan for this Club. The difficulty is to keep the hounds in hand when they come across a Chinese dog. These dogs have a striking resemblance to the Australian dingo, being a little fuller and coarser about the head and forequarters, and not by any means so fast. When started by the pack, they run for a few hundred yards and then turn and snap. Before they have time to do this often, there is a yell, and all is over—but settling with the owner.

The Bund at Shanghai is a place worth looking at. Part of the muddy bank of the river has been reclaimed, and taste-

ful and prettily-appointed promenade, plantation, and garden formed. Owing to the absurd currency nuisance in these Eastern places I was so bothered upon the only day I could have spared time that I was unable to see one-half of what I should liked to have seen of such an interesting place, and cannot therefore describe it. I had no opportunity of inspecting either the American or French Settlement. In order to understand what I mean by the currency nuisance I must explain that notes issued by any of the Hongkong Banks are not current in Shanghai. The only currency there (except local notes representing Mexican dollars issued by one of the Banks) is clean Mexican dollars. In Hongkong "chopped" dollars are preferred. Understanding this, I applied to Mr. F—t, who in my presence, ordered his Chinese comprador to count out the necessary quantity and quality required. They were all of 1880 and 1881 issue, and bright as could be. On tendering them at the Mitsu Bishi Agency (as the Japanese Mail Company is called) the comprador there rejected nearly half of them. I was indignant, but the placid son of the East was as immovable as his country, and I might have spared myself the few sarcastic (as I thought) remarks indulged in. "No takee; not good." I wanted the agent to take English gold, but he would not. He must have clean Mexican dollars. He would not help me in the least; nor would he deduct a 6d. for my child daughter's passage from the 165 dollars' fare. Perhaps he had no power to do so. The Chinese Company were more just and liberal. I was in a fix, so determined upon going to the Manager of the Bank adjoining the hotel (the Oriental Bank). I found Mr. B—n a courteous Scotch gentleman, who soon relieved my mind of its anxiety by calling in his schoff, who pronounced the dollars perfectly good, and Mr. B—n gave me the notes spoken of in exchange for them, and which he told me was a good legal tender. For the first time in my life I here saw the Chinese shoe-shaped block of silver, the currency of the country, called "syce" (literally meaning silver). Its value is according to its weight, the average being worth about 120 to 150 teals. The Banks always pay each other in this cumbersome coin, coolies carrying it on their bamboos in the usual manner in which goods are conveyed. Mr. B—n's hearty kindness is only another instance of many I have received at the hands of Scotchmen. Mr. F—t, in Hongkong, was another notable proof of this.

One is at first inclined to admire the silver dollar, but it becomes cumbersome and troublesome in the end.

On Wednesday morning, the 18th January, we embarked on board the Japan mailboat "Genkai Maru," Captain C—r, a huge American paddewheel steamer of close upon 2,000 tons,

with the engine beam up aloft amidships, weighing, as the chief engineer told me, eighteen tons. It was a novel sight to us, though it is common enough in America. The chief engineer said it worked admirably in foul weather as well as fair. This steamer has two tiers of cabins on deck, and a promenade upon the upper deck the whole length of the ship. Soon after clearing away from the wharf we passed the "Venetia" and waved adieu to those on board, little thinking we should so soon see them again. Scarcely, however, had we crossed the bar, and cleared Woosung—where we saw several Chinese gunboats and sixteen armed junks lying, and where there is a city and large fort lately built—than we saw the "Venetia" close after us. It was a fine sight to see her making way through the water at twelve or thirteen miles an hour, with hardly a ripple at her bows, and leaving it as clean as a clipper yacht. We were steaming ten knots, and the manner in which she passed us was a treat to witness, and must have afforded pleasure to her captain. More adieus, and they were gone from our gaze, but not from our memories, where they hold warm places. The day was very fine, and the ladies were able to sit upon deck until sundown. We had a pleasant party at dinner in the evening. The captain, an American, was agreeable and amusing, as well as original; and the passengers inclined to be friendly with each other. The following day (19th) was also fine and bright, with smooth water. At dinner in the evening I mentioned the difficulty experienced with respect to the currency, and the manner I was treated about the clean dollars, and was informed this was done by the compradore to obtain his "pickings," or "squeeze." He wanted me to sell them to him at a discount. I am extremely glad his little game did not succeed. To such an absurd extent is this rejection of dollars carried, that cases have occurred in which a compradore of a Bank (always a Chinaman) has bought gold and paid for it in dollars—thinking, perhaps, they were going to be taken away. On opening an account at the same Bank, and attempting to pay the identical coin into his credit before the recipient left the Bank the same compradore has rejected half of them as not being "No. 1 dollars," and when expostulated with has smiled blandly, but adhered to his determination. It was the recipient's duty to see that he received proper money; if he did not, it was his own fault. In England, or under English law, this sharp practice could not succeed. In China it was held to be smart, and quite justifiable.

In reference to the custom amongst Chinamen of calling first-class articles "No. 1." We were jocularly informed in in Hongkong that they called the good Bishop there "No. 1 Sky Captain."

JAPAN.

NAGASAKI.

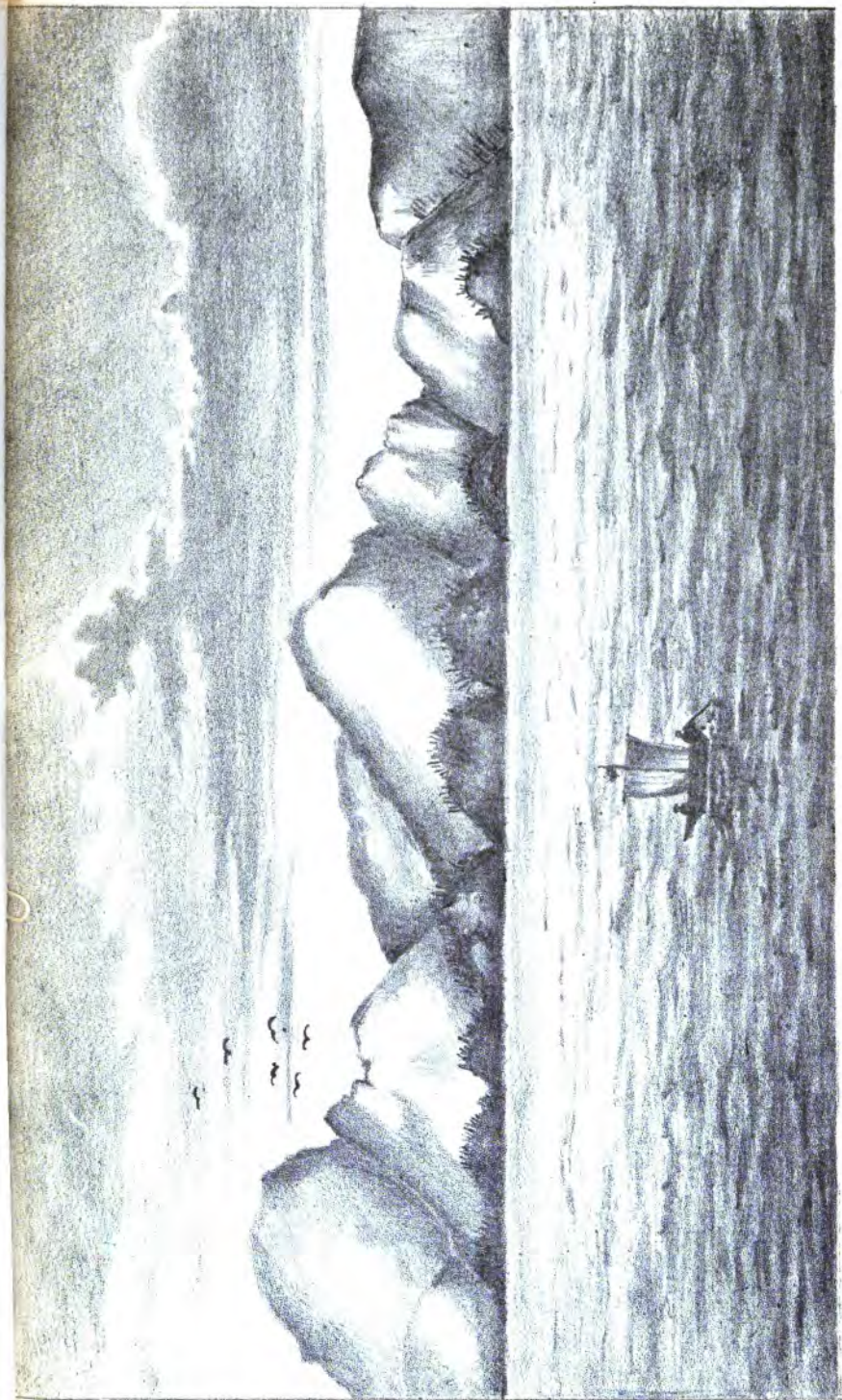
At daylight on Friday, the 20th January, we were steaming into the beautiful harbour of Nagasaki. All our male passengers got up to view the scenery, and it well repaid them. The morning was cold but fresh, and as the sun rose everything looked lovely. Nagasaki is a large town in the province of Fizen, in the extensive island of Kiushiu, which is 400 miles long by broad, and contains a large population. What struck me at once was the difference between the islands on the China coast and those of Japan. Here everything looked green and covered in most places with trees and undergrowth. All the way down the coast of China there was nothing to be seen but barren rocks. We entered the harbour between high, well-wooded land, with pretty indented bays and islands. From one of these—the island of Pappenberg—4,000 Christians were hurled to destruction in the year 1638, and Christianity was obliterated from Japan. It is almost perpendicular on its eastern face, from which side, no doubt, the destruction took place, and the unfortunate people must have been brought to the position in boats. Coal has been discovered just in rear of this island, and we saw where the works had been carried on. Soon after passing Pappenberg the town bursts upon the view, situated on the eastern side of the spacious and perfectly landlocked harbour. The hills at the back of the town and on each side are thickly sprinkled with evergreen trees strongly resembling the larch of the Scottish Highlands. The beautiful basin is capable of holding numbers of vessels in perfect safety. At the time we entered it there were several men-of-war anchored, and the "Inconstant," one of the detached squadron, was in the spacious dock undergoing repairs. Numerous fishing boats were plying about, most of them of the ordinary sampan type, but with sails in three strips perpendicularly arranged and laced. The echoes of our twelve-pound carronade had scarcely died away before we were surrounded with boats, coal and cargo barges. The work of coaling was interesting to witness, as it is done by girls from nine to twenty years of age, ranged in long lines on ladders placed against the side of the vessel; small baskets are used, which are passed along at great speed. The baskets would hold, I should say, five or six pounds weight. There is nothing laborious or out of place for girls to do this, except its dirtiness. They sing a monotonous song as the work proceeds and it is surprising how great a quantity is speedily put on board. Both men and girls look healthy and well, the females having the brightest faces.

After breakfast we went on shore, and taking jinricshaws, first sought a money-changer's shop to sell our gold and dollars for the Japanese yen and paper money. This paper currency is a curiosity, and troublesome at first to all foreigners. Our bargaining was most amusing, and, of course, we got the worst of it. We alighted at the shop of a tortoise-shell seller, and purchased a few articles. Seeing some embroidery on floss silk we went into the shop to price it, but found it too high. I was not a little astonished to see amongst other things the Australian coat-of-arms and the motto, "Advance Australia." The kangaroo was of a shape and breed I do not remember to have seen. The town is extensive, most of the buildings of wood, the streets narrow and not always clean, but very much cleaner than the Chinese cities. We visited a temple on the side of a hill, in a lovely spot, the approach being up several flights of steps. On each side of the main entrance are figures enclosed in in something resembling cages. What they are intended to represent I do not know. Within the main enclosure is a bronze horse, and various other symbolical creations. The place was clean and sweet, with a pretty garden attached and a fountain playing. In the outskirts of the premises were a bow-and-arrow gallery and house of refreshment, where tea and malt liquors were for sale. Some of our party tried the bow-and-arrow shooting, without much success. The view from this temple over the city and harbour is one not easily forgotten. Returning, I noticed a schoolmaster, as I supposed, teaching his scholars at the corner of a street. In some places our way was so narrow that we had great difficulty in passing the buffaloes with their loads on their back. These animals seem the camels of this island. All classes were fully occupied, and the people appeared as happy as possible, men and women alike lighting their pipes at their "tobacco bones," or "Hibachi," a small charcoal fire contained in a bronzed vessel, at which they also warm their hands. They were all warmly dressed, and their costumes seemed singular enough to those unaccustomed to them. Many wear wooden shoes or clogs. These clogs assist in giving an addition to the height to the extent of inches, and the noise made in walking is most peculiar. The ponies we saw were shod with straw sandals, in a similar manner to the leather shoe used by Englishmen when their horses have tender feet, or the hoofs are sandcracked. We got on board in time for tiffin, where I had the pleasure of meeting with General J——s, the American Consul here, and a courteous gentleman he is. He served under Stonewall Jackson and Maximilian, and was with each at the time of his death. He gave me an invitation to go with him to the Club, but I was tired with the morning's exertions and did not accept.

We got under weigh about midnight, having first taken on board the Russian Consul from Shanghai, on his marriage tour with a Japanese wife. We also took several other passengers from here.

THE INLAND SEA.

The morning of Saturday, the 21st, was sharp and clear as we ran along the coast, islands both inside and outside of our course. There was a heavy tide ripple around many of the promontories, and considerable swell setting in towards the land, which caused the "Genkai Maru" to roll and pitch in a most uncomfortable manner. She did this to such an extent about midday that she rolled our tiffin, and all the paraphernalia of the table, down on the deck, much to the delight of the cabin stewards. About 4 p.m. we passed Yebosi lighthouse, built on a singular basaltic rock. The homes for the keepers are very neat. The main island, Nippon, was towering up ahead, and we soon smoothened the water. At 5 p.m. we were anchored abreast of Shimonoseki at the entrance of the Inland Sea, the passage to it being most interesting. Islands covered with trees and patches of cultivation everywhere. Neat little hamlets, and quantities of fishing and trading boats. On our starboard hand as we rounded the promontory leading straight to Shimonoseki was a considerable city, in which trade in silk and other goods of some importance is carried on. As soon as the mail gun was fired, several boats came alongside, some bringing additional Japanese passengers, and others, provisions and fruit. Shimonoseki not being a treaty port, we were unable to land even if disposed to do so. We only stayed two hours; the city from the ship's deck looked pretty and uniform, but nothing particularly noticeable about it. Its position at the foot of and surrounded by hills, with the water frontage, is very good. A little before the sun dipped we passed through a narrow passage into a grand scene of beauty, tier upon tier of distant hills, some of great and some of lesser height. Islands and bays, rocky promontories and tree-clad ridges, purple with the sun's declining rays; the silver shimmer upon the lake-like sea; the numerous boats and sailing craft; the smoke ascending from villages amongst green woods, presented a picture the equal of which we can hardly hope to look upon again. From Shimonoseki to Kobe is, I understand, nearly 300 miles; this distance is almost all through the Inland Sea. Our captain is so well acquainted with the passages, narrow and intricate as some of them are, that notwithstanding the darkness he went full speed all night. I was wakened at dawn of day on the 22nd, to see the scenery near the Sulphur Springs, in the Northern passage; the steam



VIEW OF INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

ASTORIA
OREGON

from these springs was ascending through the air like a fog, being dissipated by the sun's rays, and the mountains in their neighbourhood are very fine. We appeared to be in a complete basin formed by them towering above us. One great charm of the scenery here is its continual change from the monotony sometimes observable in the formation of a country; scarcely any number of views are precisely similar. There are solitary islands, clusters of islands, small jagged rocks, towering islands, high distant ranges, and long, low peninsulas, deep bays, and stretches of land upon each side of narrow water, and then wide expanse of water with only distant land. Many of the places bear a resemblance to the Scottish Lakes, others to the beautiful harbour of Sydney. But nothing I have ever seen equals the magnitude of this description of scenery—all dwarf into insignificance beside it. The distance we went through it steaming at full speed for upwards of 24 hours conveys but a slight impression of its vastness, as it is traversible for many hundreds of miles. Small steamboats, sailing vessels with European rig, junks, and craft of all description trade upon its waters, and for a yachtsman it would be the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment if such a glorious field for his pastime was obtainable within a reasonable distance. No description or picture could convey to the mind what it is; it must be seen to be appreciated. We were most fortunate in having excellent weather, clear and bracing—the sun being sufficiently warm in the middle of the day to be pleasant. The ladies took some sketches, including one of a pretty Japanese child, of which there were several on board. The Japanese are most inquisitive, and will come close up to you or to your cabin door and look steadily at what is going on; but there is a total absence of anything offensive in the expression of their countenances or in their manner. We had several Japanese in the saloon, and with the exception of being loud talkers, there was nothing uncommon in their demeanour. Nearly all the stewards are Japanese, only two or three being Chinese. So far as I have yet seen, I like the Chinese waiting best. We had a very competent and attentive young purser, and he seemed to have them all well in hand. At about 5 p.m. we passed through the Akasi Strait into the Isumi Sea, and within an hour afterwards were fast to a buoy in the harbour of Kobe.

On the northern side of the last-named strait is a stone fort of some magnitude, but to an unprofessional eye it does not look like one that would stand against modern artillery. There appeared to be an abandoned fort on the southern side. So far as I could trace our course on the chart it was as follows:—After leaving Nagasaki, we steered north-westerly, until we passed the island of Hirado, from thence a point or two to the

east of north until we passed the island of Madara, in the Iki Channel, north-east from there past Yebosi Lighthouse and the island of Kosime into the Simonoseki Strait. From this point we were constantly altering and winding in and out of islands and rocks, and I can only give the names of seas through which we steamed. They were as follows:—Through the centre of the Suwo Sea in an east and by south course, through the Iyo Sea, leaving the islands of Iwani, Ya Hegun, and Minasi on the north, and Kosü with its lighthouse on the east, through the eastern side of the Misima Sea into the Bingo Sea, through the middle of the latter sea in a north-easterly direction into the Harima Sea, leaving the large island of Sozu in the latter sea to the north, and, steering nearly east, we passed through the narrow Strait called Okasi Strait into the Isumi Sea, on the northern side of which Kobe is situated. I do not pretend these courses are strictly accurate, but they are approximately so.

KOBE.

This important port is, as already stated, situated in the Isumi Sea. From its position it commands the trade of the inland sea, and is on the road from Yokohama to China and Hongkong. Its position is admirable, being almost landlocked. The houses are built at the foot of a pretty range of hills, the European quarter being on the esplanade fronting the sea to the eastward, or perhaps a little to the south of east, in form nearly a half-circle. There were numerous sailing ships and steamers, and a vast fleet of native craft in the harbour. There is a Government shipbuilding yard under the point toward, or in Hiogo, which adjoins Kobe, and also a very extensive paper manufactory. There are several hotels, the Brunswick and Hiogo being the best; both are kept by Americans. I only made the acquaintance of one, Major Arnold, a very intelligent man; he keeps the Brunswick, and was civil and courteous. We had tiffin on Monday at his hotel, and a very good meal he gave us. We went through the Japanese portion of the town, visiting the curio-shops and purchasing some articles, amongst others a few walking-sticks, with trees and figures elaborately carved on them. The long, narrow street was as busy as all these towns appear to be; it was wonderfully clean, considering the dense population. Here, as at Nagasaki, male and female were smoking at the same Hibachi; all the married women having their teeth blackened, quite destroying many a comely face to European eyes. The jinrickshaw men were in some instances scarcely decent in their clothing, or rather in the absence of it; at every shop we entered we had a gathering of curious onlookers, but no incivility. After tiffin, some of our party went to visit a pretty waterfall, a little distance in the

rear of the town. The views on the road are good, but the waterfall nothing to rave about. The passenger boats are the sampans propelled by sculling, as is the apparently universal custom in this quarter of the world. The motion is by no means agreeable to those who are not good sailors, as it is really the rolling of a ship in a sea-way; when two men are on board two sculls are used, one on each side of the boat. The oars are of great length, and joined in two pieces; the end used by the scullers is invariably fastened with a rope to the deck or bottom of the boat, as the oars are too heavy for use otherwise. The Japanese are wiry, athletic men, with strong muscular development in legs and arms, but are very small in stature; the European dress is much worn by the men. I noticed some of the men's heads were massive, and their foreheads showed great power, but I certainly was not as yet struck with the extraordinary politeness that I have heard so much about, and if I am not mistaken, they have no great love for the foreigners that frequent their shores. Of course the vessel we were travelling in was a Japanese boat, and it was not surprising if they acted in a somewhat more free and easy manner than usual. As we are likely to see much more of them at Yokokama, we shall be better able to form an opinion.

Tuesday, the 24th January, was a great disappointment to us. We had arranged for a trip to Osaka by the railroad—(Osaka is, I believe, the third largest city in Japan; population, 582,668)—but it rained so heavily that all thought of doing so had to be abandoned. A genial, pleasant young American fellow-passenger took a run up to Kioto (meaning capital of the West), stayed there a night, and brought back some splendid specimens of Japanese embroidery. He kindly allowed us to purchase a piece at cost price. His description of the place was as follows:—"A beautiful city, surrounded by fine hills, clean and neat everywhere, with many objects of great interest to travellers; several temples and idols; the palace where, up to 1868, the Mikados were crowned; and innumerable curio and other shops. Communication is by rail; and I believe one can, if disposed, descend the Yodi Gassa to Osaka in steamers; but the journey by rail is always preferred. Kioto has a population of 822,098 (census of 1880). This city, built by the Emperor Kammu in the year 794, was until the year 1868 the residence of the Emperor of Japan. The River Kamo, which flows through the eastern part of the city, is crossed by numerous bridges. Kioto is held in high esteem by the Japanese for its ancient monuments and picturesque landscapes. The principal products are silks and brocades.

YOKOHAMA.

It was after dark on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th of January, when we let go the moorings in Kobe and cleared away from its fine harbour, esteemed by many as the finest at present open to foreigners in Japan. The night was thick and wet for some hours, but towards midnight it cleared. The following day was bleak and cold, and the coast obscured from view. The wind, being dead ahead, caused a nasty pitching sea, and the "Genkai Maru" wriggled, twisted, and groaned in a most peculiar manner, making the 'ladies sea-sick again. Early on the morning of Thursday, the 26th, we made fast to our moorings in Yokohama Harbour, our passage on the whole being singularly fine for this season of the year.

First impressions of Yokohama were not so favourable as subsequent ones, the business and Japanese part of the town being very flat as viewed from the steamer's deck. The Bluff on its eastern side is hilly and pretty, and is covered with the bungalows of foreign residents. We had scarcely made fast before I received a letter from our good friend Mr. G——e, a former fellow-passenger, stating he had engaged rooms for us at the Grand Hotel. A steam-launch from the hotel with a barge attached was ready alongside to take us and our luggage ashore. Captain and Mrs. W——s, Mr. R——t, and ourselves took up our quarters at the Grand, and a very comfortable and well-conducted hotel it is. We bade adieu to Captain C——r, thanking him for his kindness on the voyage. He is a fine bold specimen of a mariner, thoroughly genuine, and about as outspoken an American as I ever met. He is a favourite on the route, and I am not surprised at it. Soon after getting to the hotel Mr. G——e called, and I availed myself of his assistance to find out the steamer's agents and the Bank upon which my letter of credit was drawn, on calling at which I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. F——t, whose acquaintance we made at Hongkong. I found no difficulty in arranging business matters, and was not sorry at the prospect of a few days' quietude.

On the following morning I took a walk through the city with Admiral C——z, of the U.S. Navy. He showed me the best shops for purchasing curios, silks, &c. This worthy officer is greatly beloved by his whole command, and they will do anything for him. No one could be kinder than he was to us.

I purchased a small guide to Yokohama, and although it was published some years ago, it so correctly describes what Yokohama still is, so far as I have been able to judge, that I prefer giving it to my own description. I have struck out some parts

where I know changes have occurred. The extract I refer to is as follows:—

“GENERAL DESCRIPTION ON YOKOHAMA.

“Yokohama is the port of Tokio, the capital of Japan, and is the chief seaport of Japan. It is situated in latitude 35° 25' North, and in longitude 139° 39' East from Greenwich. According to the treaty of August, 1858, Kanawaga, opposite Yokohama, was to be opened to foreign trade July 1st, 1859. The Japanese Government, however, chose to make Yokohama the port of foreign commerce, and so made it convenient for the foreign merchants to locate at the latter place. The foreign ministers opposed, but the merchants approved, the choice of Yokohama; and in spite of all protests and opposition Yokohama became the foreign port. The name means Cross Strand.

“Yokohama was, until 1859, only an insignificant fishing village on the strand across the bay from Kanagawa, or the Tokaido, the main road of the Empire, which stretches from Kyoto to Tokio. It consisted of a few score thatched huts, with a few hundred inhabitants, chiefly fishermen. The foreign settlement was at first only on the flat parts along the shore now constituting ‘the Bund.’ A canal was dug around the town, and the ‘Bluff’ was resorted to only as a shooting or rambling ground. The city was not well laid out at first, and the houses were meanly built, but after the great fire of 1866, improvements in architecture, laying out the city, paving, draining, &c., were made. The large swamp north of the settlement was filled up, and the Bluff began to be built upon. Guard houses, filled with Japanese soldiers, gave both protection and annoyance to the settlement, every road to which was guarded to keep out suspicious characters. During the civil war which resulted in the downfall of the Shôgun’s Government and the reinstatement of the Mikado to ancient power, Yokohama was not troubled.

“By a fiction which is still cherished in official documents, the various consulates are designated as those of ‘Kanawaga’ instead of Yokohama.

“The foreign population is composed of nearly every nationality on earth, including British, American, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italians, natives of minor European countries, Chinese, Malays, &c. Most of the institutions characteristic of European civilization are found in Yokohama. There are three Churches—viz., the English Episcopal, the French Catholic, and the Union Church. The native Christians have also a place of worship. There are several private schools in which children are taught. The daily newspapers are the

Japan Gazette, *Japan Herald*, *Daily Advertiser*, and *Daily Bulletin*, printed in English. The two former are evening, the two latter morning, papers. *L'Echo du Japon* is a daily. The *Japan Mail* is a weekly. Three of these papers issue semi-monthly Mail Summaries. *Punch*, a comic, and the *Far East*, an illustrated paper, are monthly. There are also two daily newspapers printed in Japanese. There are five Banks, a railway station with railway to Tokio, gas-works, and telegraph wires extending to Europe and America. There are several hospitals—naval, military, public, and private. There is an English and a German Club. Theatricals and concerts are regularly given in season. Among other indications of civilization are the International, Grand, Occidental, and Japan Hotels; Hotel d'Europe, Hotel des Colonies, &c., &c.; Windsor House; the Benevolent Society, the Asiatic Society, Insurance Companies, Trading Companies, Fire Companies, Masonic Lodges, Clubs, and Circulating Libraries. For amusement there is a Racecourse, on which races are held twice a year. There are also a rifle range for target practice, athletic ground for various sports, and an Athletic Club. Matches of football, cricket, and rowing frequently take place, and a grand annual regatta is held in the harbour. In the Public Gardens flower shows and fêtes are held, and music by the naval bands is given. Paper hunts and foot races are common in winter. There are French, English, and American Hospitals, &c. In the harbour, besides the store-ships and mail steamers, is always to be found a varying number of merchant vessels and men-of-war, floating the flags of many nations.

“Yokohama is the terminus, or port of call, of the following steamers:—The Pacific Mail, the Peninsular and Oriental, the China Trans-Pacific, the Messageries Maritimes, the Nippon National Mail, Pacific Mail Japan Coast and China Steamers, the Ocean Steamship Company.

“POINTS OF INTEREST.

“Yokohama may be said to consist of three divisions, which are spoken of as ‘The Settlement,’ ‘The Bluff,’ and ‘The Native Town.’ The street facing the sea is called ‘the Bund.’ On this street are the hotels, clubs, &c.

“The points of interest to a stranger in Yokohama are a walk through the native town, where the silk, bronze, lacquer, porcelain, and curiosity shops are located. The spot where Commodore Perry and the Japanese Ambassadors exchanged the ratification of the treaty of 1854 is situated on the south-east side of the English Consulate, on the street leading south-west from the *hatoba* or landing. At the ‘tea-firing godowns’

the process of 'firing' or heating the teas preparatory to packing and shipping may be witnessed.

"On 'the Bluff,' in the afternoon, a walk or ride will give one a good idea of the topography of Yokohama. A ride over the 'New Road,' around Mississippi Bay, over the shore and through the Japanese village of Negishi (Root Bank), returning via 'Legation Bluff,' affords fine views of scenery, and accurate, if not fascinating, pictures of ordinary Japanese life and character.

"The cemetery in Yokohama should by all means be visited, as it will give to the readers of the epitaphs a vivid picture of the stormy days and dangerous times in the early settlement of Yokohama.

"Looking back from the quiet and peaceful present, the number of those who lost their lives at the hands of assassins and cowardly murderers in the early part of the century seems to be incredibly large. In those days it was not safe to be outside the settlement, for the Japanese *rōnin*—a creature as cowardly as murderous, since he always struck from behind—was ever ready to cut down the unwary foreigner, who on account of his training and belief that brave enemies always came in front, was helpless before his butcher in the rear. The most imposing tomb in the cemetery, near the entrance, is that of a murdered Russian officer. The bodies of two Dutch captains killed in Benten, Yokohama; Major Baldwin and Lieut. Bird, hewn down near Kamakura; Mr. Richardson, hacked to pieces near Kawasaki; and eleven French soldiers shot in cold blood near Osaka, are buried here. A number of other tombs of historic interest will be found, and we know of few places in Japan more worthy of a visit or more profoundly interesting to a student of the past."

I think it is quite possible that there are other attractions not mentioned in this extract that have sprung up since the publication of the "Guide"—(it was the latest small handbook procurable)—and also that there are other hotels building, and other Companies' ships visiting the port, but for general description in a limited compass I was assured it is still correct.

The harbour of Yokohama, situated in Yedo Bay, is extensive, and I believe the holding ground is good. There are no piers or jetties at which vessels of any size can get alongside. They all ride at their anchors, or moorings. There are any number of steam launches (managed by Japanese) continually plying backwards and forwards; and they have a well-protected little canal on the eastern side next the Grand Hotel. The harbour is bounded by the Capes of Kawaski and Treaty Point. The cargo loading, and coaling, is done by huge lighters. A number of men-of-war are always there. British, American,

German, French, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese were all represented whilst we were there; and their boats plying backwards and forwards, the many small steamers already referred to, the sailing junks, and sculling boats, presented a lively and constantly changing scene. There did not appear to be much rise or fall of the tide. A powerful dredge was at work near the mouth of the canal—so far as I could see from the shore, managed and worked entirely by Japanese. The houses all along the "Bund" facing the sea are good and well built, and many of the public buildings are very fine, the Custom House notably so. The bungalows on the Bluff are models of neatness and beauty, trees, shrubs, and foliage everywhere. The only fault I saw in the gardens was their too exact uniformity and precision—prim as an old maid in her dress. All the choice flowers that will not stand the snow and frost are thatched over with straw in all manner of grotesque designs, but never unsightly in appearance. Mr. G—e astonished me by saying the Japanese gardener never prunes the boughs to keep a small and prolific tree. He digs round and cuts their roots, often digging them up altogether, and cutting their tap roots as well, and replanting. The result is a vast show of fruit or flowers on a diminutive shrub or tree. Manure is prized and used here as much as in China, and its free employment is unmistakeable to a stranger on passing the paddy (rice) fields. I saw in the sailing directions for the Chinese coast a warning to Europeans to be cautious in eating vegetables grown in China, about Shanghai, especially those uncooked, in consequence of the habit of the growers in tying up liquid manure in the leaves of the plants; and as this manure is frequently from the human source, it is disgusting, and the vegetables so nourished are esteemed dangerous by many. I inquired if the practice prevailed amongst the Japanese, and was informed that it did, but only with young plants, and before they were cut or pulled for sale they would have outgrown any possibility of danger.

On the 29th we drove through the Bluff to the racecourse, and back by the Mississippi Bay. The scenery is beautiful, and we had a fine view of the grand mountain "Fujiyama" (so spelt here generally, but it is often spelt Fusi-yama) towering to the skies and capped with snow; distant sixty-two miles, with a height variously estimated at 13,000 to over 14,000 feet. It is volcanic, but has been upwards of 100 years in a quiescent state. Speaking of volcanoes reminds me that I have omitted to mention a shock of an earthquake we had on Saturday night. It was not a violent one. They are frequent here, but no serious damage has been done by one for upwards of 13 years. The neat little wooden and bamboo houses of

the Japanese are admirably suited for any disturbance of this kind. The Europeans say they do not get accustomed to the manifestations. People do not usually forget that which threatens them with destruction.

The silk goods in Yokohama are very fine, and the prices, as compared with European or colonial, reasonable. The ladies' padded embroidered dressing gown is a speciality; but the Japanese merchant knows the foreign prices as well as his customers, and of late years the terms have considerably advanced. To get a really good article now you must pay in dollars or yens close on £5. A few years ago the same article was purchasable, I was informed, at 50 per cent. less; but gowns of fair quality, and well (but not richly) embroidered, are to be obtained for 25 to 35 yens; some quite plain from 16 to 22. Men's are less expensive; they are extremely comfortable in a cold climate. The bronze, old lacquer, porcelain, ivory, and various other metal and wood work, painting, carving, casting, and designing are a treat to see—no words can convey an idea of the pains taken, the skill displayed, or time occupied in these works. I saw an exquisite cabinet which had taken the artisan three years to make. The embroidery on silk and the painting of flowers, birds, and trees most chaste and beautiful. Old Satsuma is much prized, but difficult to obtain. Unless you are careful to have someone to choose for you, quite modern things will be foisted upon you for manufactures of ages ago. The Japanese are far too 'cute not to take advantage of the extraordinary craze for old wares possessing so many of our countrymen and women. There is an excellent paper manufactory, and a house for the sale of its products in Water-street. Here you can purchase d'oyleys, table covers, table napkins, window curtains, quilts, lamp shades, pillow covers, &c., &c., all with pretty designs and at moderate prices. These goods are amongst the best value obtainable in Yokohama.

Up the 29th and 30th the weather was beautifully bright, although cold. On Tuesday it was oppressively close, the thermometer rising upwards of 30°. It made us all uncomfortable, and one of our party ill. On Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st and 2nd February, it blew, rained, and snowed with a will, and continued blowing hard on Friday also. The cold in Japan is severe, but the skies are brighter and the atmosphere clearer than the everlasting fog and leaden clouds of England. In connection with the extraordinary variation of temperature to which I have just referred I culled the paragraph below from the *Japan Weekly Mail* of the 4th February, 1882:—

“The following remarks in connection with the recent

weather have been published by the Observatory of the Topographical Bureau in Tokiyo:—At midnight on the 30th of January last the weather was cloudy and quite calm, the barometer registering 30·133 inches, and the thermometer 44·50°; but at 0.30 a.m. the next day, the 31st, a southerly wind set in with a force of from 20 to 25 miles, with occasional rain. This continued till 4 p.m., when the wind fell to nine miles, and the weather became fine. At 2 p.m. on the 1st the barometer descended to 29·792, while the thermometer rose to 72°. Consequently there was much moisture on the surfaces of the glass and metallic instruments, which appeared to have been dipped in water. Such an atmosphere was never before experienced in January since the establishment of the Observatory. The thermometer ranges in January during seven years have been as follows:—

			Average.	Maximum.	Minimum.
1876	34·8	59·1	15·5
1877	37·7	53·6	23·3
1878	36·1	56·7	18·3
1879	37·7	59·2	22·1
1880	36·6	55·3	20·4
1881	35·9	57·5	16·9
1882	40·3	72·7	22·1

On Saturday, the 4th February, Mr. G——e took me over the Boat Club-house. It is simply but admirably constructed. The lower story, level with the water, is devoted to the various boats—racing and others—of which the place was quite full. I should think at least 30 of them were either on the floor or hanging up in it, and some very pretty models they seemed to be. On the upper floor, reached by a flight of stone steps outside into a wide verandah, is the gymnasium and rooms where the members dress and keep their boating toggery. The gymnasium is furnished with all the accessories for such places, and in summer-time is very extensively used.

The English Club, also situated on the Bund, is comfortable, and numbers a great many members. There is a spacious billiard-room and a bowling alley, a good library, and well-warmed sitting and dining rooms. The building faces the harbour, and vessels arriving and leaving, as well as those at anchor, can be easily distinguished.

We have made the acquaintance of several Americans, many of them ladies residing at the Grand Hotel. Their goodwill and hospitality has been most gratifying to us, and we could almost imagine ourselves amongst the Australians again. One of the ladies offered to take me to a church where the whole service was conducted in Japanese. Accordingly, on Sunday morning,

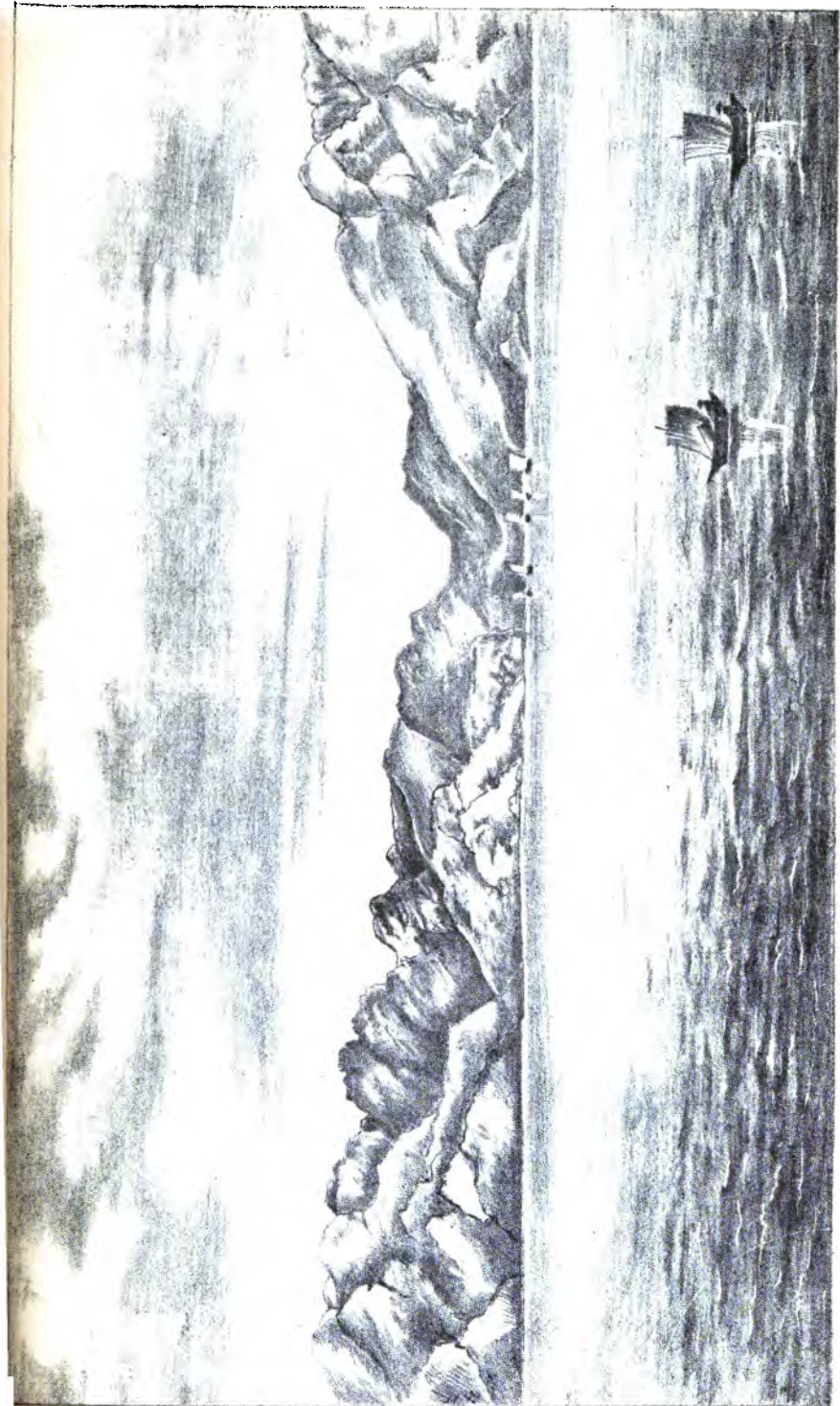
the 5th February, I accompanied her to the Presbyterian Mission House, where the American Missionary, the Rev. Mr. K——x conducts service. On entering the room the congregation were singing a hymn, the harmonium being played by an intelligent-looking and pretty Japanese girl; the whole of the people being Japanese, with the exception of a distinguished American, Dr. H——n (who, I was told, had refused many tempting offers of preferment to devote himself to the moral and religious improvement of the Japanese, amongst whom he has resided for upwards of twenty years), and the minister, two ladies, and ourselves. The singing was excellent. When it was completed the minister called upon one of the congregation to offer up prayer. This appeared to be both earnestly and fluently done. The minister then read a chapter from the Japanese translation of the New Testament, and after another hymn, selected the text from Romans xii. 1, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour addressed his audience in the Japanese tongue, in an earnest, and sometimes almost impassioned, manner. No European congregation could have been more attentive, and the young minister is evidently devoted to his calling. I left before the communion was administered, and cannot say, therefore, what proportion of those present were members of the Church. A fellow-traveller had just come from amongst the Brothers of the Society of Jesus in China. The gentleman is himself a Protestant. From his description they must be, if not the most, certainly amongst the most self-denying, practical, and self-sacrificing of Christians. They proceed in a defined and systematic manner with their work. As soon as they arrive in the country they go into the interior and forthwith adopt the dress, habits, and customs of the people as far as they conscientiously can (even to wearing the pigtail in China); they often proceed in the first instance to teach them trades or professions before forcing their attention to religious matters. By their industry, abstemiousness, austere lives, and excellent example they obtain great influence. They often abandon all hope of returning to their native country, voluntarily immolating themselves amongst the heathen for their conversion. I understand their Church is becoming very wealthy in the East. I have purposely refrained from alluding to the missionary question all through. I have heard much in disparagement of missionaries, and of the injury and complications they bring about, and but few to defend them. I simply relate what I actually saw or heard from an unbiassed source.

Monday, the 6th of February, was bleak and wild. A little before daylight we felt a severe shock of an earthquake, causing the wooden floors and joists of the rooms in the hotel

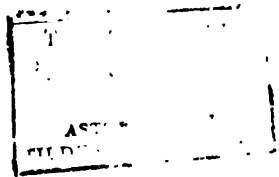
to creak again, and shaking everything in a most unpleasant manner. The Japanese houses, invariably built of wood, are much safer in these shocks than the brick and stone of the European residents. This is the second within a week; my wife and daughter are naturally nervous about them. I had arranged to go to Tokio to-day, with Mr. F——t, but the weather was too bad; the P. & O. steamer "Malacca" had one of the worst passages up from Hongkong she has had for twelve years. A deputation waited upon Sir Harry Parkes, at Tokio, to-day, congratulating him on his return. Sir Harry is highly esteemed here by his countrymen, whose interests he keenly watches. As a necessary consequence, he is not so popular with the Japanese, so I was informed at least.

Tuesday, the 7th, broke fine, cold, and bracing. After breakfast we went out to have a look at Fujiyama, gaining a small eminence on the Bluff side of the canal. We saw it to perfection; the atmosphere was clear and the whole landscape visible to the naked eye for a wide expanse around; the majestic mountain was completely clothed in its winter garb, snow from its summit to its base; it is not surprising that the Japanese hold it in such veneration; many thousands of pilgrims ascend and worship on it in the summer. Though upwards of sixty miles distant from where we stood, it did not look half the distance, standing in solitary grandeur and towering to the skies; it was the most beautiful object of the kind I have yet seen, the sun's rays upon the snow rendered it bright and distinct, and none of us are likely to forget the glorious sight; many of the residents informed us that they had never seen it more plainly, and that we were extremely fortunate.

Wednesday, 8th.—To-day we visited the Industrial Exhibition held in the public gardens, on the Yokohama side of the canal. These picturesque gardens are on the Bluff. On the way we were shown the cricket ground and pavilion. The ground seemed an admirable one, but very limited. The Exhibition was interesting, but not large. Many of the articles were beautiful, and the prices less than at the stores. We purchased a few trifling things, such as a Japanese pipe, a counting machine, some miniature fans, a teapot, &c. I understand the Exhibition has been fairly successful. As usual, upon all journeys, short or long, in Yokohama, jinricshaws were employed. The jinricshaw men get over the ground in an astonishingly quick space of time, and it is interesting to watch the difference of gait amongst them. Some run with head almost erect, and with a free and graceful action; but the bulk have a steady swing trot, out of which you will not get them, try as you may. They are a numerous class, and by no means a civil or obliging one. Like the cabmen of Europe,



INLAND SEA, JAPAN.



they will fleece you if they can; and their remarks upon their employers are sometimes more forcible than polite. A few I employed were good enough fellows, but I got very tired of their continued importunity and pigheadedness; nor do I think I should ever get reconciled to seeing human beings usurping the places of horses, mules, and bullocks. It is astonishing to see the enormous blocks of timber four men will manage to take up a hill upon a four-wheeled timber carriage; and the weight they carry on the bamboo pole is almost incredible. There are many more horses and vehicles used here than in the Chinese places we have visited. The chair, so universally used in Hongkong, is unknown, being entirely superseded by the jinricshaw, and I must say I decidedly prefer the latter. The ordinary fare for its hire is about fifteen sens per hour.

TOKIO

(Formerly called Yedo), which means "Eastern Capital," in contradistinction to Kioto, or "Western Capital."

On Thursday the 9th, Mr. F——t and I went to Tokio by the second morning train. At the station we were joined by a friend of Mr. F——t's—Mr. S——t, a pleasant gentleman. This was the first time I had seen the railway. It is to all intents and purposes a European line so far as construction, stations, &c., are concerned. It belongs to the Imperial Government, and is, so far as I heard, very well conducted. The rate of speed seemed to me not to exceed twenty miles an hour. The carriages are fairly comfortable, but I felt them very cold; however, it was a bitterly sharp morning. After clearing the town we opened some pretty views of it and the harbour, and in a short time the route became interesting on account of the beauty of the scenery and the high state of cultivation all around us—paddy fields everywhere, reminding me of our Northern wheat areas in their monotony, for, with the exception of vegetables and fruit, rice appears to be all that is cultivated in this district on any large scale. Some of the homesteads are models of artistic ruralness. The love of the beautiful seems to pervade the agriculturist as much as the more refined worker in silk, lacquer, or bronze. Every little eminence contains its cluster of trees, and where practicable one of their curiously-shaped buildings, either for dwelling or store-houses, &c., which adds such charm to the scenery here—so different to the square and ungainly erections we usually see. Timber everywhere, with beautiful green foliage even at this time of the year. What it must be in summer, when all the trees have their leaves on, must be imagined. A friend, who has resided here for some time,

tells me that the country is simply lovely in that season. All along the line is flat, but at no great distance are ranges of hills of more or less magnitude, and glimpses of Fujiyama are frequent. We arrived at Tokio 11.25, having done the distance (18 miles about) in 55 minutes. Approaching the station we were shown one of the Mikado's summer residences—unpretentious so far as the buildings are concerned, but with fine trees and a view overlooking the forts and harbour. The first impression on arriving in the great city (which contains 957,121 inhabitants) was one of disappointment, and this feeling grew upon me during the day. But for the knowledge of its great antiquity and the beauty of its justly famous temple, I should class Tokio "flat, dull, and uninteresting."

We engaged a guide, four jinrichaws, and eight men—one for each of the shafts, and the others as leaders—a human tandem, in fact; the leaders' harness being a piece of rope fast to the bar across the shaft, with the other end across the right shoulder. Going up a steep hill, they push behind the vehicle; going down one, they grasp the cross bar just referred to, and hold back with the wheeler. To give some idea of the speed they attain, I was informed by a lieutenant in the United States Navy that four of them carried himself and a brother officer a distance of upwards of ten miles in five minutes less than the hour. We proceeded through the crowded streets to the Buddhist Temple, called "Sheba." Approaching the sacred grove in which it is situated, one is struck with the magnificent cedar and Japanese oak trees, and the undergrowth of Camellia and other shrubs—the Camellias being really trees larger than our ordinary blackwoods. Some of these were covered with beautiful flowers. At the entrance to the temple we were met by a student priest, who requested us to divest ourselves of our boots. I do not know whether the reason for doing this is the sanctity of the place, or on account of the danger of injuring the rare lacquer work on the floor. The interior is singular and unlike anything I have ever seen before. The bronze and lacquer work is some of the best in Japan, and very ancient; but what impressed me more than anything was the utter absence of tinsel or gaudiness, the perfect taste and harmony of colour, and the freedom from anything approaching vulgarity or coarseness in the whole structure. I can attempt no description, as it is simply indescribable to the uninitiated, and must content myself with recommending the curious to visit and inspect for themselves. Bronze vases, lacquer work of every variety and design, carving on interior of dome, roof, and walls; birds, fruit, and flowers beautifully done, and standing out in bold relief in all direc-

tions; curiously-shaped animals and reptiles, easily recognisable, others from the artist's imagination—the whole presenting a picture not easily forgotten. Inside, the "sanctum sanctorum" is not very spacious, probably not more than 20 x 25; but the whole structure covers an immense area. From this portion we were taken to the tombs of the "Shoguns," nestling amongst the trees, and covered by buildings locked and barred against intrusion. The erection over the grave of the one opened to us was most elaborately ornamented, but more gaudy than the interior of the temple. Here we presented our priest with the usual gratuity, and our guide took us through another portion of the premises, in which were rows of stone and bronze pillars used once a year for purposes of illumination. Some of the bronze lanterns must have cost an immense sum of money, and were by no means pretty in construction. The whole place seemed kept scrupulously clean, and there was an air of quiet solemnity amongst the tree-clad surroundings that one can imagine would add to the devotional spirit of the worshippers. We were conducted to a miniature "Daibutz," or statue, of Buddha, before whom were a large number of prayers in Japanese writing on slips of wood. The statue has a pleasant face, and is admirably proportioned.

We passed a small lake covered with the Lotus lily; when in blossom in the summer these lilies are magnificent. Close to this a part of the temple is being reconstructed that was burnt down a short time ago, we were told, through the act of one of the students who had quarrelled with some of the priests, and thus revenged himself. For this act of sacrilege our guide said he was strangled. We next went to a Shinto temple, and from its position had a splendid view of Tokio for several miles. We had to ascend a steep flight of stone steps for this view. On reaching the summit we found a pretty Japanese girl, who helped us to tiny cups of tea without milk or sugar, and afterwards to a little tea flavoured with cherry blossom, receiving in return ten sens from each of us. From the last-named place we went to pay our respects to Her Majesty's representative, Sir Harry Parkes, passing on our way a considerable body of Japanese troops under drill and inspection. They were all dressed in uniforms of European fashion. I should think it was the Russian—a grey suit, with light-brown knapsacks; it is neither a pretty nor effective-looking dress. The men are very short in stature, but sturdy looking. The War Office is an imposing structure, on the scale of similar erections in western climes; the British Residency is an unpretending building. Sir Harry was just going out as we called; he seemed an affable, pleasant man.

Friday was occupied in getting away a case of goods purchased. I shipped them by the P. & O. steamer "Malacca," after a lot of trouble about the package. The Japanese never seem to know the value of time, and my experience of their breaking of engagements in this respect was very annoying. They kept me waiting at the Custom House with the box open for three-quarters of an hour, with steam-launch, coolies, and all. Scolding was utterly useless. Supposing a structure is being erected, and you attempt this tone with them, they will quietly shoulder their tools and clear out. Hurried they will not be for anything.

On the 12th I took a stroll through the cemetery, prettily situated on the Bluff. The records of the Japanese former hatred to foreigners are numerous enough; the gravestones recording many assassinations. A good many graves indicate the last resting-places of men-of-war's men of all nations, with neat, unpretending tombstones, the invariable inscription being "erected by their shipmates." Judging from the many deaths of persons in the prime of life, and the high rate of infant mortality, Yokohama does not appear a very healthy place. Capt C——n, of the U.S.N., courteously invited me on board the flagship, the "Monocacy," to see the inspection of crew and vessel. The visit afforded me much pleasure, and I never saw a smarter-looking lot of young men together. The "Monocacy" is only temporarily doing duty as flagship, the "Richmond" being away from the station. The kindness of the Americans here to us could not be surpassed.

On Monday afternoon, the 13th February, we embarked on board the Oriental and Occidental Company's steamer "Oceanic," of 3,700 tons burthen, commanded by Captain Metcalfe, bound from Yokohama to San Francisco. We had heard favourable opinions of both captain and ship, and looked for a comfortable trip across the beautiful Pacific (as we fondly called it), and had secured a cabin on deck, as we were led to believe it was the best position. I paid 626 dols., equal to about £125, for our passages, getting a reduction for our little girl, otherwise the fare is 750 dols., or £150, far too much for 16 or 17 days' voyage. We found there were some 50 passengers in the saloon, and nearly 1,100 Chinese. I could not help the thought crossing my mind supposing we should come to grief in any way, what would be the upshot if this horde rushed the boats. However, it was no use indulging in any gloomy anticipations. We devoted all Monday afternoon and evening to making things comfortable in the cabin, and got but little sleep, as coaling and shipping cargo was carried on during the whole night. Early on Tuesday morning the remainder of the passengers embarked, and the usual noise, hurry, and bustle ensued.

About 11 o'clock a.m. we got under weigh for our long voyage of about 4,600 miles, without the probability of seeing either land or a sail on the way. We had kind Admiral C——z, Captain C——n, Lieut. F——d, Mrs. H——d, and Mr. G——e to bid us good-bye. The Admiral and party accompanied the steamer to the lightship, and they gave the "Oceanic" three hearty cheers on parting, which were as heartily returned, and we were fairly on our way. The day was bright, cold, and clear, and we obtained a fine view of Fujiyama as we steamed down Yeddo Bay. The coastline from Yokohama outwards is pretty, but not equal to Nagasaki or Kobe. At noon we were off Segami, and by 6 p.m. had lost sight of the land. The first night out we had a strong wind and beam sea, causing all the ladies to become sea-sick. This rough weather continued for several days without intermission. Fortunately the wind being fair we were enabled to make good running. Our first three days' work was as follows:—313, 305, and 280 knots. We then fell off considerably, and I think there was something defective about the valves; if so, it was wisely kept quiet. A breakdown with 1,100 Chinese on board would have caused a scare. We had two twentieths of February, and as the date was one of our passenger's birthday, it became a source of considerable badinage. It was suggested he might win many bets by alleging he was only so many years old, and yet had an additional birthday within the period. We crossed the meridian on the morning of the second twentieth, and at noon our position was lat. 45° 39', long. 179° 7' west. Captain Metcalfe always goes a long way north, and the result, so far as quick passages are concerned, undoubtedly justifies him; but the weather is miserably dull, wet, cold, and rough for the passengers. Up to the day on which I am writing it has been the most uncomfortable voyage we have had—impossible to get on the deck or take any exercise. It confined people in a vitiated atmosphere, and the excessive rolling rendered everything most uncomfortable. Fortunately, the passengers agreed well together, or it would have been worse. The "Oceanic" has four masts, is ship-rigged, and very properly carries a good spread of canvas. When this is set, the leverage aloft with the wind aft causes her to roll heavily. Her saloon is amidships, which is ventilated by a large opening in the centre into what is called the "social hall" on the deck above. Into this hall our cabin opened, and we had the full benefit of the hot air and smell of food, &c. In fine summer weather the scuttles could be opened, and this cabin would doubtless be a pleasant one. Beyond seeing a few whales and sea birds, nothing with life has appeared to our view since leaving Japan. The position of the ship's surgeon having

to go below and inspect the mass of yellow men every morning must have been unpleasant in the extreme. The possibility of an 'most infectious disease breaking out amongst them is not a pleasing prospect. We had three German gentlemen travelling with us. One of them played the piano well, and we were able to have both vocal and instrumental music in the evenings. One day was so much a counterpart of the other that it would not prove of interest to attempt any record of events. The continued rain and fogs did not tend to cheerfulness of spirits. We longed for the bright Australian skies, having scarcely seen the sun for ten days. The character we had heard of 'Captain Metcalfe is well deserved. He is a handsome, genial, and thoroughly competent mariner, managing his fine vessel without fuss or worry, and kind and courteous to his passengers. The table is good, but badly arranged. The stewards being unable to pass on one side, have to reach over the shoulders of those sitting on the other, and everything, including soup, being thus passed across the table, often risked unpleasant consequences to ladies' dresses. The first and second stewards are Europeans, the remainder Chinese. The cooks are also Chinese, and so are the crew, except officers and helmsmen; the officers say the Chinese are capital sailors. Their song at the ropes is most peculiar, and by no means musical. They had work enough on this voyage, making, taking in, reducing, or trimming sails, but seemed to do it with cheerful goodwill.

A day or two before our anticipated arrival at 'Frisco the idea of a newspaper on board was started, and successfully carried out. The gentleman who undertook the editorship (Mr. B——), being a capital etcher, added much to the amusement of the passengers by his drawings. The paper was called the *Golden Gate Gazette and Oceanic Oracle*.

The morning of the 1st March broke with a dense fog, to our very great disappointment, as we had been looking forward with interest to a view of the coastline. At noon yesterday we were only 282 miles from California, and having had a good night's run we knew we were, or ought to be, in close proximity to the land. We had to reduce to half speed, and there was much anxious peering through the dense mist. Presently all doubts of our whereabouts were set at rest, for we distinctly heard the fog-horn at Reyes Point. The "Oceanic" had been piloted as true as a dart across the 4,600 miles of ocean, and hit the Golden Gate as fairly in the fog as if it had been the brightest of bright days—a credit to the captain and his able co-adjutors. We were soon boarded by the pilot, and at 6 o'clock in the evening were anchored in the excellent harbour of San Francisco—the sea at the bar being heavy enough, but nothing like it is sometimes. Owing to the health officer not visiting

us until late we were unable to get alongside the wharf until next morning. The sun went down in a sea of gold, as it does in our southern land, and the fog having lifted, we had an excellent view of the city of San Francisco, the shore and high lands on the other side of the bay, and the numerous shipping in the harbour; and a beautiful place it is. After we had passed muster before the doctor, numbers of agents, hotel touts, Customs officers, &c., &c., flocked on board. There is one gentleman, an agent in San Francisco, to whom almost all Australians go. I mean Mr. M——y. He is a capital fellow, works hard for his particular railways, but will render a stranger every possible assistance.

CALIFORNIA.

Shortly after breakfast we made fast to the wharf, and having undergone the usual ordeal at the Customs—the officers of which we found by no means so overbearing as we had been led to believe—we took a carriage for the largest hotel in the world, the Palace Hotel. We had scarcely got into the city before I saw something that made my heart warm to San Francisco; sure enough there was the Australian gum tree growing in rich profusion in all directions, and apparently as much, if not more, at home than in its native soil. The buildings and streets about the wharves reminded me of Port Adelaide fifteen years ago, although I do not think the latter were ever so execrably bad as they are in San Francisco at the present day. Indeed, it is astounding to see the bad state of these throughout the city. But for the inexhaustible and never-ending tram lines travelling would be a great trial. Of course there may be something in the soil that precludes MacAdam's system from proving a success, or other reasons that I know nothing about, but this I know, an Australian city would be looked upon with contempt that had such miserable thoroughfares as to make riding in the easiest of carriages a real trouble instead of a pleasure.

After a severe jolting over these cobbled, noisy, and most uncomfortable roads we reached the Palace Hotel, and upon being driven into its courtyard we realised to a certain extent the vastness of the structure. Towering away above us were six stories of rooms, every story opening into the courtyard as well as into one of the three streets into which the hotel faces. Above the highest story is a glass canopy, which completely shelters the courtyard from all weathers, whilst from the top-most balustrade hung creeping plants in graceful festoons. At night this immense space is lit by electric and gas lights, and

looks superb ; the light colour of the stone adds to the general cheerful and bright appearance of the whole, and everything seems beautifully proportioned, and when it is known that the structure covers two and a quarter acres of ground some idea will be formed of its size.

After some trouble we succeeded in securing two rooms to our liking facing Market-street ; for these we paid fifteen dollars per day, or nearly three times as much as we paid for a similar number at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, but of course the accommodation at the Palace is first-class, and you expect to pay for being in the largest hotel in the world. Nevertheless, these terms can only be afforded by men of wealth, and if we were not going in eight or ten days I could not pay them ; but a stranger scarcely knows where to go for the best. Our rooms were on the fifth story, which, with all the others, is reached by the never-ceasing lift, or, as it is called in America, "the elevator." Attached to the rooms are all the conveniences of hot and cold baths, &c., &c., and the gas is laid on throughout. Fires and boot cleaning are extras, and anything to eat or drink brought to your rooms are extras also. The waiting throughout the hotel is done by coloured men, and a remarkably intelligent lot of men they seem, and if properly treated are as civil as need be ; but some Englishmen staying there at the same time as we were, who had been accustomed to the Indian style, became very impatient, and consequently fared worse than ever, for the gentleman waiters of the world's hotel do not think too little of themselves. We got on very well, but had to exercise great patience sometimes. In my opinion the dilatory waiting, either from want of system, or being undermanned, is the weak point at the Palace, because where the charges are high good attention is looked for. The secretary or chief clerk, Mr. S——h, is a courteous gentleman of polished manners, and attentive to the guests ; he has a face denoting intelligence and power, and there is no doubt he is a clever man. I was told he never forgets a face that stays at the hotel ; he ought to have a good memory, for there are nearly 1,000 rooms in it. He was very kind to us, and if anybody can make such an overgrown establishment a success Mr. S——h will do it.

For the first day or two I had enough to do in looking after Banking matters, engaging passage to New Zealand, &c. and found the "City of New York" was the next steamer, and that she was to start on the 11th. And at once secured berths in her, and having but a week's time, and had most reluctantly to give up all thoughts of visiting Los Angeles, as it would have taken four days to go there and back ; so determined to see what I could about San Francisco and its vicinity.

The Golden Gate Public Park, to which one goes by the endless-chain tramway part of the way, and the remainder by a steam-motor tram, is well worth a visit, not only because of its beauty, but as a proof of what can be done by enterprise. Less than ten years ago the place was a huge sandhill. It is now laid out in shrubberies, beautifully green grass plots, conservatories, and a splendid carriage drive. This seems a favourite place of resort for the pretty, light, and spider-like buggy, as well as the more pretentious Brougham and Victoria. Close to the gardens is an enclosed racecourse, where trotting matches are continually taking place. We had an opportunity of witnessing these on the day we were at the gardens. The horses are harnessed to a light trap, and the rate of speed attained is very great. Horse breeding has been taken up by some wealthy Californians with great zest; the leader in this respect is ex-Governor Stanford. Some of our passengers went to visit his establishment, which, like everything else here, is on a gigantic scale. He has no less than 400 of the best blood entires and mares that money can buy, and he has taken up the subject of breeding blood stock as a pastime. A Captain in the 8th Hussars, and a good judge of racers, told me he thought the horses excellent, and the arrangements as perfect as it seemed possible they could be made. They commence teaching the horses their paces at seven months old. There is no bullying or shouting. A groom never raises his voice above its ordinary pitch, and the docility and gentleness of the animals is a treat to witness. With all the fire usual in thoroughbreds, they allowed the grooms to go between their legs and under their bodies, and indeed do almost anything; and it was interesting to hear the knowledge possessed by their keepers with respect to their various pedigrees as animal after animal was exhibited. My friends were charmed with their visit, and I regretted not being able to accompany them.

A day or two before we left the following notice appeared in the *Alta California* in reference to Governor Stanford's (then) last purchase, which speaks for itself as to how little he allows money to stand in the way when he means buying:—

“STANFORD BUYS ANOTHER FLYER.—Chicago, March 8th.—The *Tribune* to-morrow will announce the purchase by ex-Governor Stanford, of California, of the celebrated trotting stallion Piedmont, who has a record of 2.17½, and was owned by S. J. Morgan, of this city. Mr. Stanford saw Piedmont last Tuesday for the first time, and after a short ride behind him closed the trade, paying 30,000 dols. for the animal. Piedmont is by Almont, and in 1875 won a four-year-old stake, getting the record of 2.30½. He did not trot again until 1875, when he was defeated in two races. In the following spring he was

handled by Peter and Johnson, and since then has trotted seventeen races, winning fourteen, taking second money in two, and third money in one. In 1880 he won the stake for 2.30 stallions here (time, 2.21½), and last year he captured the free-for-all stallion race, trotting the fourth heat in 2.17½. Santa Claus is the only stallion that ever beat Piedmont in a race, and Piedmont beat him here last July. The Governor also purchased from Mr. Morgan the six-year-old mare Happy Dream, by Happy Medium, and will breed her to Electioneer."

Visitors to this establishment are courteously treated, whilst the country around is beautiful, and there are many fine estates and residences to be seen. No one who is a lover of horseflesh should miss seeing Governor Stanford's pets.

The Woodward Gardens are a place of great resort, but the term "Gardens" is a misnomer. It is partly a huge menagerie, partly a gymnasium, partly a museum, partly an aquarium, partly a miscellaneous performance ground, and partly a garden; but, call it what you will, it is an admirable place for youngsters, and their elders also, to enjoy themselves. There is food for the mind and exercise for the body. On entering you pay 25 cents. Just within the main entrance is a large stone statue of America's great hero, "George Washington;" underneath is the following inscription:—"First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Ahead is the museum, in which are a large number of Australian birds, but the names given to some of the parrots are decidedly original, and would rather astonish the Australian natives. Further on is the music hall and drinking saloon, in front of which is a pond. In this there is a circular boat propelled by sails—in fact, a merry-go-round in the water—adjacent to which pond are others for seals and alligators. Further on you come to the wild beast department, the animals in which are numerous and fine. The children ride on camels, or drive in little double goat-carriages, tease the kicking donkeys, or swing, or turn about in the gymnasium; but the great attraction the day I was there was a real live "Aunt Sally," or rather a big burly negro taking Aunt Sally's place. At his back he had a large elaborately-painted sounding-board, or some metal that sounded every time the ball hit it. In front his body was protected by a wooden shield to the height of his waist. On his head he wore a dilapidated belltopper, and in his hand he held a huge-rusty old horsepistol. For ten cents you were allowed the privilege of three throws, and to be chaffed by His Ebonyship if you missed hitting him, as 19 out of every 20 throws did; but sometimes he got one on his head or face, to the intense delight of the bystanders; at others his hat would be knocked off. He dodged the throws splendidly, and never ceased talk-

ing the whole time. The Woodward Gardens have many other attractions, including a beautiful conservatory, and it is not surprising that it is a popular resort with the general public.

Nothing I saw in San Francisco gave me so much pleasure as the admirable arrangements of the Fire Brigades. A party of us went from the hotel to see a mid-day drill. Unfortunately we were too late for this, but the young fellow in charge courteously explained the *modus operandi*. On the basement story, as you enter, there is a spacious apartment, and in stalls with their heads facing towards a pair of high folding doors stand four noble-looking and powerful horses, their harness hanging just over their bodies, so as to fall into its place upon occasion. Placed fairly between two of these stalls, so as to allow ample room for each horse to get into position, stands the fire wagoon, with its pole also facing the folding doors. Into this room the telegraph wires from all parts of the city are laid. On and in the fire wagoon I have just referred to is every conceivable appliance for rendering assistance at fires, including escapes, into one of which people can jump from the windows of burning houses; the Captain of the Brigade told us it is a most valuable adjunct. Every man's helmet is on the seat he would occupy, and the driver's box contains everything ready to his hand; beside his seat is another for an assistant, and there is a fixed bell which is continually rung to warn people out of the way, as this massive carriage tears through the streets as fast as the horses can take it, for by law everything has to give way to the Brigade on service. Above the apartment I have just referred to is the men's sleeping room, approached by a flight of stairs on each side; on one side of each of these stairs are boards about two feet broad, called slides. On an alarm being given the men come down these slides one after another in a manner, and within so short a space of time, that no one who has not witnessed it would believe possible. Into the sleeping-room I have mentioned the telegraph wire is also led, and upon an alarm a bell is rung, the trap-doors covering the stairs thrown open, and every man awoke at the same instant. By each man's bedside are his trousers and boots, all in one, the trousers fitting on the boots, the latter reaching to the knees; it is but the work of an instant or two to have these on, so admirably are they made for the purpose, and another instant or two to be down the slide and on the wagoon, each in his respective position. The same alarm drops the harness on to the horses, and with two bounds they are in position on each side of the wagoon-pole, and are instantly hitched to it by a man always on the watch for the purpose; the folding doors are swung apart, and in an incredibly short time from the moment the alarm is given

the Brigade is speeding on its way to do battle with the devouring element in whatever part of the city the signals have indicated that it has broken out. The men are light, active, and exceedingly intelligent; proud of their captain, their discipline, and themselves; and they are justly held in high esteem by the citizens.

A gentleman connected with insurance informed me that so perfect and effective is the organization that, notwithstanding the houses in San Francisco are nearly all wooden, the rates of insurance there are no higher than in places where brick and stone are used. The Brigades are, I believe, entirely supported by the Insurance Companies, and are liberally paid. Captain W—e, of the particular Brigade to which I am referring, seems a genius. He has invented a break for the waggon—(the waggon itself was constructed by the firemen under their captain's supervision, and is a perfect marvel of strength, lightness, and suitableness for its work)—which is acted upon simply by pulling the horses; the more strain there is upon the pole going downhill the tighter the break holds the two front wheels. The pole chain from each horse leads through two iron sheaves (similar in shape to the inside of a patent block), and the break is affixed to the underpart of the pole, which is somewhat more massive than usual. Captain W—e says it would suit our mail coaches, as well as all light buggies. The Captain of the Hussars I have already referred to was so taken with it that he had a model made with a view of introducing it to the notice of the Horse Guards as being suitable for gun carriages, &c. Captain W—e's own buggy and horse were a study. The horse is always harnessed, and when brought out, the shafts were lifted to the required height, you heard a sharp click, and the horse was ready to be driven. On the shafts were two strong metal fastenings, and on the back band of the harness were two sockets; into these sockets the fastenings fitted, and the horse and trap were ready. In the Brigade quarters is a considerable library, and a billiard-room for the amusement of the men when off duty.

The next day I took a walk to the City Hall, which has cost a fabulous sum to build. I was disappointed with it. It is still unfinished, and to my eye, is disjointed and ungainly. One portion is evidently in imitation of the Coliseum at Rome; the record room is a very fine one. I inquired if there was not a hall or meeting-room, and was informed there was not. With the exception of its massiveness there is nothing at all attractive or wonderful about the building.

Oakland, the Brooklyn of San Francisco, lies in Alameda County, across the harbour directly opposite to the San Francisco wharves. From the Palace Hotel one can jump into a

tramcar, which takes one to the wharf, where one takes return tickets for the ferry steamer and train, on the opposite shore. These huge steamers are continually plying across the harbour, and are generally crowded. Vehicles, loaded or otherwise, are driven on board and out on the opposite shore. The upper saloons are spacious and comfortable, the vessels are propelled by beam engines and paddlewheels. On arriving on the Oakland side one passes to a platform, then down a few steps to the train. Nothing could be more punctual than the way the whole thing is worked. We got out at the Broadway Station, and hiring a carriage, drove to Piedmont, the road nearly the whole way being lined with gum trees. We first went to have a look at Lake Merritt, which is extremely pretty, and then drove around and amongst some of the artistic and comfortable wooden houses abounding in the Oakland suburbs. These are generally two-storied, and very light and airy looking, making cheerful homes; the lawns leading to the streets or roads neatly kept and unenclosed. The drive to Piedmont is interesting. We stopped at the hotel at the sulphur springs and had refreshment, and then drove to Mr. Reque's fine residence, the view from which over the whole harbour, the Golden Gate, the bay, and the back country, is the best we saw in California. All about this neighbourhood there are numerous plantations of gums, and we did not enjoy our drive the less at the sight of these trees. The trip was enjoyed by us all.

Being very desirous of seeing some of the agricultural country within easy distance, I waited upon the British Consul (Mr. B——r), and he courteously gave me an introduction to Mr. B——t, of Haywards, about twenty miles from San Francisco. I was fortunate in finding him the moment I got out of the train, and he drove me round in his buggy and showed me in a few hours as much as I could have seen or known in days without his assistance. He took me to a farm (or ranche, as it is called here) of 3,000 acres, and through a magnificent orchard of 300 acres in one block. The almond and peach trees were in blossom—a perfect paradise for the birds, which were numerous enough. Cherry, apricot, plum, pear, peach, and all kinds of trees were there. A creek of water was running past the proprietor's residence, and the soil in which the trees are planted looked rich and warm. The packing and store-rooms are really great wooden barns, and everything is on a large scale. I forget how many acres there were of rhubarb, girkins for pickling, and various other products, in addition to wheat and barley. I had a long and interesting talk with the manager, overhauled the various ploughs, machines, and implements of husbandry used on the

estate, and made as minute inquiries as I could as to the yearly yield of grain. They think anything under thirty bushels to the acre a poor crop. I thought how lucky we should esteem ourselves if we could only secure half this quantity.

The country about Haywards is both flat and hilly; the hills are bald, and the soil generally good, and they are cultivated to their summits. I was told that the subsoil upon the plain is warmer and better for orchard farming than on the hills; it strongly resembles some of the Mount Barker country. Out here also the gum tree is thriving, and its timber is used for various purposes as well as firewood. It is proving an invaluable tree to California; the fences generally are of split posts and two sawn rails, not morticed in as with us, but nailed on the side of the post. I believe sawn rails are very cheap. The horses used on the farms do not beat our own, but those used in San Francisco are fine animals. The mule and the donkey are also used. It was just the commencement of spring, and everything was beginning to bud; the grass green as well as the growing crops; the air as balmy and mild as our own winter, although in the distance Mount Diabolo was to be seen capped with snow. Mr. B——t lunched with me at the Haywards Hotel, and afterwards drove me to see several very large plantations of gum-trees, and then through the township, the buildings in which as elsewhere in this State are of wood in case of an earthquake, shocks of which are not uncommon, although no damage has been done by one since 1868. I am indebted to Mr. B——t for his attention, and for much information about the country generally. Being a grain dealer, he is in a position to know as much as any one, and he gave me every assistance.

During the few days we were in San Francisco there was the greatest excitement in reference to the Chinese question; a demonstration on a gigantic scale was organised to assist their representatives in passing the prohibitory Bill into law; in all the central streets platforms were erected and speeches delivered. The procession was very imposing, and there was a set determination upon the faces of the bulk of the people that augurs ill for John Chinaman's future peace in California if some stop is not put to their inundation of the country. The speeches delivered were temperate considering the excitement. Some of the leading articles in the daily papers were spicy enough; one senator (a Mr. Hoar, who appeared to be the strongest opponent of the Bill) came in for an unmerciful castigation, but the following leader which appeared in the *Alta California* of the 8th March caused me more amusement than anything I read upon the subject. It is so utterly beside the question, so funnily personal, so unique of its kind, and

shows the kind of criticism to which public men are submitted to in this land of freedom, that I make no apology for transcribing it as published. There is not a touch of malice in it; probably it was written by a kind-hearted man who would shake any Mr. Brown by the hand with hearty good-will. The article is as follows:—

“BROWN OF GEORGIA.

“And now comes Brown of Georgia, to advocate Chinese immigration. We might have expected it. His neighbourhood to a State which sneers at ‘mudsills’ sufficiently accounts for his objection to freemen.

“When will these Eastern Senators and bogus philanthropists ever get it through their heads that a Chinaman is not a man and a brother, but an enemy and another?

“We cannot be ubiquitous—here, there, and everywhere. Our voices are small in the aggregate of the Union. But we cry aloud for relief, and all the Browns in the Republic shall not stop us. We have our opinion of a man named Brown. The Smith tribe exist upon long sufferance. The Jones tribe, because it has an able Representative in the Senate. But upon what condition this preposterous Georgia Brown tribe exist we don’t know.

“If Brown of Georgia would only come out to California for a while, and endeavour to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in competition with a Chinaman, he would soon change his very unfounded opinion.

“He is now talking on a subject he knows nothing about. Has he ever been in California? Has he ever studied our social conditions? Then, let him hang his upper lip in ignorance and estop his false tongue from abusing us.

“The person called Brown, from Georgia, is even more contemptible than the person called Hoar, from Massachusetts. According to Democratic and Southern ethics, one doesn’t expect much from a Yankee—at least a Democrat doesn’t. But for a gorgeous Georgian to go on the warpath against his own party for the sake of a few miserable dollars to Georgia cotton spinners is a most disgusting piece of egotism.

“Brown of Georgia, *par exemple!* We had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Georgian.

“He doesn’t know what he is talking about.”

It is a great mistake to suppose that opposition to the influx of Chinamen is confined to the working classes only. Doubtless this class are the most demonstrative, as they are the most affected by it, and are numerically the strongest; but there are a great number of patriotic Americans who do not want to see their grand country overrun by a race foreign in every sense of the word to themselves, and to the instincts, habits,

and progressive character of the people from which they sprung. It was freely asserted that between 40,000 and 50,000 Chinamen had engaged their passages from Hongkong in anticipation of the Bill becoming law. We can imagine what would be the feelings of Adelaideans if this mass of foreigners was suddenly pitchforked upon their shores. On the other hand, I heard it freely asserted that without cheaper labour America will never be developed; that works like the Great Pacific Railway could never have been accomplished without Chinamen; that a large proportion of the white labourers of the States were either drunken, lazy, or extortionate in their demands, or above their employment, and that the thousands of homes that have been broken up, and the new system of families living in hotels, were caused in consequence of being unable to obtain domestic servants, or because their knowledge of household duties was so limited, or their demeanour so offensive and overbearing. At the various hotels and restaurants in the city and private houses in the suburbs Chinamen are superseding the female help.

On Sunday, the 12th March, we embarked on board the "City of New York," belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a vessel of upwards of 3,000 tons register (American). We had already made the acquaintance of Captain Cobb, her commander, and a genuine kind-hearted man he appeared to be. A large number of passengers embarked for Honolulu, but we had only about 15 for the through trip to New Zealand and Sydney. We cleared away from the wharf about 2.30 p.m., and before nightfall the Continent of America had faded from our view. I left it with sincere regret, for I wanted to see more of it, especially Los Angeles. I do not care for the city of San Francisco, but the country around, and the climate are very fine. There are some things that grate a little upon eye and ear and taste in what one encounters in San Francisco, as there are in every part of the world; but if a man is at all genial or inclined to be friendly, he will receive genuine hospitality. Any attempt at "side" soon raises an antagonistic feeling, as it does with us in Australia; but a quiet unaffected man will pass through without any annoyance except from the necessity to keep his temper, because of the occasional easy, independent, familiar manner, and possible inattention of those who wait upon, or drive him in his coach, car, or train. Englishmen complain of this most; but I have heard Australians do it also. Personally, I have reason to like, and I do like, the Americans and their country, so far as I saw it; and I believe in the not far distant future the two continents (America and Australia) so much alike in many respects, are destined to be much more closely allied than they now are, and to jointly play a great

part in the world's progressiveness. So runs my dream; possibly it may prove true for all that. Maybe the wish is father to the thought.

HONOLULU.

About 7 a.m. on Monday, the 20th March, we arrived at the picturesque harbour of Honolulu.

We had formed high expectations of the beauty of Honolulu from what we had read—especially from Miss Bird's description—but were disappointed. Galle, with its magnificent tropical vegetation; Penang, with similar productions; Hongkong, with its grand background of Mount Victoria and its harbour; Nagasaki, and the inland sea—have spoiled us for such comparatively tame places as Honolulu, pretty and interesting as it undoubtedly is. Having letters of introduction to Governor D——s, we waited upon him, and acting under his advice, we drove to the racecourse, passing many pretty houses and bungalows on the way, and numbers of native women with garlands of flowers around their hats and necks—some on horseback sitting astride on the saddle. They are happy-looking, and of good stature, and graceful in their actions. All along the road the foliage was good, and the flowers beautiful, the gorgeous *bourgainvillia* being conspicuous above all others. The plantain, the date palm, the cocoanut, the banana, the bamboo, the white cedar, and many more were old acquaintances with us amongst the trees. Here, as in every other part we have been for many months past, John Chinaman has located himself, and we met him at every turn. The birds singing sweetly, the sun shining brightly, and a light wind from the south just warm enough to be agreeable, made the drive enjoyable. Away on our left were the rugged and treeless hills; at the back of the city and on our right the seashore and ocean with scarcely a ripple on its waters. The race track seemed primitive enough and not much used. We did not drive round it, but returned a different route, passing the King's new palace—a large stone building with towers, one story underground and two above. It is a shapely building, considerably larger, I should think, than the Government House in Adelaide. There were sentries at the gate according to European fashion. Opposite the palace are the Government buildings, an imposing block. From a cursory glance I thought them well arranged, and they are outwardly fine in appearance. These seem to be completed (the palace is not yet finished). A square tower rises above the roof, and on it a flagstaff from which floats the Royal Standard when His Majesty is present. We were told that the

expenditure of money on these buildings has rendered the King very unpopular, and that he is requiring a larger sum to complete and furnish the palace. We were given to understand that the disaffection is deep-seated.

Oranges, bananas, and limes are plentiful and good, especially the dark-skinned orange. We purchased a few of the latter for the tropics, and found them better than any we had eaten since leaving Adelaide. We also bought a few of the pretty bags, necklaces, bracelets, &c., that the Kanaka women make from a native bean or seed (I did not ascertain its name; a kind of melon, I believe). They are most ingeniously put together, but the prices are absurdly high. However, travellers give them.

A place of great interest is the Pali (Oahu), a gorge in the range of mountains running through the Island. Hundreds of the routed forces of King Oahu, destroyed themselves by leaping from its precipices when defeated by the conqueror Kamehameha. Some of our passengers drove to it, and said the view from the summit was very grand.

The harbour is not a pleasant one to approach in bad weather. It is entered by a very narrow and dangerous-looking channel through the reefs, which is duly buoyed off, a pilot being taken in and out. There were several sailing ships in the harbour, mostly whalers, traders to 'Frisco, or coasting craft.

At Honolulu we parted with Mr. Nagasaki. He had come from Yokohama to America, and from thence to Honolulu with us, and we became great friends. He is an intelligent and accomplished Japanese gentleman attached to the Imperial household of Japan, who for some years resided in London as Secretary to the Japanese Ambassador there. Accompanied by his suite, he was on a mission to the King of the Sandwich Islands—I think for the purpose of inducing the Government of the Cape to send sugar to Japan. We parted with mutual regret.

At 4 p.m. we cleared away from the wharf, and were soon bowling away across the boundless Pacific on our long journey to Australasia. The sun's declining rays lit up the various buildings against the dark background of hills, and Honolulu looked peaceful and lovely as it gradually disappeared from our view in the bosom of the ocean.

One day so closely resembles another on board ship that it would be uninteresting and monotonous to keep a record of them. The "City of New York" is undoubtedly a fast steamer. Without any aid from her sails, she has been averaging 300 knots per day. We crossed the equator early on Saturday, the 25th March, and the heat affected us all. However, it was not so oppressive as on our former crossings. We were fortunate in

not having any unpleasantness amongst the passengers. We have two bright American girls on board, one of whom played fairly and sang admirably. We had also two young fellows who played the piano very well, and each one seemed to be desirous of making the time pass as agreeably as possible. It is a long voyage, and there is much in it to try the patience of travellers. If anything can tend to render it bearable, it is having such a captain as Captain Cobb, not forgetting the additional charm lent to his table and to the society on board by his gentle, unaffected wife. On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th March, we passed between the islands of Manua and Tutuila, of the Samoan or Navigator group, in lat. $14^{\circ} 16' S.$, long. $170^{\circ} 34' W.$ The latter is inhabited, and a considerable export of cocoanuts, cotton, &c., is carried on, the natives being fine strapping fellows—I was told, superior to the Sandwich Islanders. This is the only matter of interest that has occurred since leaving Honolulu, as we have not seen a single sail, and scarcely a single bird or other living thing outside the ship, except flying fish.

The 30th of March was to be a great day with us, as we hoped to meet the "City of Sydney," the sister ship to the one we were in. Everyone had been writing to their friends, not even excepting our worthy captain, who had some five or six pages for Captain D——n (the captain of the "City of Sydney"). We were told to keep a look out for her about 4 p.m. The weather unfortunately was thick, with a heavy confused sea, the wind being dead ahead for us, and of course fair for our friendly rival. I was a little curious to see how our very fine galvanized iron lifeboat would behave in such troubled waters; these metal boats are much preferred by the American officers for the tropics, as the sweltering heat has no effect upon them, whereas the wooden ones warp and crack and their seams open to such an extent that they often prove a delusion and a snare in cases of emergency. Many an anxious eye was turned to the course we supposed we should see the steamer coming, and as 4 o'clock approached the excitement increased. About a quarter past that hour a sudden small cloud of smoke away down on our port beam, or rather abaft the beam, revealed her whereabouts, and our hopes were doomed to disappointment, for she was fully twelve miles away, and neither master would have been justified, with mails on board, in deviating to such an extent from his course. Our glasses enabled us to make out her topgallant sails, and she was scudding away before the wind with everything set, whilst we were pitching and tearing into a head sea against a strong foul wind. No doubt the disappointment was as great on board of the "Sydney," for they were looking for news from

home. It is just possible they did not see us; our captain thought they must have done so. I presumed to differ from him, as our smoke went straight, fast, and low away from us, whilst theirs about kept pace with the vessel in a kind of cloud pillar; be that as it may, we had to submit to the inevitable and make the best of it. There was just one little gleam of satisfaction; having seen her we were saved the necessity of keeping a strained look out for her lights all night long. It is astounding the accuracy with which the hour of meeting was fixed by our Captain, and to meet at all on a trackless ocean on a voyage of over 7,000 miles is equally so. A few days ago we fully anticipated being in Auckland on Monday morning, the 3rd April, but continual adverse wind and heavy sea has rendered this impossible. Just as we gained a day from Yokohama, so we lost one on this voyage (viz., Sunday the 2nd April), and it was not until the morning of Tuesday the 4th, we were steaming up the Gulf to the harbour of Auckland.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.

The approach to Auckland is certainly beautiful. It is not grand, as there are no high mountains or towering cliffs, but there are islands, bays, and undulating country, which make a charming landscape. Mount Eden as a background towers up above the city, which is straggling and extensive. Some of the public buildings are fine, notably the Hospital, which shows out to great advantage; whilst North Shore, across the harbour, looks the very picture of quiet repose and comfort—the sort of place in which to dream life away.

We made fast to the wharf about 10 a.m., and engaged a carriage to go to Mount Eden. The streets and roads are very rough; not so bad as at San Francisco. I shall attempt no description of the city, as we had no time to “do it” properly. We noticed that a very large proportion of the houses were of wood; but oh! what a contrast in their shape and design to the light and elegant structures in San Francisco. An Englishman carries his square box of a house with him wherever he goes. For the same cost the Californians get beauty, space, and comfort combined. The road was so rough that one of our party, not being strong, prevented us venturing to the top of the mountain, which is an extinct volcano. We gathered some of the scoriæ and brought away a little; this is used for footpaths, and it answers admirably. The bright deep colour of the flowers (especially the dahlias) put me in remembrance of a similar property possessed by those grown

in the volcanic soil of Mount Gambier, in our colony. We drove around the base of the mount and past several very charming dwellings situated amidst all kinds of trees, flowering and other shrubs, strongly reminding us of many places we had seen in England. Indeed, the manners of the people we met were more English than any other place we have been to out of the old country.

Some of the distant views of land and water on this drive are worth seeing, and the soil, judging from the crops of Indian corn, vegetables, and fruit trees, is capable of producing anything. In the bay were a number of small yachts at anchor, but I had no time to obtain any information as to their Club here, beyond hearing that it is successful, and that there are some excellent craft belonging to its members. There is a heavy rise and fall of the tide, I should think, seeing the distance it was out as we drove around the harbour. We lunched at the Star Hotel. Oysters were just in season, and we had them scalloped and stewed; and very good they were. We made a few purchases, and found things much dearer in proportion than in Australia.

The Post and Telegraph Offices are all in one building, and seemed very conveniently arranged. They are unpretending in exterior, and the clerks were civil and obliging—indeed, this was characteristic of all persons we met in New Zealand. The coachman we hired was particularly so, without a touch of subserviency. The landlord of the hotel and the tradesmen we visited all showed the same quiet civility—that costs nothing, and is so charming to receive.

We were not fortunate in the weather. It was warm, damp, and stewy, like it is in Adelaide when it has been very hot and heavy showers come without wind. I looked for, but did not see much of, the freshness of complexion for which the New Zealanders are famous; but Auckland is not New Zealand, and a cursory glance at even Auckland is no proof that it does not exist there also. I was told it had been an exceptionally hot summer there as well as in Australasia generally. The main streets and the wharves seemed busy enough, the latter probably exceptionally so, as there were two steamers to load, unload, and coal, viz., the mail steamer we came by, and the "Rotumahana," just in from Sydney; but there was an entire absence of that intense hurry, bustle, noise, excitement, and confusion that we have witnessed in more crowded cities. Indeed the Aucklandites gave me the impression of being a steady-going people, without being slow or sleepy. They have a beautiful part of the earth's surface, and ought to be happy, if they are not so. The wharves appear substantially built, and of considerable extent; but the quantity of shipping in harbour at the time of our visit was limited.

After an absence of sixteen months it was pleasant to meet with four South Australian friends, who were to be our fellow-passengers to Sydney, viz., Mr. Walter R——l and his sister and the two Mr. C——s, who have all been down in New Zealand for some time past.

A little after 4 p.m. we had again resumed our homeward route upon the ocean. The morning of the 3rd of April proved thick and foggy. We were steaming along the eastern side of the north end of the island; about noon we passed the North Cape, and later on the Three Kings' Islands. These were the last land we saw before reaching Sydney. Thursday, the 6th, was a wet and close day—always uncomfortable, but particularly so at sea, as the rain drives passengers from the deck, and the cabins become very oppressive. The barometer (a trustworthy little aneroid I have had for many years) began to fall rapidly, and as the wind was from the north-west, I anticipated a severe change. Towards night it looked decidedly ominous—a heavy bank of clouds to the westward, the wind coming in fitful gusts, and the sea increasing. We had an uncomfortable night, and although the clouds dispersed for a time in the morning of the 7th, the glass continued falling until it reached 29.50. In the afternoon we had a tremendous fall of rain, equal to anything I had seen in the tropics; and subsequently a heavy squall of wind, then a lull, and a sudden shift of wind to the south-west, from which quarter it blew a gale, and we had another most uncomfortable night, the "City" pitching, rolling, twisting, kicking, and groaning in the most approved manner, but taking hardly any solid water on board. On Saturday the wind gradually decreased, the sea still running very high, however, and the vessel labouring heavily. All hope of reaching Sydney before Sunday evening was abandoned, as the steamer could do little against such weather as we had encountered. Saturday night was much better, and Sunday beautifully bright. We took the pilot on board about 10 p.m., and as the moon rose entered the Heads and the "yachtmen's paradise," Sydney Harbour.

SYDNEY.

We cast anchor for the night in Neutral Bay. Even without the moon we should have had plenty of light, as the artillerymen were displaying the powerful electric light, which lit up the Heads and the whole harbour around, but between the flashes left everything very dark, and made it extremely difficult to see whether the waterway was clear or not. Those who had not seen the harbour before were delighted with its beauty,

and indeed it would be difficult to find any place on the earth's surface of its kind more lovely than it looked this night—the moon, about two hours high, shining on the bays, inlets, and promontories, the latter covered with trees and foliage to the water's edge; the lights from the various dwelling-houses and ships, with the towering masts of the latter in all directions; the innumerable and many-coloured lamps of the city and North Shore in the distance; the calm stillness of the deep landlocked natural dock in which we were lying, and the cool balmy air of a thoroughly fine Australian night, all tended to impress the scene upon our memories. We have now travelled upwards of 40,000 miles by land and water since we left home, but I have seen nothing to beat Sydney Harbour for beauty, except the inland sea of Japan. The Scottish lakes are much grander, but for quiet beauty the two places are not to be compared. When here a few years ago I took a few friends through the middle harbour, and had a good overhaul of the yachts also, so it was not so new to me.

Early on Monday morning, 10th April (Easter Monday), we were alongside the Pacific Company's wharf. The city was *en fete*, and it was so crowded with visitors that we found it exceedingly difficult to procure even one room. Eventually we succeeded in obtaining lodgings in McLeay-street, Woolloomooloo, and were glad enough to get a few days' rest. We had the pleasure of our American friends' company in our lodgings (four fellow-passengers from San Francisco), which made it bright and pleasant for us. The weather was beautiful for the holidays, and I never saw people give themselves more thoroughly up to the enjoyment of the hour. There was enough amusement provided for them—races, old English fairs, agricultural shows, harbour excursions, &c., &c.

I had no intention of visiting any of the Clubs, but on the second day after our arrival I received a card, notifying that Mr. J——R——n and the Hon. Mr. P——s had courteously placed my name at the Sydney Club, and a very comfortable Club it is.

We passed the week pleasantly enough, and some Adelaide friends arrived by the "Cuzco" on Sunday, the 16th, bound for New Zealand, and San Francisco. We took our passages by the "Indus" for Adelaide, and our American friends theirs by the "Cuzco," for Europe.

On Wednesday, the 19th April, at noon, we sailed from the Circular Quay. All our good friends of the "City of New York" came on board to bid us good-bye; so also did our American passengers. We parted from them with sincere regret. The harbour off the Circular Quay is quite small enough for a steamer of the proportions of the "Indus" to

turn in, even with the assistance of a steam-tug. I could not help feeling some longing to live in such a glorious locality as Sydney Harbour. When visiting it before I felt the climate very oppressive. On this occasion we were favoured with beautiful weather, and had an opportunity of seeing it at its best, and made the most of our chance of obtaining as good a view as possible from the deck of the "Indus" as she rapidly glided away.

FROM SYDNEY TO ADELAIDE.

The weather during the whole trip from Sydney to Melbourne was perfect, and the "Indus" averaged 13 knots without being pressed, and by 10.30 a.m. on Friday, the 21st, we were at Williamstown.

The captain and some of the officers were known to us, as some of our relations had travelled with them before, and we found the ship comfortable. Our stay at the Williamstown anchorage from Friday to Tuesday morning was pleasant, considering the rough weather. The long-protracted drought had broken up, and we had some heavy showers and strong breezes from the north and north-east. The weather prevented visiting, and we only called upon some who had been fellow-passengers in the "Rosetta," on our voyage to England, for whom we entertained feelings of friendship. They had a pretty little home at Kew, near Hawthorne. They were delighted to see us. I had never been to Hawthorne before; it certainly is one of the most beautiful of Melbourne suburbs. I had a good look at the yachts "Red Gauntlet," "May Queen," and "Janet," two of which I saw under weigh. The "Janet" pleased me very much at the clean way she made through the water, going very fast, without any fuss. She looks a good wholesome cutter; carries a swinging topmast. Hobson's Bay is a capital place for yachting, and I could not help thinking how much better off both New South Wales and Victoria are in this respect than ourselves. It struck me that traffic in the Bay had decreased, the wharves at Williamstown being comparatively empty; but at this season of the year cargo from Australia is not plentiful.

On Sunday evening the Orient liner "Cotopaxi" steamed up up the harbour, and anchored some distance off the Sandridge Pier. On the following night she illuminated the whole harbour, and loaded cargo by her electric light.

On Tuesday, at 7 a.m., we left the wharf, and were soon following the "Cotopaxi" down the Bay, she having got the start of us. We did not overtake her. The Bay is picturesque

about Sorrento, and, indeed, nearly all the way down. We did the distance from Williamstown to the Heads at the rate of 14 knots an hour. The Rip was in good humour, and we passed through it without getting a spray on board. We had a severe squall from the north just before reaching the Heads, and the glass still falling led us to expect dirty weather round the Otway and off Cape Northumberland. We had several Adelaide friends and acquaintances on board, and felt we were near "home" at last. Every berth in the ship was occupied, and she carried a most valuable cargo in addition.

Nothing of interest occurred on our passage round. Contrary to our anticipations we had smooth water the whole way. We passed through Backstairs Passage before midnight on Wednesday (26th April), and it was not without emotion I saw Kangaroo Island, and the various well-explored and familiar places on the coast into which I have so often been in our yachting cruises. None of us slept much this night. It rained heavily, and we did not reach the anchorage until about 3.30 a.m. on the 27th. Early in the morning our friends came aboard to welcome us, and the re-union after an absence of seventeen months was most welcome. As we steamed on shore, I was taken possession of by my old comrades of the South Australian Yacht Club, and on the deck of the "Zephyr"—the little craft in which I had carried the Club's colours to the fore in many a hard-fought race—they presented me with an address of congratulation and welcome, in terms I shall never forget. Turning out in their various yachts, notwithstanding the weather, and showing such hearty goodwill as they evinced, was most gratifying; and I do feel grateful for their spontaneous kindness. So ended our long journeyings by land and sea, and, after all, we have come to the conclusion that South Australia is a highly-favoured country in many respects, and that its metropolis (Adelaide) is one of the best laid out and most prettily situated cities to be found anywhere.

The Song of Australia.



There is a land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,
Blending in witching harmonies ;
And grassy knoll and forest height
Are flushing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright,
Australia !

There is a land where honey flows
Where laughing corn luxuriant grows ;
Land of the myrtle and the rose ;
On hill and plain the clust'ring vine
Is gushing out with purple wine,
And cups are quaffed to thee and thine,
Australia !

There is a land where treasures shine
Deep in the dark unfathom'd mine
For worshippers at Mammon's shrine,
Where gold lies hid, and rubies gleam,
And fabled wealth no more doth seem
The idle fancy of a dream,
Australia !

There is a land where homesteads peep
From sunny plain and woodland steep,
And love and joy bright vigils keep ;
Where the glad voice of childish glee
Is mingling with the melody,
Of Nature's hidden minstrelsy,
Australia !

There is a land where floating free,
From mountain top to girdling sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly ;
And freedom's sons the banner bear,
No shackle slave can breathe the air,
Fairest of Britain's daughters fair,
Australia !

MRS. C. J. CARLETON.

BUY YOUR
FISHING TACKLE

AT

J. M. SOLOMON'S
72. HINDLEY STREET.

A first-class variety of Rods, Reels, Lines, Casts,
Gut Hooks, &c., always on hand.

LIVE BAIT ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

BIRKENHEAD FERRY.

JOHN WALKER, Sen., Lessee

(Original Promoter of the Birkenhead Ferry, the first 1d. Ferry
in South Australia).

Boats plying every minute of the day, from 5.30 a.m.
till 12 p.m.

Sundays—From 7 a.m. till 10.30 p.m.

FARE—ONE PENNY EACH WAY.

VARDON & PRITCHARD

Printers,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Bookbinders and Paper Rulers,

GRESHAM STREET,

ADELAIDE.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

LOWEST CHARGES.

ROBERT PLAYFAIR,

Yacht & Boat Builder,

BIRKENHEAD, PORT ADELAIDE.



Yachts and Boats of every description Built
or Repaired.

Rowing Boats of all kinds Built to Order on the
Shortest Possible Notice.

SPARS MADE.

Estimates Given for all Classes of Work in the
Trade.

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jetty Road Steam Saw Mills and Timber Yard.

DAVID MILLER,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR,

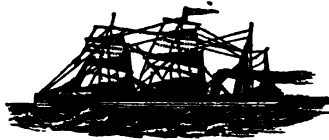
Timber Merchant and Ironmonger.

SEASONED TIMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS IN STOCK

Ironmongery of all descriptions on hand.

BOATING REQUISITES, ROPES, LINES, FISHING TACKLE,
ANCHORS, PADDLES, &c., SUPPLIED AT LOWEST
MARKET PRICES.

YOUR ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.



BIRKENHEAD SLIP,

Shipwrights' Yard and Steam Saw Mills,

LEFEVRE PENINSULA.

Estimates given or Contracts taken for all Repairs to
Shipping, and executed by First-class Artificers.

Every Modern Appliance for the Repair of Iron and
Wooden Ships.

THOMAS CRUICKSHANK, Proprietor.

J. J. EARLE,
Grocer, Baker, Confectioner, & Fruiterer,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL,
St. Vincent St., Port Adelaide.

Branch Shop—No. 3, Market Buildings.

Shipping Supplied. Refreshments, Tea, Coffee, &c.

Picnic and Tea Meetings Supplied.

Wedding Cakes made to order at the shortest notice.



W. MEAD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

SHIPPING BUTCHER,

ST. VINCENT STREET,

PORT ADELAIDE,

NEXT DUKE OF WELLINGTON HOTEL.

English and Colonial Salt Provisions, Tierced Beef,
Pork, &c., always on hand.



LION TIMBER YARDS

AND

STEAM SAW MILLS,

Commercial Road & Lipson St.,

PORT ADELAIDE,

AND AT

ADELAIDE, PORT AUGUSTA,

BROKEN HILL, & FREEMANTLE, W.A.

R. HONBY.

All kinds of Building Materials, Doors, Sashes, Frames,
Mouldings, Turnery, Wheelwright Stuff, &c.,

ALSO,

ROOFING IRON, SPOUTING, SLATES, CEMENT, PLASTER OF PARIS,

And every requisite necessary for the Building Trade always kept
in Stock.

ALL KINDS OF SHIP TIMBER AND YACHTING REQUISITES
. ALWAYS ON HAND.

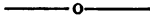
Contractor for all kinds of Buildings, Wharfs, Jetties, &c.

PRICES AND ESTIMATES FOR WORK GIVEN.

COUNTRY ORDERS AND COMMISSIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO



By Appointment to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and
His Excellency the Governor.



GEO. P. DOOLETTE & Co.,

Court & Clerical Tailors,

HOSIERS AND SHIRTMAKERS,

Hatters & General Outfitters,

50, KING WILLIAM STREET,

MONTEVIDEO.

ALFRED E. SAWTELL,

(ESTABLISHED 1853).

Chronometer, Watchmaker, & Optician,

DIVETT ST., PORT ADELAIDE.

CHRONOMETERS RATED BY ELECTRIC 1 P.M. SIGNAL FROM OBSERVATORY.

LARGE STOCK WATCHES, JEWELLERY,
NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS, CHARTS, AND BOOKS.

Steam Gauges—Pressure, Vacuum, and Combined.

Fittings and Appliances for all Repairs.

PUBLISHER SAWTELL'S NAUTICAL ALMANAC, COASTING DIRECTORY, &c.

EDWIN JUKES,

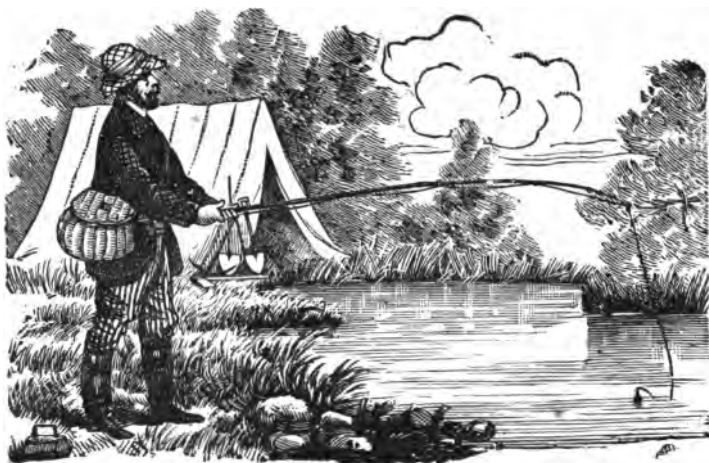
FAMILY GROCER,

Tea Dealer, &c.,

COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORT ADELAIDE,

OPPOSITE LOCAL COURT.

❧ **SHIPPING SUPPLIED.** ❧



JOSEPH * ALLEN,

Tent Maker, &c.,

RUNDLE STREET,

Late 31, King William Street.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

The usual large assortment of all articles connected with a
Tent and Tarpaulin Manufactory, including

LINES and TWINES of every description

ROPE, CANTEENS, ASHANTEE HAMMOCKS

FISHING TACKLE,

CANVAS, DUCK, W. PROOF SHEETING

AIR PILLOWS, &c., &c.

ALSO,

GENERAL IRONMONGERY.

WILLIAM RUSSELL,

Sailmaker,

SHIP CHANDLER AND RIGGER,

Commercial Road,

OPPOSITE THE CUSTOM HOUSE,

PORT ADELAIDE.



Yachts fitted out and supplied with all
necessary requisites.

THE AËRATED BREAD COMPY., WAYMOUTH ST., ADELAIDE.

AWARDED—

GOLD MEDAL, London Exhibition, 1873.

UNE MENTION HONORABLE, Paris, 1878.

FIRST PRIZE, South Australia, 1876, 1878, 1881, and 1885.

PRIZE GOLD MEDAL, Adelaide International Exhibition, 1881.

SILVER MEDAL, Calcutta, 1884.

FIRST PRIZE, S.A. Chambers of Manufactures, 1884.

FIRST PRIZE, Adelaide Jubilee International Exhibition, 1887.

—o—

LARGE ORDERS

FOR

PILOT BREAD

Can be carried out with dispatch, as we have
Machinery for turning out

FOUR TONS A DAY.

—o—

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Their Celebrated Biscuits and Cakes are kept in stock by all Grocers and Storekeepers throughout the colony, and may be obtained retail from the Ship Chandlers at Port Adelaide.

—o—

STEAM BISCUIT MANUFACTORY,
WAYMOUTH STREET, ADELAIDE.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

J. MILLER ANDERSON & Co.,
15 AND 17, HINDLEY STREET,

WE ARE now showing a very Choice Stock of NEW SUMMER WOOLLENS' COATINGS, TROUSERINGS, SUITINGS.

Very special qualities in BLUE SERGES, New Materials for GENTS' SUMMER PALETOTS.

SAC SUITS, from £3 15s. ; TROUSERS, from £1 1s.

J. M. A. & Co. have just opened a Superior Assortment of LADIES' HABIT CLOTHS in the leading colours. Ladies' Habits made in the best style at very moderate prices.

LIVERY SUITS and HATS.

All goods thoroughly shrunk, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Gents' Fashionable Hats.

Gents' Dressing Bags and Cases.

Gents' Hand Bags. A large stock in various sizes and qualities from 7s. each. Portmanteaus, Overland Trunks, Ladies' Saratoga and Monitor Trunks in three sizes.

Australian and Tasmanian Fur Rugs, Rock Wallaby, Roughhair Wallaby, Native Cat, Kangaroo, and Opossum, from 60s. each.

Gents' White Shirts, 42s., 51s., 60s. per the half-dozen box.

Gents' French Regatta Shirts, selected patterns.

Gents' Oxford Shirts, choice patterns.

New Shapes in Collars, a large variety.

Just opened our Summer Stock of Gents' Ties and Scarfs.

White and Coloured Washing Scarfs, 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d. per dozen.

Gents' Silk Scarfs, good shapes and styles, 1s. each.

Silk Scarfs in the following club colours:—Norwood, South Adelaide, Adelaide Rowing, Prince Alfred, Hotham, St. Peters, &c.

GENTS' OFFICE SAC COAT, well cut—

Blue Serge, 19s. 6d. each.

Grey and Drab Worsteds, 20s. each.

Gents' Summer Paletots, very fashionable styles, 32s. 6d. each.

GLOVES—Dent's Driving, Cherverette, Clermont, &c.

Gents' White Kid Gloves, two button, good quality, 3s. pair.

J. MILLER ANDERSON & CO.,
HINDLEY STREET.



Under the Patronage of
His Excellency
Sir W. C. F. Robinson,
G.C.M.G., C.B.



A. L. HAUSCHILDT,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
JETTY ROAD, GLENELG.

Repairs of every description Neatly Executed. A Trial Solicited.

HENRY CHANT,
YACHT & BOAT BUILDER,
BIRKENHEAD,
PORT ADELAIDE.

Yachts Fitted Up with every Requisite at Shortest Notice.
Estimates Given for all kinds of work.

XIV.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

W_M. CHRISTIE,

Engineer,

BOILERMAKER,

AND

Shipsmith,

BRASS FOUNDER

AND

FINISER,

N I L E S T R E E T ,

Port Adelaide.



VARDON & PRITCHARD, PRINTERS, GRESHAM STREET, ADELAIDE.



R. G. SMITH,

Mercantile Marine, Naval, Yachting,
and Passenger

TAILOR, OUTFITTER, &C.,

The Clothing Palace,

ST. VINCENT BUILDINGS,

OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION,

PORT ADELAIDE.

PASSENGER AND YACHTING OUTFITS A
SPECIALITY.

Outfitters to the Orient Line and German Line,
Ocean, and Passenger Steamers, also the leading
Sailing Passenger Ships.

SEWED SUITS A SPECIALITY

Yachting Caps, Jerseys, Hat and Cap Bands,
Oilskins, Bedding, and every requisite for
Yachting Wear.

ALL WRITTEN ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.



